Collier's

DECEMBER 13, 1947

TEN CENTS

THE 58th ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM IN ACTION

Dec 11 1947

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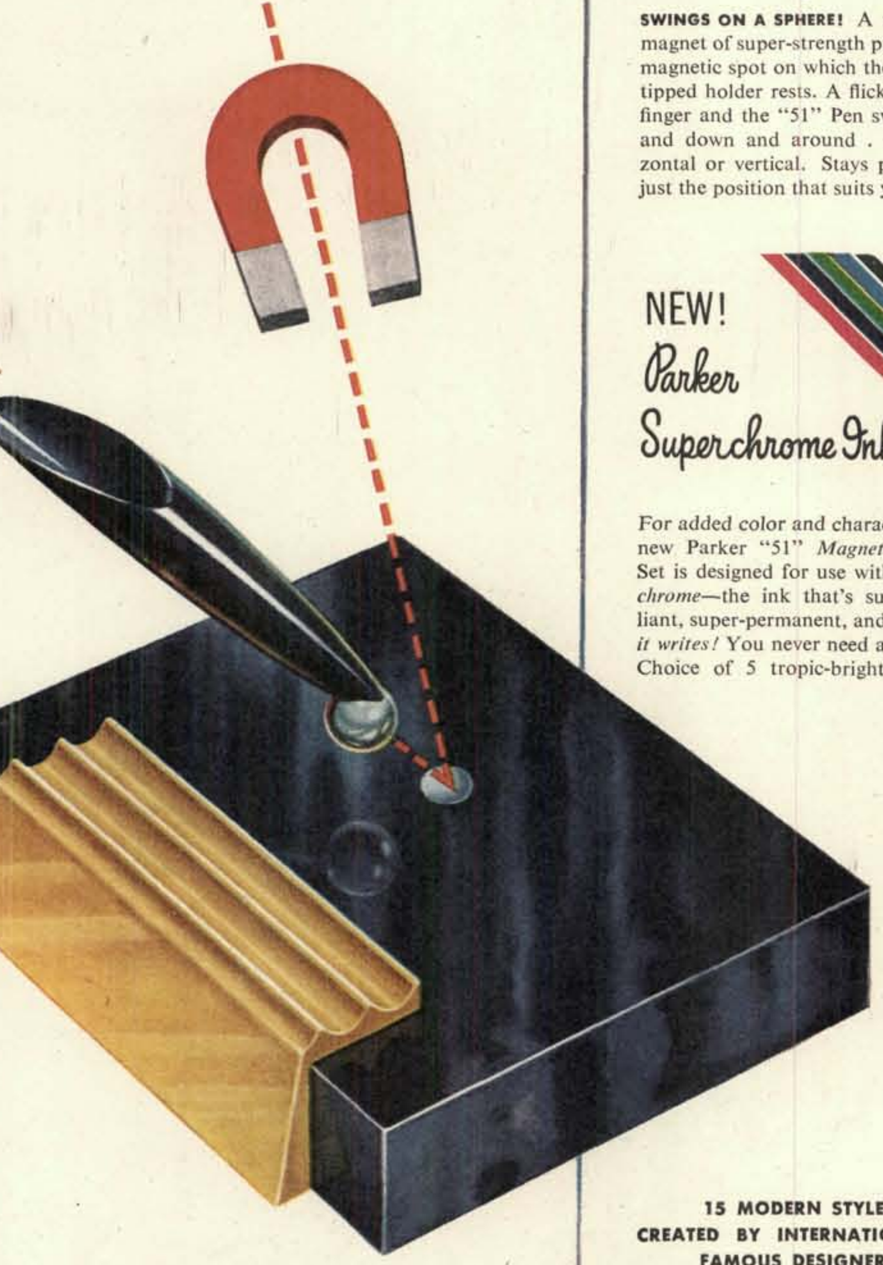
new...magnetic...

Parker "51"

MAGNETIX

Desk Sets



ON THE DESK AT HOME OR OFFICE this Parker "51" *Magnetix* Desk Set puts both beauty and new individuality at your fingertips. For the "51" Pen offers a wide range of custom points—designed to suit every type of handwriting. And it uses remarkable new Parker *Superchrome* Ink—the most brilliant permanent ink ever known.

Brand new touch of magic for your Christmas giving! The beautiful, versatile *Magnetix* Desk Set is unlike any you've seen before. Sure to please even the person who "has everything".

In the Parker "51" *Magnetix* Desk Set there are no hinges or other friction fittings. It's magnetic! A sphere-tipped holder is held to the base by a powerful new-type magnet—the Alnico V. Concealed and *permanent*—it will last as long as the desk set itself.

The "51" Pen pivots freely in any direction. Rotates through a full 360°. Stays poised for instant action. The new "scoop" shape of the holder makes pen replacement easy and certain. You can do it even with your eyes shut.

Choice of custom points. $15.00 and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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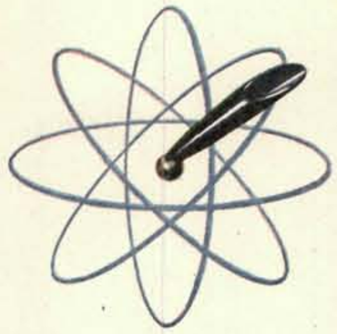


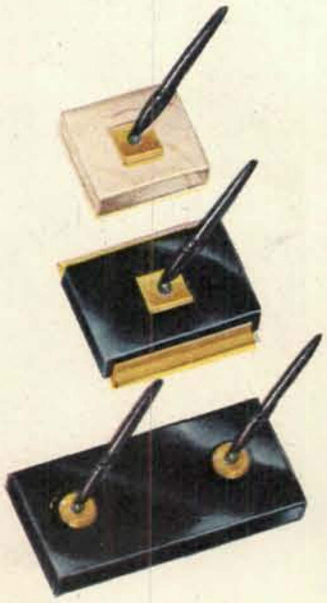
SWINGS ON A SPHERE! A new-type magnet of super-strength provides a magnetic spot on which the sphere-tipped holder rests. A flick of your finger and the "51" Pen swings up and down and around . . . horizontal or vertical. Stays poised in just the position that suits you best.

NEW!
Parker
Superchrome Ink

For added color and character, this new Parker "51" *Magnetix* Desk Set is designed for use with *Superchrome*—the ink that's super-brilliant, super-permanent, and *dries as it writes!* You never need a blotter. Choice of 5 tropic-bright colors.

15 MODERN STYLES CREATED BY INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS DESIGNERS

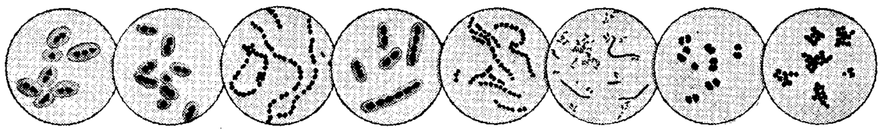
Single and double sets in rich metals and plastics. For the home—for the office. All with graceful new desk-styled Parker 51's—the world's most-wanted pen!



GET AFTER GERMS BEFORE THEY GET AFTER YOU!

"SECONDARY INVADERS", POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

At the first sign of a COLD or SORE THROAT *Gargle* LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

THIS prompt precaution may help "nip a cold in the bud," so to speak, or lessen its severity. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic quickly kills millions of threatening germs called "secondary invaders"... the very ones that many authorities hold responsible for much of the misery of a cold.

Reduces Surface Germs

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks germs before they attack you . . . helps guard against a mass invasion of bacteria into the throat tissues.

Repeated tests have shown that 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle germs on the mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7%, and as much as 80% one hour after.

So, at the first hint of a throat tightness, a sneeze, or a sniffle, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic... quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Tests made during a 12 year period showed
FEWER COLDS, MILDER COLDS
for twice-a-day users of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

☛ *Tried the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with 25% more Lusterfoam? TASTE that zippy, minty flavor!*

ARE YOU
A DR. JEKYLL
AND
MR. COAT-HYDE?

Don Herold says:

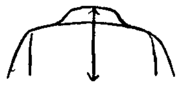
I know a lot of men who are well-dressed fellows until they put on their topcoats or overcoats. And then they look sinister or funny.

Their outer coat lapels bulge forward and reveal their suits below. Their collars loop out behind. There are wrinkles under their sleeves. Their "skirts" balloon out in front or behind.

To the rescue of such malcontents come the makers of Mt. Rock Coats, with coats which fly under the banner, "*They Fit!*"

At a dozen points Mt. Rock Coats are engineered in a new way to assure a perfect fit for living human males.

For one thing, they've added extra width here, to make the lapel stay flat:



And they've added extra depth here to make the collar stay up snug:

Check me on these and other details today at a store that sells Mt. Rocks.

Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

TOP COATS AND OVERCOATS
$50 TO $80

Featuring exclusive fabrics by
ARDSLEY, *Carey*, CONTINENTAL, AND *Forumbo*

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15 Hand Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MT. ROCK COATS
They fit!

COLLIER'S

December 13, 1947

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RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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COVER By *REN WICKS*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

BIG MONEY IN FICTION

DEAR SIRS: My name is Martha Beth Outlaw and I live at Groesbeck Texas at Rte. one this is a story not a very good one I am going to write storys when I am grown if it is good just put it in your book I like your very much I am 9 years old.

two on the lake

Mary a girl of 21 was very beautiful she was on her vacation with her mother and Father and her dog companion she was out in a boat but companion was not with her Just then a boy was in another boat he was alone to Just then her boat tipover she called for help and the boy hurry and rowed over to her and help her into his boat. thank you she said it is all right he said I like to help beautiful girls he said with a small well thank you anyway are have I said that to she said you have he said. what is your name he said My name is Mary Gray and I am 21, she said and what is yours if I may ask you may he said My name is Tom Homes and I am 25, oh mary I love you so much how do you know you just saw me and just know my name and age that is all I want to know Miss Gray dont call me Miss Gray call me Mary she said and just call me Tom he said.

MARTHA BETH OUTLAW,
Groesbeck, Texas

Sold! Miss Outlaw has her first acceptance. A check for $10 is being forwarded her immediately.

BROWN FOR PRESIDENT!

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks a million for the most concise, honest and brilliant article I've ever read on any subject: Let's Get Germany Off Our Back! by Lewis H. Brown (Nov. 1st). Our country needs men like Mr. Brown in public office.

A. H. STUBBLEFIELD, Fulton, N. Y.

FMALES OF THE FMUTURE

DEAR SIRS: J. Lawrence Angel has interesting theories on the future shape of the average American in his What Shape Next? (Oct. 25th), but I see an entirely different American of the future. He'll have large flat feet, as the result of walking in picket lines. His knees will be freely hinged and cushioned with calluses, from kneeling in supplication before merchants, pleading for lower prices. His head will be considerably broader, and will be peaked, so that he'll be able to provide shelter of a sort for himself, to compensate for the lack of housing.

With prices going up the way they are, nobody will be able to afford clothes. And if they are not wearing dresses or pants,

(Continued on page 99)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

OMINOUS sounds in room beyond, cause ROSALIND RUSSELL and her ailing father, RAYMOND MASSEY, to cling fearfully together in this scene from RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra.* MICHAEL REDGRAVE, KATINA PAXINOU, LEO GENN and KIRK DOUGLAS also star.

"BERLIN EXPRESS"

BERLIN RUINS form background for filming in Germany of RKO's *Berlin Express.* Movie camera follows MERLE OBERON and PAUL LUKAS across street near Reichstag. This timely drama of British and American secret agents also stars ROBERT RYAN and CHARLES KORVIN.

"THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS"

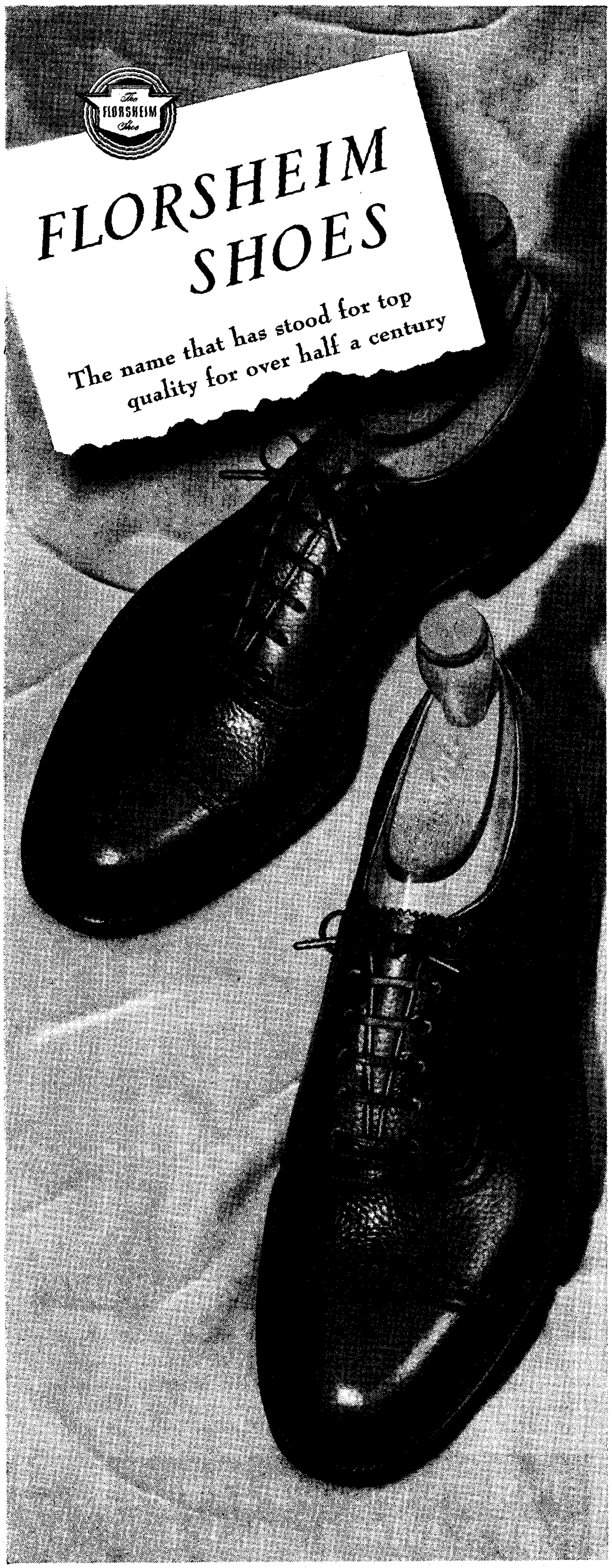
END OF BUSY DAY, on set of RKO's *The Miracle of the Bells,* finds stars FRED MacMURRAY, VALLI and FRANK SINATRA in gay mood. Film version of Russell Janney's best-seller will world premiere during Easter week. Produced by Jesse L. Lasky and Walter MacEwen.

"I REMEMBER MAMA"

SAN FRANCISCO children mob IRENE DUNNE for autographs, during filming in Bay City of cable car sequence for George Stevens' production, *I Remember Mama.* Screen version of the Broadway stage hit co-stars BARBARA BEL GEDDES, OSCAR HOMOLKA, PHILIP DORN.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES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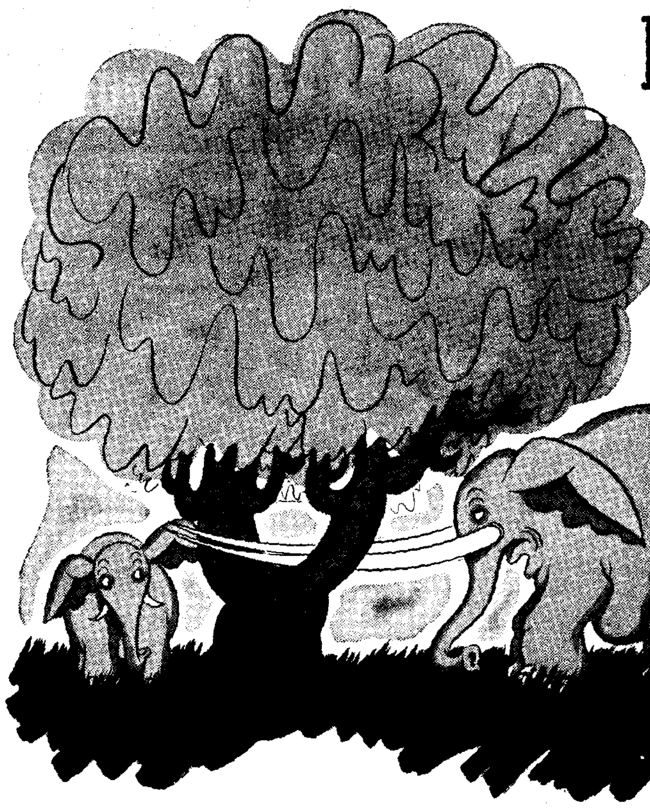
The name that has stood for top quality for over half a century

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

As the tusks of an elephant grow throughout its life, many a male in Africa eventually develops a set so heavy that the animal has to place them in forks of trees at short intervals in order to rest its tired neck muscles. Thereafter, these elephants, being unable to keep pace with their herds, lead solitary lives and become easy victims of ivory hunters.

The panic created in this country in 1938 by the broadcasting of a play in which men from Mars landed in New Jersey to destroy the earth was comparable to the panic created in England in 1926 by the radio dramatization of a play in which a mob of unemployed leveled London to the ground. Despite several announcements that the piece was a burlesque, thousands of Britons frantically telephoned newspapers and government offices for more facts, convinced that it was an on-the-spot newscast by the realistic sound effects of exploding bombs and falling buildings.

As certain types of pain are "referred" from one part of the body to another, this sensation is not an infallible guide to the seat of an ailment. Pain caused by gall-bladder inflammation is often felt in the shoulder blade; that produced by hip-joint disease is usually experienced in the knee and that caused by a decaying tooth is sometimes situated in the ear.

For years, one of the world's oddest hotels has been operating in a jungle ten miles from Nyeri in Kenya Colony, Africa. Built in the branches of a giant tree, 40 feet above the ground, Treetops Hotel is for the sole accommodation of guests who wish to watch, in safety, the variety of wild animals that, at dusk and dawn, come to the water hole and salt lick beneath it. The rate is $50 a day which includes transportation to and from the dangerous spot with armed guards.

Although most icebergs are pure white, a number that have been seen and photographed in the North Atlantic were entirely green or black.

During the five years the Nazis occupied tiny Alderney Island in the English Channel, they so mixed up the furniture of the 1,400 evacuated inhabitants that, when the people returned in 1945, the island authorities felt obliged to end the confusion by drastic means. The furniture was taken to a large field where, at a given signal, the islanders raced as in a gold rush to claim whatever pieces they could reach first. Since then, these once neighborly folks have avoided visiting the homes of one another, fearing they might see some cherished article that they lost in this freak free-for-all.

The greatest undertaking of its kind in history is the restoration of Williamsburg, Virginia, which was started in 1927 and will be completed in 1957 at a cost of $35,000,000. The project comprises the razing of 600 buildings erected after the year 1800 and the restoring of nearly 400 colonial houses, shops, schools, churches and taverns. Although unfinished, the town is now attracting 500,000 tourists annually who come to see it and its 4,000 inhabitants living and working in the environment that prevailed there in the 18th century.

One of the queer tricks played by magnetic storms is to cause a conversation on a telephone line to jump to a live radio line near by and be broadcast without the knowledge of the two persons talking. This occurred in New York a short time ago when such a connection caused an intimate phone call to be heard on a coast-to-coast program.

Few infants of the Mongoloid peoples are born without a "Mongolian spot," a round patch of dark pigmentation at the lower end of the spine. About one inch in diameter, the spot disappears before the fifth year.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their *source of information.* Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

WHOSE LICENSE PLATES ARE THESE?

These tags are on the cars of three famous people. Read the clues and see if you can identify them.

1. This California license marks the car of a blue-eyed, golden-haired actress and singer. Though just turned twenty-one, she has been in training for stardom since she was five. (At ten she put on a radio show in her home town of Rock Island, Illinois, for two dollars cash and a gallon of ice cream.)

She is currently being seen in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Coming up is "Summer Lightning." She uses "Ethyl" gasoline in her car because: "My car dealer advised me to always buy 'Ethyl' gasoline."

2. This New York plate identifies the car of a well-known sports announcer. A three-letter man at Pennsylvania Military College, he traveled 50,000 miles last year to broadcast major sports events for NBC. His face and voice are familiar to millions as sports commentator for MGM's "News of the Day."

He was born in Rochester, N. Y., and was a stock company actor in that city. Since 1937 he has been a regular member of the NBC Special Events Staff and since 1940 he has been director of sports for NBC. He is fond of motorboats and high-powered cars. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his cars because: "I like the snap and power that 'Ethyl' gasoline puts into a motor."

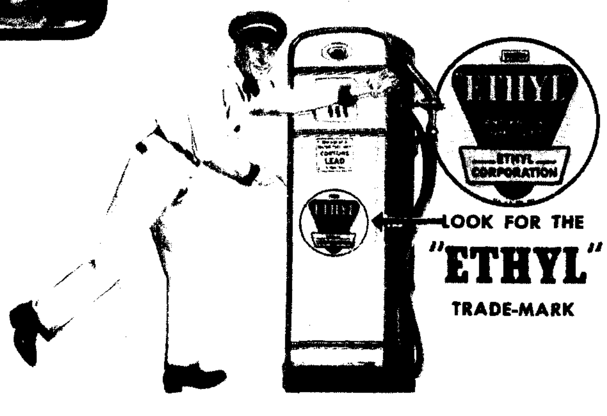
3. Here's another California license plate. It identifies the car of a Hollywood star who is tall, dark and handsome. His father and grandfather before him were both famous stage stars of the same name. His performance in "Lloyd's of London" put him on the road to success.

His initial post-war picture was "The Razor's Edge." Twentieth Century-Fox is releasing his twenty-seventh film, "Captain from Castile." He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his dark gray convertible. He says: "My last name tells you the reason why."

Read this to see how many you got right:

Here's whom we have to thank this month for saying such nice things about "Ethyl" gasoline: **1.** June Haver **2.** Bill Stern **3.** Tyrone Power.

Like millions of other car owners, these well-known people know that whether you have a brand-new car or are trying to coax a little more service out of an old one there's nothing like "Ethyl" gasoline. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance. Try a tankful of "Ethyl" gasoline today and see how much it can do for your car... how much it can add to your driving pleasure. Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



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In Every State Of The Union

Reward
- Extra Flavor
- Extra Richness
- Extra Goodness

57

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

Made from Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, rare spices and fine vinegar!
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HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
HEINZ
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY
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THE WEEK'S WORK

Cover man Ren Wicks, Ronnie, 2½, and wife Nancy, this week's cover girl

PICKING Collier's 58th One and Only, Original All-America Football Team (p. 14) gave Grantland Rice, his board of experts and the photograbbers, the Peskins, an eye-back-bottom-and-brain-busting headache. The Peskins alone flew over 20,000 miles to see 15 games, took over 800 color action shots, ate 367 hot dogs and still make tackles in their dreams nightly.

Says Grannie Rice, "I wish we could have picked a hundred players—there was a peacetime surplus this year of All-America material. The backfield was a heartbreaker to pick. We apologize to the left-offs—or do I mean leftbacks!"

"RETURNING to Collier's with Here Come the Pitchmen (p. 90)," Samuel Duff McCoy says, "is like Old Home-coming Week to me. I remember Collier's when the offices were way uptown on West 13th Street. I have never thought of those offices as a place peopled by unapproachable titans known as editors, but as the abode of pals, Warren Barton Blake, Webb Waldron, Thoreau Cronyn, Lucian Cary, with whom one forgathered not in office hours, but after the dust and battle of the day . . .

" '*Souls of poets dead and gone,*
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field, or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?'

"As for personages like Walter Davenport and Ken Littauer, why, they are mere children, and in those days not even associated with Collier's! I held Ken's chubby, childish fingers around the badminton handle, instructing him in the mysteries of that game when first he toddled on the court; and there is an anthology named Best News Stories of 1923—that's 25 years ago, son—which included a story by Davenport and one by me. Bill was slaving on the old Herald then, and I on the old World."

HARRY SYLVESTER has published over 130 stories, The Birds (p. 18) being his 42d to appear in Collier's. His third book, Moon Gaffney, a novel about a young Irish politician is doing nicely right now. Harry's a Brooklyn boy (1908) who left newspapering in 1935 to go into the writing business—so he could run down to the tropics winters. In 1938 he invaded the State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, for an interview with the rebel general Saturnino Cedillo, who thought Sylvester a Communist spy and clapped him into the clink for a day. Sylvester's story, when published, predicted the revolt in which Cedillo was killed. "My scoop!" Harry boasts.

This winter Harry will stay at the home base on Cape Cod. To provide for his four Jr. Sylvesters, wife, black cat, nine hens and auto, Sylvester has been catching cod and flounder and preparing them for the freezer.

PETER PACKER (Britain's Fascist Phoenix, p. 20) is a Londoner who at twelve won first prize from the R.S.P.C.A. for a story about an alley cat he'd once booted rather viciously. His ma placed the prize, a copy of Flowers of the Field, uncut in the best china closet. It would still be there but for a bomb dropped on it in '40.

At fourteen Packer was earning 21 shillings a week working for a London ship broker. Since then he's mined gold and copper in Canada, newspapered, labored on farms and roads in New England, written for the Canadian radio and spent four years in the AAF. He got back to story writing when a stockholder's son in a firm relieved him of a job, and he remembered that alley cat. He wrote four stories about human alley cats; sold one. He now lives in Beverly Hills. His first novel, White Crocus, was recently published.

ASIDE from an occasional drag on corn silk or real cigarettes, and putting a few slugs in slot machines, Rob Bugg, who illustrated Black-Tie Cowboy (p. 11), confesses his early youth exemplary, Boy Scoutish and "4-H." His high-schooling was highmarked with grades that resembled scores made by professional golfers and, despite a tendency toward absenteeism, he got a diploma.

After discouraging the instructors for two years at New York's Art Students' League, Bugg quit to illustrate kid comic magazines.

Bugg drew Martians and mad scientists for another two years, and though he says he developed writer's cramp and split personality, he was drafted when the Thing came along. "I enjoyed the distinction of being the only man on the base who was made a PFC and busted before noon of the same day," he recalls. "I got out legally in 1946, and have been doing cartoons and illustrations ever since. I am twenty-seven, single, fond of skiing, and I'm no Proust. But who is?"

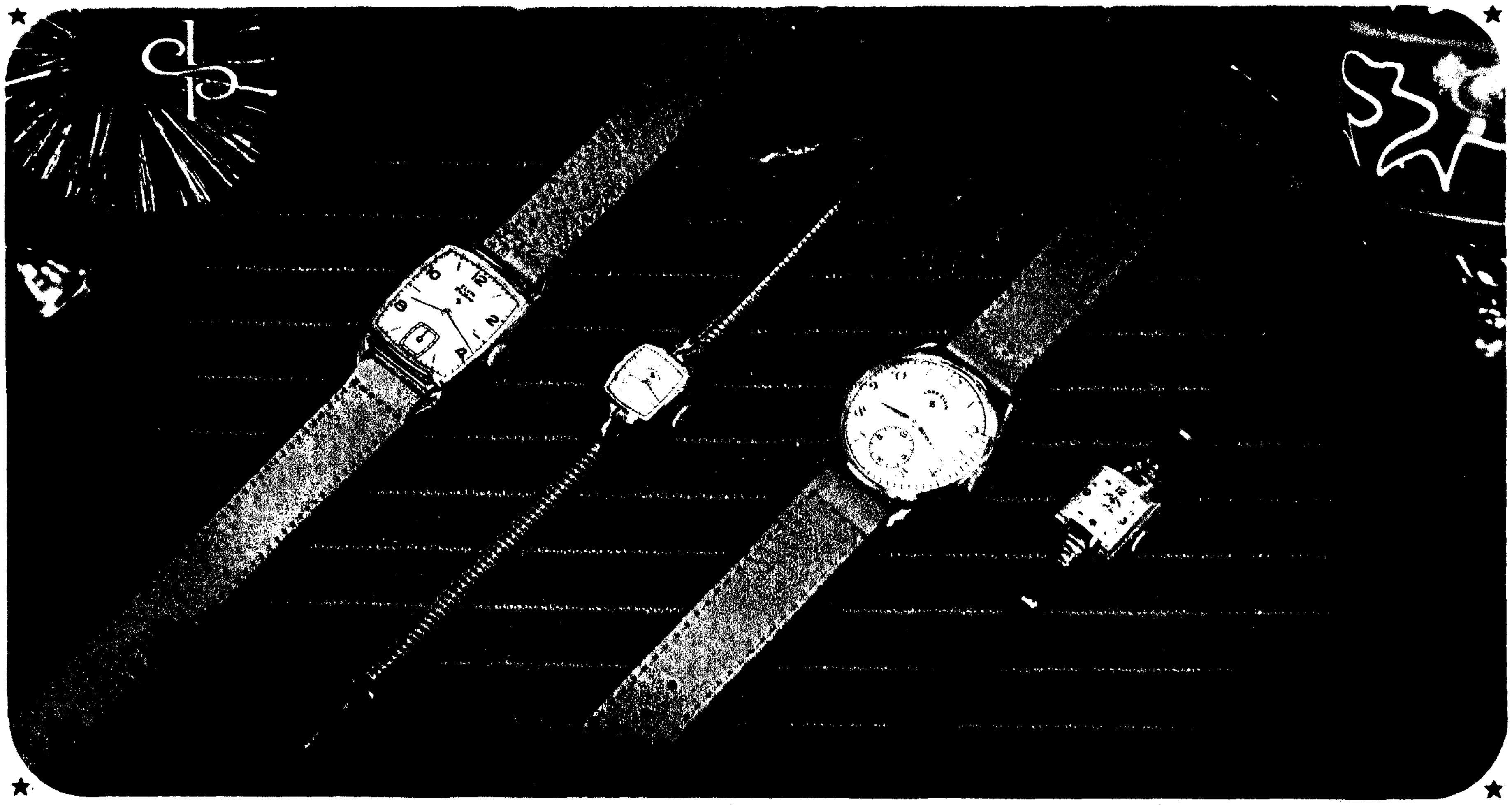
This week's cover: Raindear. No matter whom he uses as a model, or where he draws them, Artist Ren Wicks' gals always come out his lovely wife Nancy. That's she getting wet on the cover. TED SHANE

They'll be so much happier with an ELGIN

ONLY AN ELGIN HAS A DURAPOWER MAINSPRING*

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIAL

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN



Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $65.00 to $5000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $100.00. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All prices include Federal Tax.

Amazing—this new mainspring made of "Elgiloy" metal. It eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures! It completely overcomes the commonest cause of their breaking—rust! And it will retain its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years! Now in all the beautiful new Elgins at no extra cost!

WHAT an assurance of satisfaction in the watch you choose for someone you love! Elgin beauty . . . Elgin timed-to-the-stars accuracy . . . and this new miracle mainspring, the most important watchmaking development since jewel bearings were introduced in 1704.

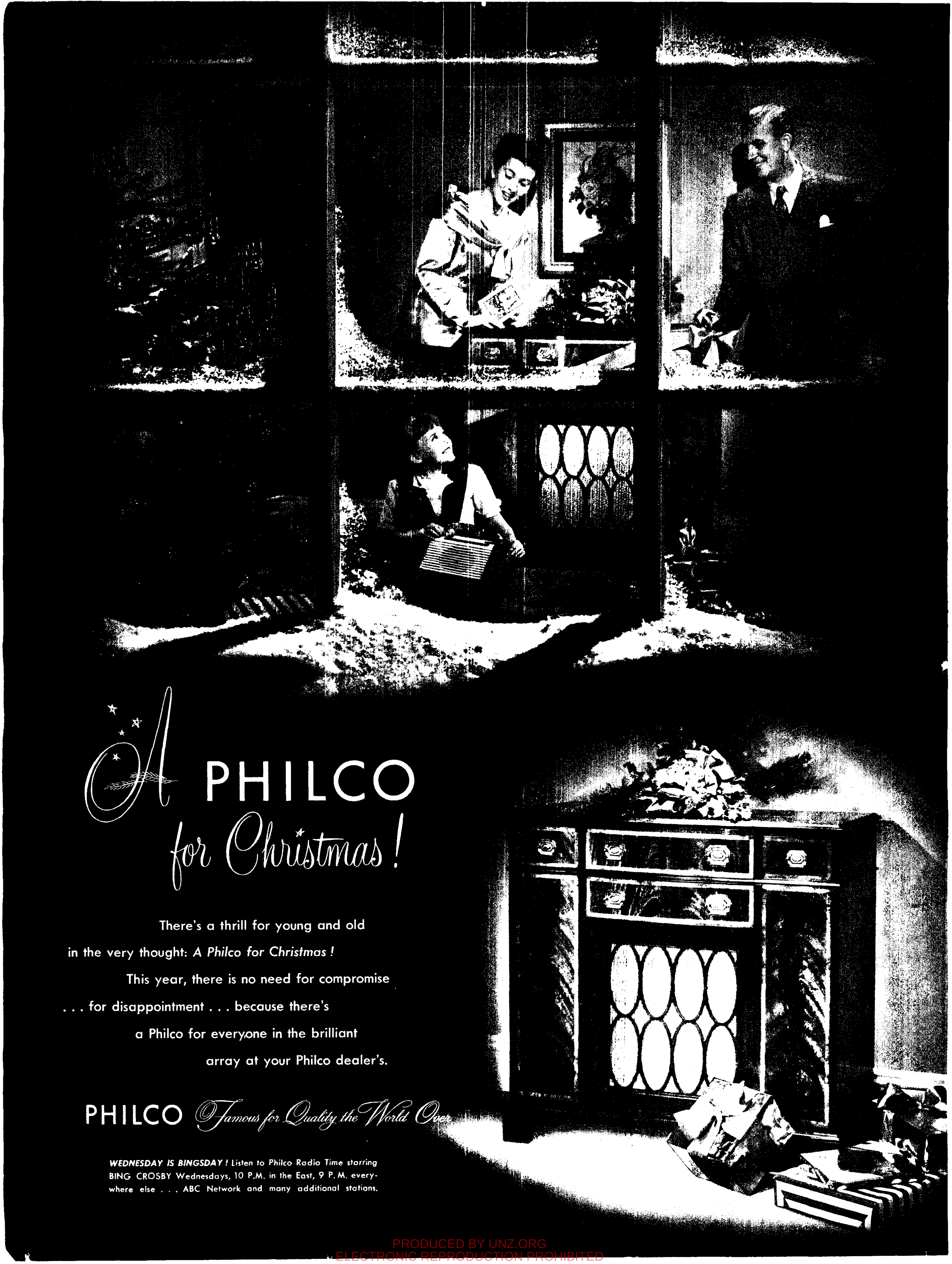
See the beautiful new Elgin Watches at your jeweler's. They all have the DuraPower Mainspring. And they all have rust-proof Elginite Alloy Hairsprings+, too; are factory adjusted to temperatures and positions.

Yes, indeed. The one you want to surprise with a watch will be so much happier with an Elgin . . . an Elgin with "dp" on the dial. +Patent No. 2,146,231

The most important watchmaking development in over 200 years!

Now to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy the DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Elgin observatory time from the stars is the official time of United Air Lines. *Patent Pending

Hear Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS" *Christmas Day. C.B.S. Network*



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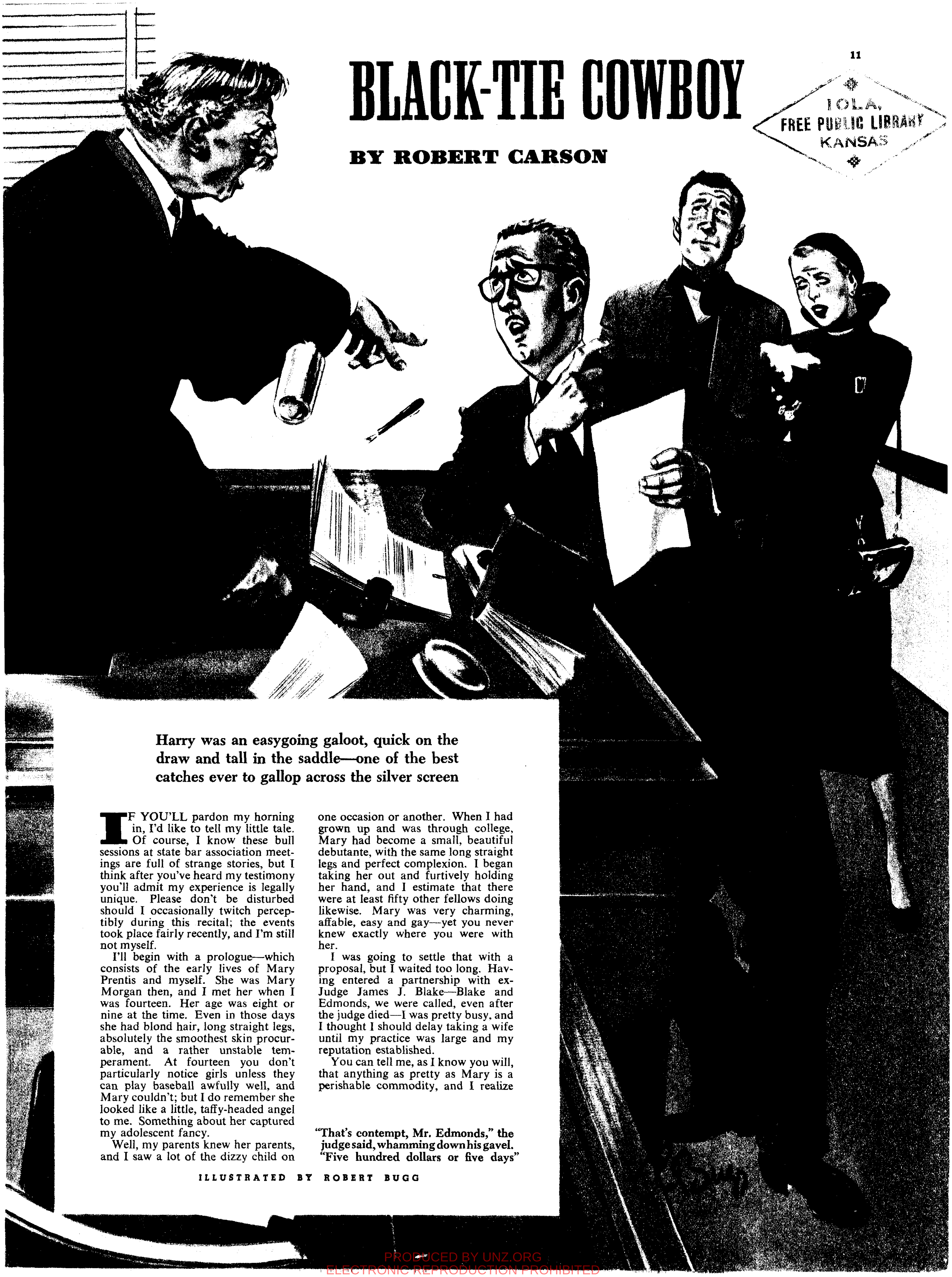
BLACK-TIE COWBOY

BY ROBERT CARSON



Harry was an easygoing galoot, quick on the draw and tall in the saddle—one of the best catches ever to gallop across the silver screen

If YOU'LL pardon my horning in, I'd like to tell my little tale. Of course, I know these bull sessions at state bar association meetings are full of strange stories, but I think after you've heard my testimony you'll admit my experience is legally unique. Please don't be disturbed should I occasionally twitch perceptibly during this recital; the events took place fairly recently, and I'm still not myself.

I'll begin with a prologue—which consists of the early lives of Mary Prentis and myself. She was Mary Morgan then, and I met her when I was fourteen. Her age was eight or nine at the time. Even in those days she had blond hair, long straight legs, absolutely the smoothest skin procurable, and a rather unstable temperament. At fourteen you don't particularly notice girls unless they can play baseball awfully well, and Mary couldn't; but I do remember she looked like a little, taffy-headed angel to me. Something about her captured my adolescent fancy.

Well, my parents knew her parents, and I saw a lot of the dizzy child on one occasion or another. When I had grown up and was through college, Mary had become a small, beautiful debutante, with the same long straight legs and perfect complexion. I began taking her out and furtively holding her hand, and I estimate that there were at least fifty other fellows doing likewise. Mary was very charming, affable, easy and gay—yet you never knew exactly where you were with her.

I was going to settle that with a proposal, but I waited too long. Having entered a partnership with ex-Judge James J. Blake—Blake and Edmonds, we were called, even after the judge died—I was pretty busy, and I thought I should delay taking a wife until my practice was large and my reputation established.

You can tell me, as I know you will, that anything as pretty as Mary is a perishable commodity, and I realize

"That's contempt, Mr. Edmonds," the judge said, whamming down his gavel. "Five hundred dollars or five days"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

that now. However, you have to remember this was before the war, and in those days women weren't courted one day, married the next, and then left in San Diego or Norfolk until the fleet came in again. While I was feeling reasonably secure, Mary met Harry. Harry Worth Prentis, in case he ever needs to be sworn. Anyway, how do I know Mary would have accepted me?

PERHAPS I should paint a portrait of Harry for you. No? Very well, he was approximately my age, hair the texture of a red shoebrush, a nose which had been permanently slanted in a football game, and a curious offhand manner that would have militated against him in the legal profession. Since he was an actor who played the hero in Western pictures, it didn't seem to matter. In fact, his careless attitude may have aided him; he faced the imaginary dangers, his wonder horse White Bullet and the various heroines with equal *sang-froid*.

Harry met Mary at a horse show given for charity, where Mary was riding a jumper and Harry was appearing as the principal attraction. I forgot to say that Harry also played a banjo and sang. His repertoire consisted entirely of Western songs, but they seemed to like him at the horse show. What gave me particular pain was that Mary especially liked him. She had won second prize in the jumping contest, and he presented her with the bauble or ribbon or whatever it is you receive for being second in the jumps.

"Miss Mary," Harry drawled, "here's yore second prize, and I wish I had more to give to a little gal that's as pretty as a spotted pup."

"Why, stranger," Mary said, "I reckon this here is enough for me. But I thank yuh for the sweet talk."

"Fergit it," Harry said. "You're purty, Miss Mary—jist plumb purty."

They both appeared strangely amused by their elaborate accents and dead-pan characterizations, though I was rather annoyed by Harry's forward manner. I tried to persuade Mary to leave, but she stayed through the whole show. Somehow we fell in with Harry as we left. He had a station wagon, naturally, with "No Tengo Rancho" painted on the side and two enormous Dalmatian dogs in the back. Mary petted the dogs, which were named Liver Trouble and Vertigo, and introduced me to Harry, who stood with one boot on the running board.

"Lawyer, eh?" Harry said. "Never go lawin', myself. I let my six-guns talk for me."

"In these civilized days," I said, "it hardly seems feasible to resort to violence to—"

"Never mind, Alfred," Mary interrupted. "This waddy jist throws a loose rope."

"I git steely-eyed when I'm crossed, Miss Mary," Harry said.

"You ain't heeled, pardner," Mary said.

"Make yore play," Harry said. "I ain't fixin' to leave this here territory."

"Really," I said, "haven't we had enough of this elaborate dialect joke?"

"I guess we have," Harry said. "It isn't too funny, is it?"

"I'm amused," Mary said.

"Bless your little simple heart," Harry told her. "If you'll write your address and telephone number on this here piece of cigarette paper, I might come over sometime and rescue you from a runaway horse."

It disturbed me to see Mary promptly comply with his request. Worse yet, she hung around until he got in with his damned Dalmatians and drove away.

"That's a silly name for a rancho," I said. "No Tengo—"

"It means he hasn't got one," Mary replied. "I think he's sort of cute, don't you, Alfred? He looks nuts."

"No and yes," I said. "No, I don't think he's sort of cute, and yes, he looks crazy. Do you feel your mother and father are going to be pleased at your having a movie cowboy call upon you?"

"I have a dreadful conviction, Alfred," Mary said, "that he's never going to call upon me."

She was right—he didn't. I had almost forgotten him when one night she asked me to take her to a movie house in Hollywood that ran only Westerns. Somewhat suspicious, I took her. Sure enough, a Harry Prentis feature was part of the bill. To be entirely just, Harry wasn't a bad Western actor. He appeared to enjoy his muscular role, and his engaging personality showed to advantage on celluloid. As far as dramatic ability went, his wonder horse, White Bullet, was the more talented of the pair, but this was no great handicap in the vehicles that Harry starred in; it was enough that he could clearly enunciate small bits of the type of dialogue of which I have already given you samples; ride; shoot; and show affection toward the heroine and his steed. After we had left the theater, I expressed my opinions to Mary.

"He's adequate, huh?" she said. Her eyes shone oddly bright. "Did you see him beat the villain to the draw? That there cow-poke is mighty handy with a shootin' 'arn."

"Yes, my dear girl," I said. "I know. I also know we could have gone to hear Fritz Kreisler tonight. He's mighty handy with a violin, and a bit more uplifting."

"Who did Fritz ever outdraw on the frontier?" Mary demanded. "Listen, I've never been so excited in my life. Suppose the villain had killed him—the dirty rat! Suppose evil had triumphed? Would *you* want to go on living in Logtown with the city marshal dead and Bert Slade running everything in his ruthless way?"

"Mary, darling," I said, "my forte is not joking. Can't we change the subject to something that would be more in my line?"

"Certainly," Mary said. "Let's have a soft drink. Turn in at this drive-in."

She must have brooded over Logtown and Bert Slade and particularly the city marshal, because not much later she secured Harry's home telephone number from a friend at his studio and called him.

AS THE legal adviser to both these people, eventually I became conversant with the details of their second conversation. Mary said she was little Miss Mary, formerly of Logtown, and once a good friend of Bert Slade's. She stated her folks were runnin' a stage station over in the Hancock Park district, and she wondered if Harry could fork his cayuse the following Tuesday and ride down to the stage station and have some cold pancakes and whisky with them.

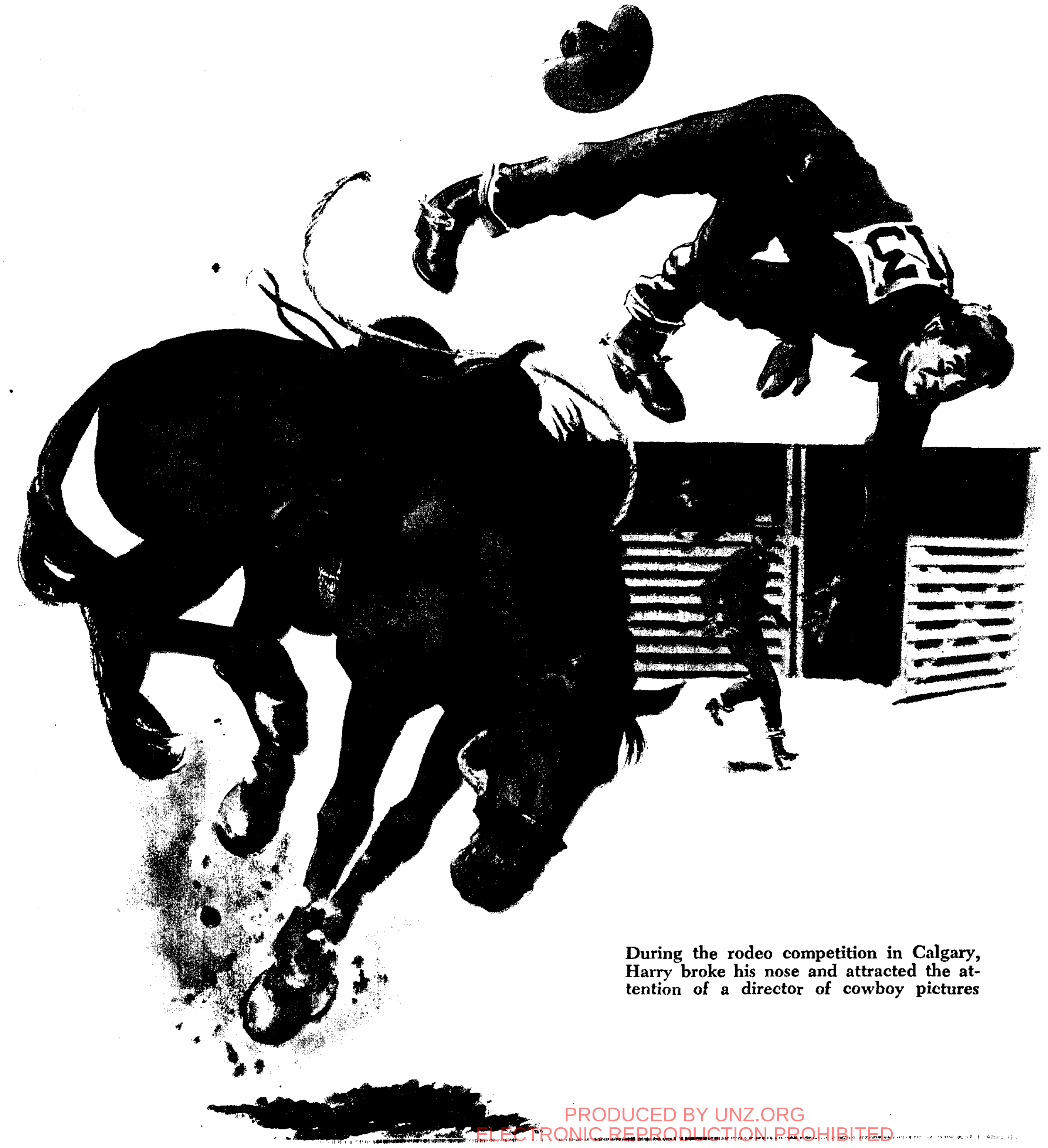
It developed that Harry remembered neither her, the horse show, the picture he was in, nor anything else at the moment. Nevertheless, he was kind and polite, and allowed he might be settin' out coyote traps in the Hancock Park section come Tuesday; if he was and happened to see the smoke from Mary's chuck wagon, he'd admire to have a flapjack or two.

"Black tie, pard," Mary said, and gave him the address.

"Why, shore," Harry said. "Reckon I'll have to wear my forty-four in a shoulder holster that there night."

"I reckon," Mary said. "Now, taking into consideration that you can't recall me, the jumps, or the time you let daylight through Bert Slade, is it

(Continued on page 101)



During the rodeo competition in Calgary, Harry broke his nose and attracted the attention of a director of cowboy pictures

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Manual laborers in the 20th arrondissement of Paris, a Communist stronghold. They are easy marks for propagandists

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

U.S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS
(Member Senate Foreign Relations Committee and of subcommittee on information program)

The most unsavory and improbable rumors about America are now being circulated—and unfortunately believed—in Europe. After careful firsthand study of the situation, Senator Lodge suggests a remedy

During the month of August, I visited England, France, Italy and Greece. Before that—in November and December—I had visited briefly Ireland, France and the American zone of Germany. In France, last August, I hired a car and drove the whole length of the country from the Riviera to Normandy. I did not remain long in any of the countries named, but I had been to all of them before, except Greece, when I was a newspaperman or in the Army, and was therefore in a position to make comparisons. Wherever I went I tried to talk with as many people as possible in all walks of life in order to obtain as clear a view as I could of the state of public opinion.

My broad conclusion is that in Western Europe we are losing the battle for men's minds. The most improbable and unsavory things about America are being widely circulated. More unfortunately, they are also being widely believed. I give two illustrations which are typical:

(a) A French doctor of good standing with considerable private means made this shocking statement: "We realize, of course, that medical science in America is way ahead of what it is in France, but then we also know that over there you have all those underprivileged people on whom your doctors constantly experiment."

(b) A deputy of one of the conservative French political parties, a substantial landholder and a comparatively wealthy man, said to me: "We know that you are trying to build up Germany industrially faster than you want to build up France. We can tell from General Clay's speeches that this is so. The reason you do this is because you intend to have a war with Russia and you want to get Germany into shape as your ally."

I asked him why he thought we would want to fight Russia and he made this astonishing reply: "Because Russia has taken away so much of your export trade."

In other words, the lies that the Communists are spreading about us are being repeated so often that, like drops of water wearing away a stone, they are making a real impression. There is still deep friendship for us in France and, contrary to some opinions over here, our American Army is held in grateful memory. But as long as American officials are inert and quiet, the Russians cannot help but gain and we cannot help but lose. We are in a debate, but the Russians do all the debating.

I am convinced that a government information program, beneficial though it is in a limited sense, is only a drop in the bucket. To solve the problem, we must start thinking this way:

While the hostilities were in progress, there was only one message to

(Continued on page 88)

Communist headquarters in Paris, one of the sources of the stream of misinformation and lies being circulated all over Europe today

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

Anthony "Skippy" Minisi (38 and inset), Pennsylvania's great halfback, is off on one of his slashing end sweeps. Here he runs from the eight-yard line to score Penn's first touchdown in the Columbia game. Also shown are Bednarik (60), Penn's star center, and Savitsky (5), a tackle

THE LINE-UP

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Position
RICHARD SCOTT Navy	23	6'2"	202	Center
STEVE SUHEY Penn State	25	5'11"	210	Guard
JOSEPH STEFFY Army	20	5'11"	190	Guard
GEORGE CONNOR Notre Dame	22	6'3"	220	Tackle
ROBERT DAVIS Georgia Tech	20	6'4"	220	Tackle
PAUL CLEARY Southern California	25	6'1"	195	End
WILLIAM SWIACKI Columbia	22	6'2"	198	End
JOHN LUJACK Notre Dame	22	6'	180	Quarterback
ANTHONY MINISI Pennsylvania	21	5'11"	190	Back
ROBERT CHAPPUIS Michigan	24	6'	180	Back
RAY EVANS Kansas	24	6'1½"	195	Back

This high-jumping pass catcher is Bill Swiacki of Columbia, one of the best ends of this or any other season; perhaps the best since Don Hutson. He's catching a throw from quarterback Gene Rossides, bringing the ball to Columbia's 28-yard line. Yale won the game, however, 17-7

COLOR-ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS
BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

BY GRANTLAND RICE

IN MANY years of watching and writing about college football, I have never seen a season in which the all-round standard of play, in all parts of the country, was as high as in 1947. The result was one of the most brilliant campaigns, and some of the closest contests, since Princeton and Rutgers started the ball rolling in 1869.

And I do not recall a season in which interest in the game was greater. Attendance records were broken everywhere. Almost every important game was sold out long in advance, with crowds of from 50,000 to 100,000 reported at Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Ann Arbor, Columbus, New Orleans, South Bend, Atlanta, Dallas, and other cities.

Another record was broken in 1947, too, and many spectators would have been just as well pleased if the coaches had let it alone. This was in the number of substitutions. Never have we seen such a parade of players from bench to gridiron and from gridiron to bench. For example, Michigan often used as many as 40 men in a single game, including 12 to 14 ball carriers. Sometimes Fritz Crisler, the Michigan coach, would send in as many as seven different backs and eight different pass receivers. In the game between Army and Columbia, one of the most thrilling of the season, there were almost 100 substitutions on each side.

This bewildering business went on all over the country; frequently six or eight men would be rushed into a game and rushed out a few minutes later. Apparently the old-time Iron Men, stalwarts who could play 60 minutes without relief, are gone forever; football today is no longer a game of teams, or even of platoons and companies. It's played by battalions and regiments.

One of the reasons that this year produced so much extraordinarily good football was that so many of the players were men of comparatively long experience; many had played four or five years with college or service teams. In general the servicemen performed this year as they had been expected to perform in 1946. In last year's article on the All-America selections I noted that the veterans had come back to school bigger, older and stronger; naturally they were expected to wreck the opposition. But, by and large, their work in 1946 was disappointing; their timing was bad, they were slower

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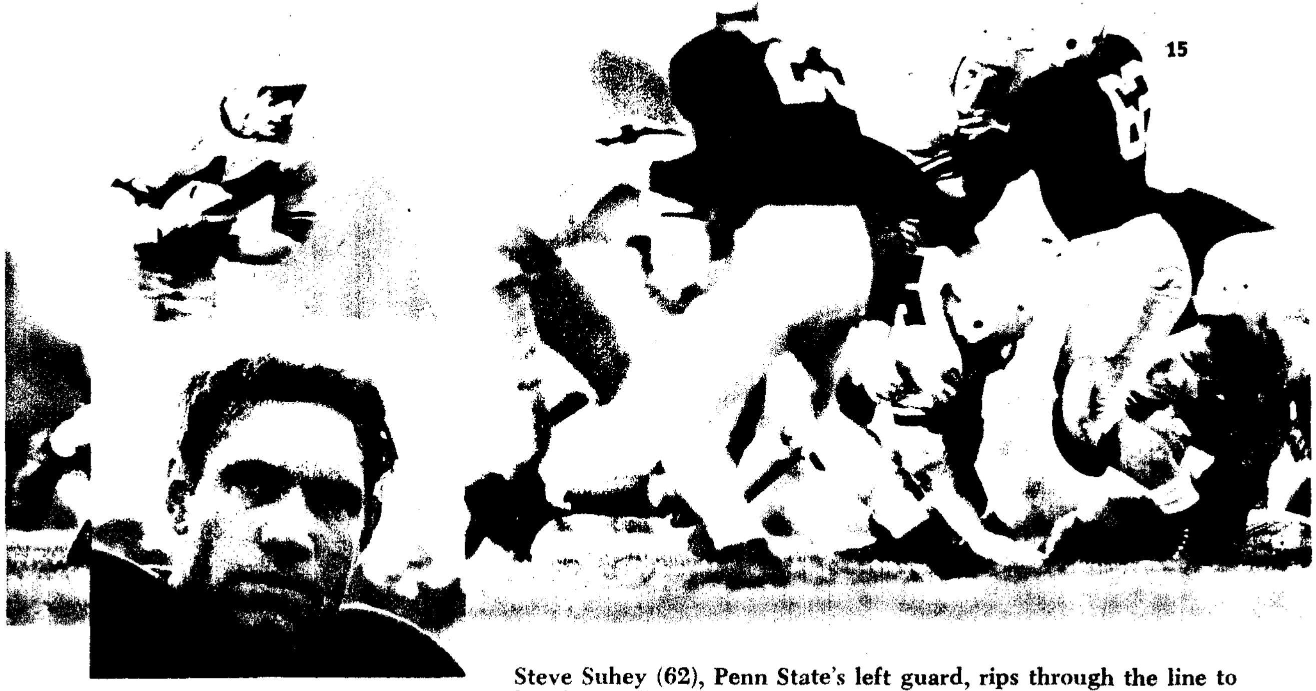
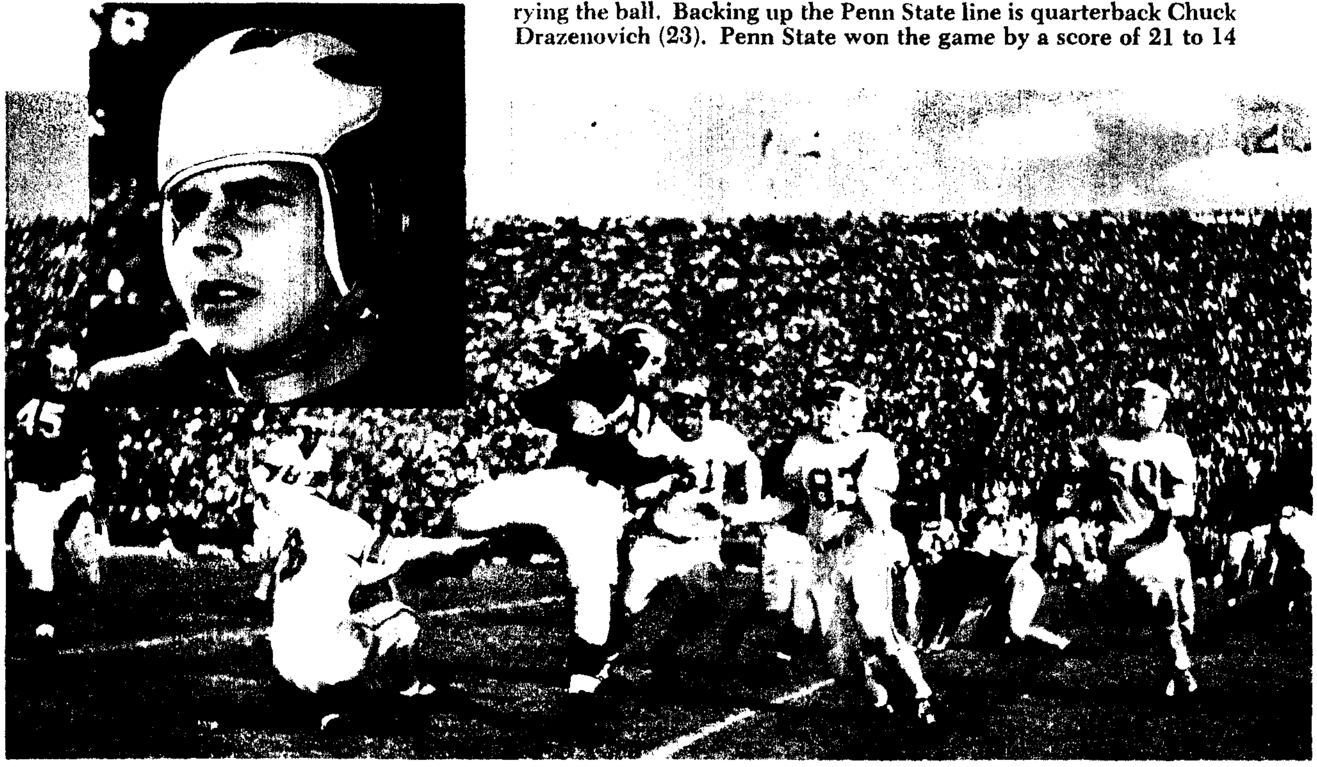
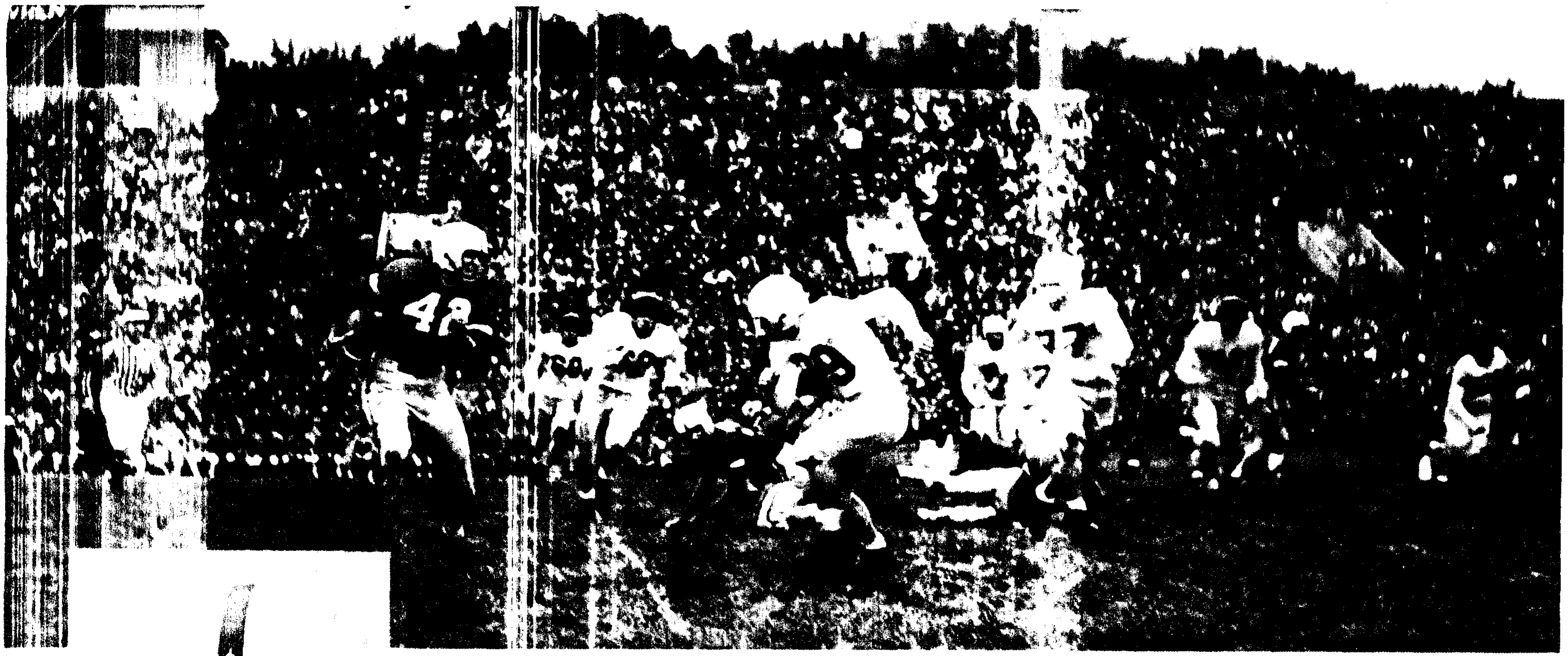


Steve Suhey (62), Penn State's left guard, rips through the line to break up a West Virginia thrust, with a Mountaineer halfback carrying the ball. Backing up the Penn State line is quarterback Chuck Drazenovich (23). Penn State won the game by a score of 21 to 14



Michigan's star back, Bob Chappuis, with the ball, scored three of his team's touchdowns in the 55-0 rout of Michigan State. Here he twists away from one tackler only to run into Fusi (51) and Gilman (83). Also shown is Pete Elliott (45), Michigan's fine quarterback

The young giant (extreme left), wearing 57, is Robert Davis, Georgia Tech tackle, known as "Earthquake." He's shown in the game against Tennessee, which Tech won 27 to 0. Halfback Bowen is carrying the ball. No. 14 is Ray Drost, Tennessee's star guard



Ray Evans (42), great triple-threat back from the University of Kansas and one of the best ball carriers of the year, fakes a pass and then breaks away for a touchdown against Kansas State. On this play Evans eluded the entire Kansas State team. Kansas U. won by a one-sided score, 55-0

Dick Scott, who not only played a great game at center for Navy but did most of his team's kicking, gets off a punt from his own goal line against Pennsylvania. Scott was also a powerful man on defense; his coach said that as a backer-up he often made 70 per cent of the tackles

and were easier to hurt, they resented discipline and their reflexes were out of focus.

This year the picture was quite different. Most of the ex-servicemen were more amenable to football discipline, had become adjusted to civil life and were in better mental and physical condition. The result was more teams operating on a higher level than ever before—such as Notre Dame, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Georgia Tech, Penn State, Texas, Southern California and Southern Methodist. There was a remarkably equal distribution of strength from the Ivy League to the Pacific Coast Conference; a team could be quite good and still lose three or four games. Only a few managed to survive the weekly shock of contest and remain unbeaten as late as mid-November.

When the 1947 season opened, most of the experts picked, as the probable leading teams in their respective sections, North Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana State in the South and Southeast; Rice in the Southwest; Notre Dame and Michigan in the Middle West; Pennsylvania, Yale and Penn State in the East; Southern California and UCLA on the Pacific Coast. But early reversals took place in the Southern, Southeastern and Southwestern conferences, as North Carolina, Georgia, Rice and LSU were overcome. By November, Virginia, Georgia Tech, Duke, Texas and Southern Methodist had moved to the front. Virginia's crushing defeat of Harvard, 47 to 0, was one of the season's sensations.

In the Southwest it was Texas and SMU that led the way, due to the brilliant work of two great backs, Bobby Layne and Doak Walker. These teams were unbeaten until they met head on on November 1st, with SMU winning 14 to 13 in what was probably the most desperate and evenly fought contest of the year. On the Coast, the great surprise was the showing of California. In the football doldrums for several years, the Bears finally came to life under the coaching of Lynn Waldorf and mowed down all opposition until they were stopped by Southern California, which had better backs.

Army ran its string of victories to 30, with two ties, until Columbia surprised everybody by overthrowing the Cadets 21 to 20, in a game featured by the great pass throwing of Gene Rossides and the extraordinary catching of end Bill Swiacki. In the Middle West, Notre Dame and Michigan led the way, performing about as had been expected.

In selecting an All-America team, the greatest problems arise in the backfield. The back is much more in the public eye than the lineman; he gets most of the headlines and most of the credit, although often he deserves neither. All this must be taken into consideration, as must the further fact that there is almost always a plethora of good backs.

This year was no exception; there were plenty of first-class backfield men. After the most careful and complete checking we made up a list of 25 leading ball carriers and blocking backs, all of them so good that for a time it looked as if we were going to have too many men on our team. But we finally boiled this list down to six men—John Lujack of Notre Dame, Anthony "Skippy" Minisi of Pennsylvania, Ray Evans of Kansas, Bob Chappuis of Michigan, Bobby Layne of Texas and Doak Walker of Southern Methodist. From this six we had, finally, to select four.

In the final choices, there were two important points to consider—all-round ability and length of service in the football wars. Lujack, Minisi and Evans had each played from four to five hard campaigns. Walker is unquestionably a great back, but he is a sophomore; he lacks experience in first-flight competition. Layne is an outstanding passer, one of the greatest in college football, but he doesn't come up to Lujack, Minisi and Evans in ball carrying, blocking and defensive strength. Minisi and Evans are fine passers, able ball carriers, hard blockers and are brilliant on defense. In addition to being a top-ranking passer, Lujack is a fine ball carrier and one of the best defensive backs in the country.

I put this problem to a vote of several professional football coaches, all of whom keep keen eyes on college stars. Their three leading selections were Lujack, Minisi and Evans. Since our selecting board had the same opinion, in general, our final selections were Notre Dame's Lujack (from Connellsville, Pa.), Penn's Minisi (from Newark, N. J.), Kansas' Evans (from Kansas City, Kan.) and Michigan's Chappuis (from Toledo, Ohio). Chappuis made the grade because he

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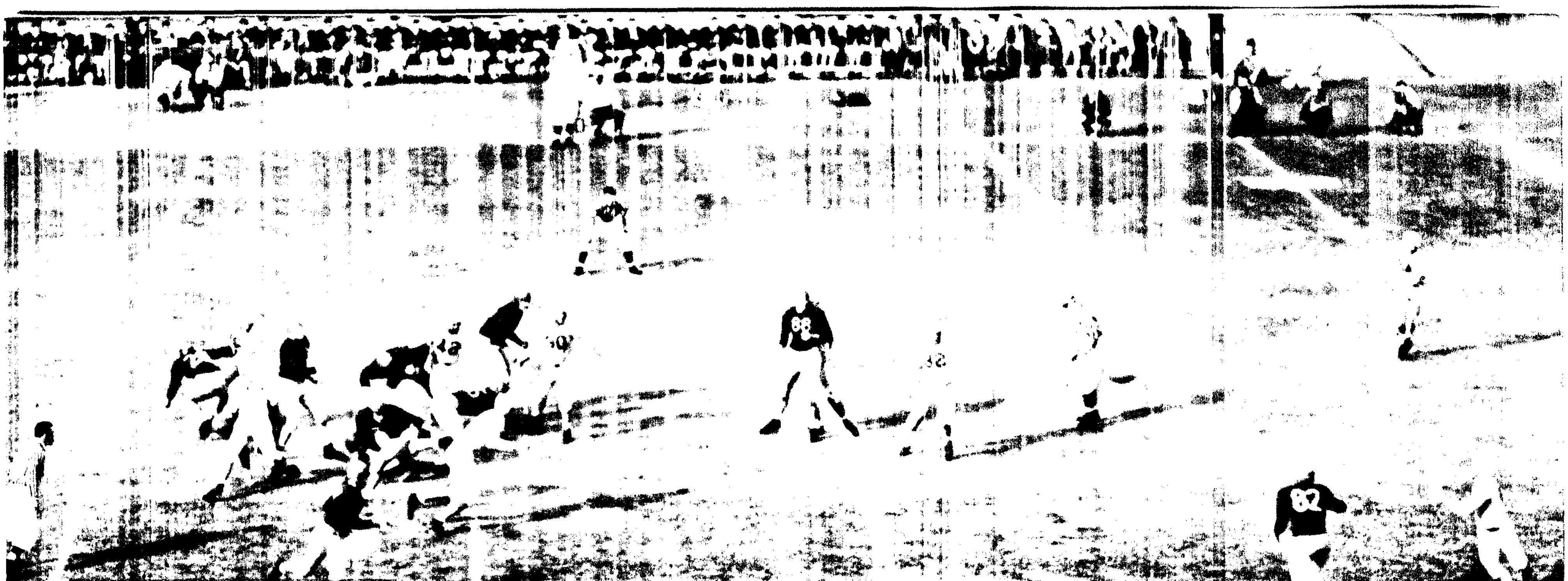
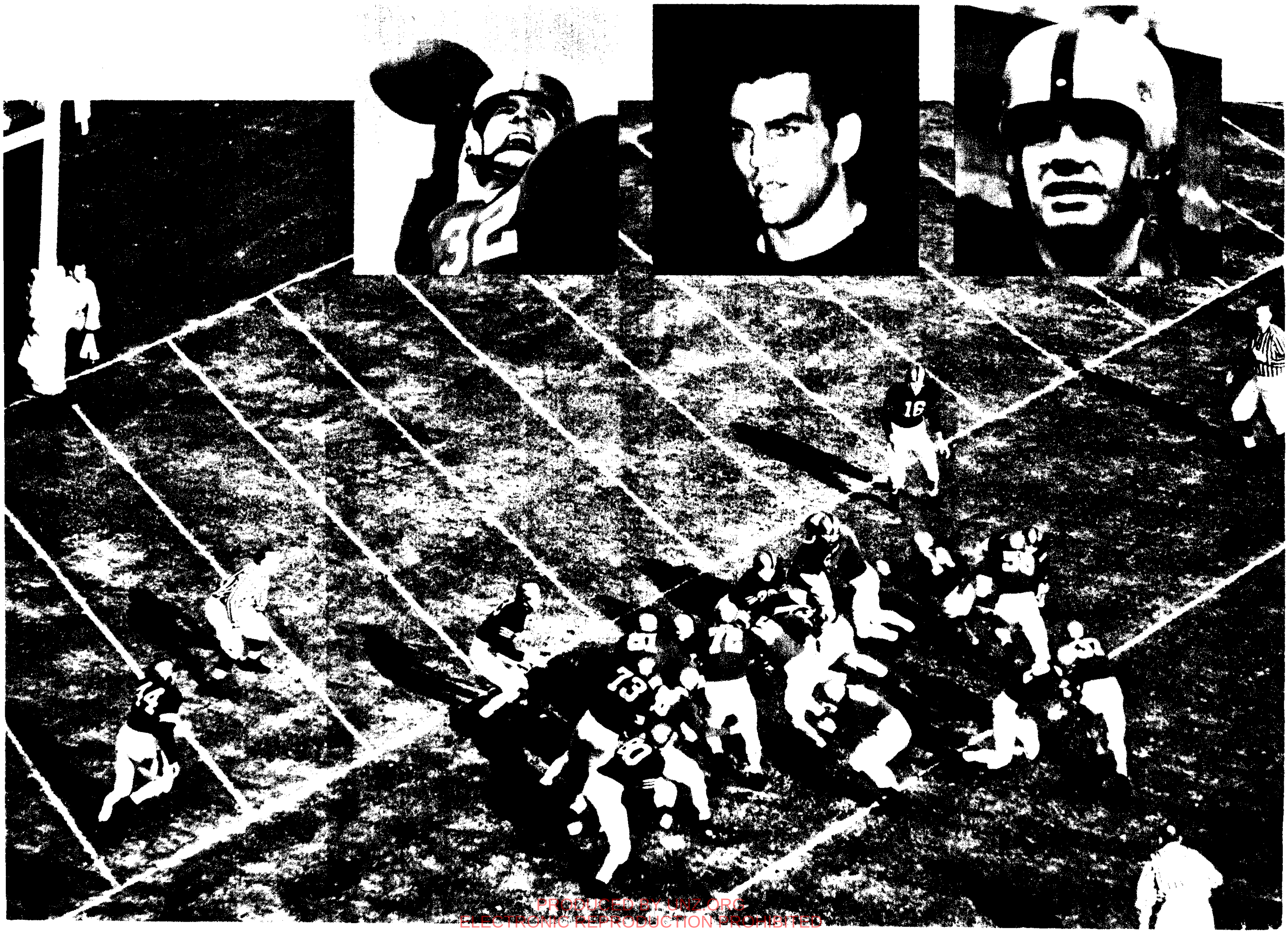


This stirring action picture was taken at the game between the University of Southern California and Stanford, which the former won by a score of 14 to 0. Paul Cleary (82), Southern California end and All-America selection, is shown in the clear, waiting to catch a pass thrown by quarterback George Murphy (taped hand) on Stanford's 35-yard line. Southern California is doing some extraordinarily fine blocking. Cleary is one of the best college ends developed in a good many years

Three All-America players are shown in this picture of the Notre Dame-Army game, which Notre Dame won 27 to 7. They are Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame quarterback (32 and left inset), George Connor, Notre Dame tackle (81 and center inset), and Joe Steffy, Army guard (right inset). Steffy's head is shown between Connor and Fischer (72), Notre Dame guard. In this play, Lujack is handing the ball to Terry Brennan, who went through Army's left tackle for the second of his two touchdowns



THE BIRDS

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

A story of the tension that can separate a man and a woman when time and distance and memory come between them

THE first heavy snow had come early that fall. Home three weeks, Geoffrey Cowan watched it through windows set in the thick adobe walls and considered in something like amazement that it was the first thing to possess significance since he had returned.

The snow lay two feet thick on the sagebrush desert, ridged high on the evergreen, bending and contorting the branches of the squat piñons and adding a foot to the roof line of the houses. Even the hot sun of the place seemed to make little impression in it this first clear day, and every place he looked except the black road, it lay heavy and almost unmarked. He turned to see how the mountains bore it, but found he had to cross from the western to the southern windows to view them.

Slowly his eye traveled up the slopes of evergreen and sage but had to go beyond even the tree line before the pervasive whiteness ceased and the red which had given the mountains their name became manifest. Seeing the color after so much white, for the first time he considered the meaning of the words of the name, Sangre de Cristo: Blood of Christ. It still meant nothing to him, although he realized it was the first time in the twenty-odd years he had been able to read and write both languages that he had consciously translated the words.

There was something wrong, and the closest he could come to it was to think of himself as having become hard to please. In the time he had been home he had thought of Nina Morley often but had neither gone to the small ranch nor called her. Two days before, when the snow had begun to make the road there impassable, he had considered going to see her; then, when he knew he could probably not push a horse through the drifts, he had for the first time tried to phone. But the rural lines in that region were down and he was left feeling not so much foolish as aware of the nature of man.

With the outer appearance of idleness he turned again to the phone. The operator said she thought they were getting through to Córdoba now, and after a little while he heard Nina's voice.

At first he was not sure; it seemed that he had waited for that hint of an accent and now there was none. But it was she, the voice unchanging even after he had identified himself. She had heard he was home, she said.

"I suppose I should have called you sooner," he told her.

"I guess you know what you are doing," she said.

The answer to that was a little difficult. He was tempted to say that was precisely what he did not know. Instead, he said, "How did you know I was home?"

"Oh, I forget," she said. "I think some of the hands coming back from town heard. Big piece in the Spanish section of the paper, too—local boy returning belatedly but well, or something like that."

"But single," he said for some reason.

"I hadn't heard to the contrary," she said. Her voice was quiet, almost flat, telling him nothing—a way it had never been, he told himself; but that was three years ago, and he supposed they had both changed in that time.

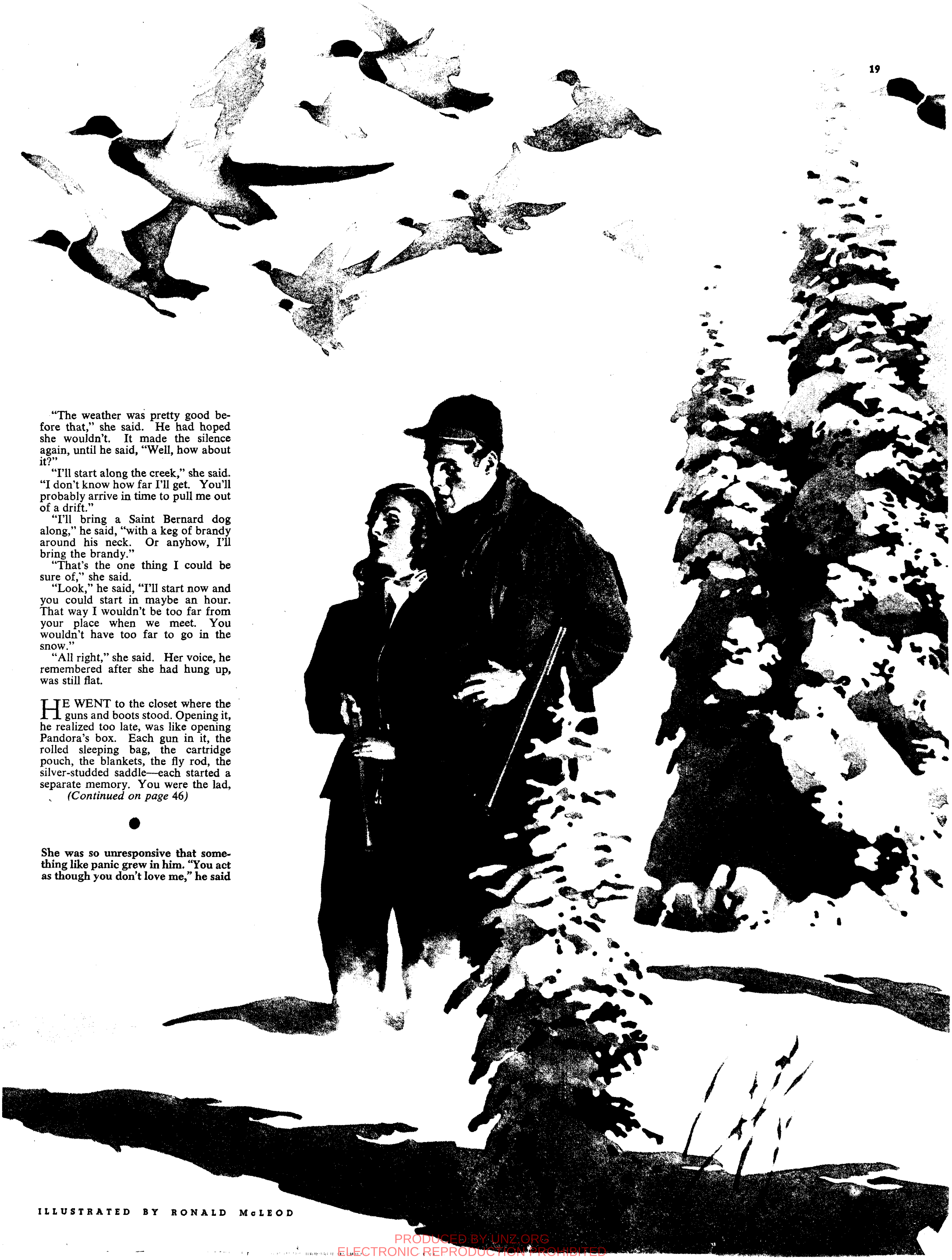
He realized he was responsible for the pause in their talk. "Look," he said, "why don't I take a shotgun and go out to the creek and work along it toward your place. You could start the other way. I'm sure there are ducks in it."

Now she hesitated. "You picked a good day for it," she said.

"Why, it's the only running water around," he said. "The still water is all frozen. There's bound to be ducks in the creek."

"The Army made you just too clever to bear, Jeff," she said. "Of course there's ducks in the creek. I'm talking about the snow. Or haven't you looked out the window the last two days?"

"Why, that's all I've been doing," he said. "Just hoping the weather would clear enough for me to get over your way or phone you."



"The weather was pretty good before that," she said. He had hoped she wouldn't. It made the silence again, until he said, "Well, how about it?"

"I'll start along the creek," she said. "I don't know how far I'll get. You'll probably arrive in time to pull me out of a drift."

"I'll bring a Saint Bernard dog along," he said, "with a keg of brandy around his neck. Or anyhow, I'll bring the brandy."

"That's the one thing I could be sure of," she said.

"Look," he said, "I'll start now and you could start in maybe an hour. That way I wouldn't be too far from your place when we meet. You wouldn't have too far to go in the snow."

"All right," she said. Her voice, he remembered after she had hung up, was still flat.

HE WENT to the closet where the guns and boots stood. Opening it, he realized too late, was like opening Pandora's box. Each gun in it, the rolled sleeping bag, the cartridge pouch, the blankets, the fly rod, the silver-studded saddle—each started a separate memory. You were the lad,

(Continued on page 46)

She was so unresponsive that something like panic grew in him. "You act as though you don't love me," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

BRITAIN'S FASCIST PHOENIX

BY PETER PACKER

Drab austerity, hopelessness and fear have caused some Britons to listen once more to the empty allure of Fascism. As usual, democracy, by its very nature, is handicapped in the fight against the fanaticism

Jeffrey Hamm, here speaking at a street meeting in Bethnal Green, is one of the loudest supporters of Sir Oswald Mosley. Police usually break up his rallies

British League
WAKE UP!
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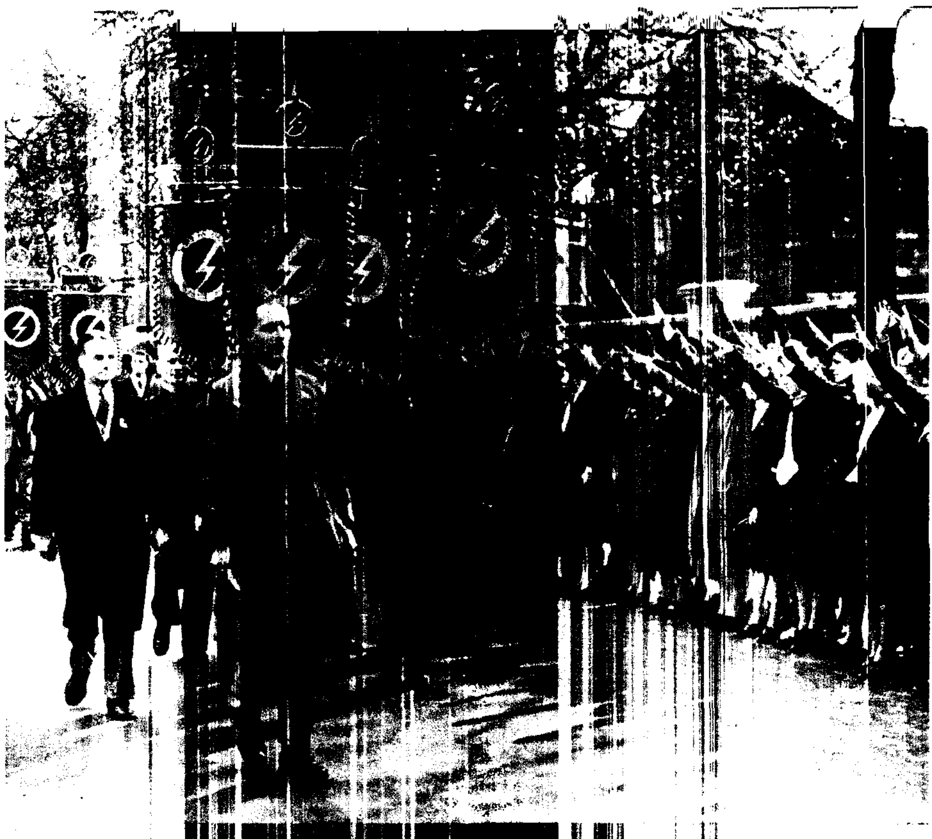
BRITAIN



Amidst r[illegible] ains[illegible] Fascism, you can to-day see t[illegible] could in this 1939 picture

British League

Loud-mo[illegible] d by his trial for preaching anti-Semi[illegible] e he was awaiting hearing

Below, a [illegible] would have been familiar in prewar[illegible] picturing "Leader" Mosley

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY is the only man with the genius and determination to lead Britain out of her troubles!"

Speaking is Jeffrey Hamm, policy director of the British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women (a name easily confused with the British Legion), biggest of that group of political organizations which has mushroomed up since the war. All are intensely nationalistic, all warn Britons of the alien menace, the Red spider web, international finance—all sell the Mosley Newsletter and their own special sheets at their meetings. And all use anti-Semitism as the blowtorch with which to weld the general discontent in their audiences.

The place is Ridley Road in the north London borough of Hackney. From Monday to Saturday of each week it is an open-air market. On Sunday evenings, the widened mouth of the road makes it a natural forum. Where once it was just another street-corner meeting place known mainly to local residents, now it is known to everyone in England.

For months it has been the scene of fights, arrests, near riots and bitter struggling for ascendancy between Fascists and Communists, Fascists and Socialists, Fascists and the ordinary men and women who resent the recrudescence of this plague in their midst.

I had listened to a number of Fascist speakers in the past few days. Most of them were shabby little men who murdered the king's English and confused even their own supporters with their indiscriminate abuse. They might convince a few far-gone paranoiacs. But Hamm was different. He spoke grammatically. He had learned the tricks of oratory—knew the art of understatement and overemphasis.

"This is the answer of the British people winning the battle of Ridley Road. We stand here tonight and say we have got to have Britain first and Britain for the British. Down with Jewish Communism. Smash this Jewish Communism. Crush it under your heels. You are winning the battle of Ridley Road! Put up the shout now. We want Mosley! What about it? We want Mosley!"

The Man at the Microphone

The words boom deep and clear from the mouths of loud-speakers on a parked sound truck. Hamm stands on a rostrum high above his audience, his rather pale, introverted face with its deep-set eyes half hidden behind the microphone. A small spotlight, focused upward, warms the red, white and blue of a Union Jack and blotches the speaker's face with eerie shadow. Beyond the weak street lights floats a thin curtain of steely blue autumn fog.

In the front of the crowd a couple of hundred arms shoot up in the Fascist salute. Four times the cry goes up led by Hamm: "We want Mosley! We want Mosley!"

There are five thousand people crowded into the mouth of Ridley Road tonight. They brim over into the main highway. The police push them back in, or keep them moving on the High Street. It is a working-class district. A lot of Jewish people live here, particularly in the vicinity of the meeting. The league asserts that it holds its meetings there because many of its members live in the district. No one has yet troubled to disprove the statement.

Women seem to be in the crowd in equal numbers with the men. Housewives of the working class, the small shopkeeping class. There are a lot of young couples here—stopping during the course of their Sunday evening stroll. A girl clings to the arm of her boy friend. She wears an engagement ring but no wedding ring. She listens intently to the speaker. Perhaps he will tell her how to get married when there are no homes, no decent furniture, and not really enough to eat when you live away from your family.

Teen-agers cluster in small knots—boys and girls. There's a little flirting—but mostly the boys find the meeting much more interesting than the girls. They nudge one another—point to people in the crowd—chuckle over some murmured observation—shift restlessly about. They like the mounting tension—and they're ready for anything.

Hecklers Voice Their Hates

A chanting has begun toward the front of the crowd: "We don't want Jewish Communism here!" From separate islands of hecklers you get the barracking rhythms of "Down—with—Fascism!" and "Germany calling!" a reference to the wartime radio signal of Lord Haw Haw. Hamm's voice is drowned out as the opposing cries beat up into the air. The shouts fuse into a babel of unintelligible chanting. A police shorthand writer stands under a lamppost taking down Hamm's speech. His pencil falters—he looks up confused—stops writing. On the High Street a small sound truck cruises slowly past Ridley Road. "Let's get rid of the Fascists! Come to the Communist party rally next Tuesday!"

The crowd is in flux now—people push aimlessly yet hurriedly from one side to another—groups of young men charge toward the front. A shriek goes up as a woman's foot is stamped on. Suddenly police are filtering into the crowd, elbows linked, herding people into separate pockets. They back the people away from the rostrum, leaving swaths of emptiness in the crowd as though they were cutting off a forest fire. Three teen-agers duck under the cordon and flee toward the rostrum—turning to hurl defiance at the police: "Out with the stinking yids! We want Mosley!"

Two young men break out of the cordon and go after the teen-agers. They're stopped by a mounted policeman with tiny headlights and taillights in the ankles of his riding boots. He backs his horse into their path—then pivots to drive them back.

All at once the spotlight is extinguished, and faintly over the rising hubbub you hear a few voices singing the national anthem. People move uneasily, not sure whether it is safe to stand at attention. The meeting is over—closed by the police inspector in charge. Seemingly from out of nowhere, a score of mounted police are nudging the crowds out of Ridley Road. Scarcely noticed, three men have been arrested and taken to the waiting Black Maria. The crowds stream north and south on the High Street, discussing the meeting.

"The Communists break up all his meetings. They don't know the meaning of free speech," says the stout young woman to her husband. The man lights a cigarette but doesn't answer.

An elderly woman shrieks, "Who's got the big cars? Who's in the black market? The bloody Jews!"

"Come off it, Ma," says a young

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PLANET NEWS, LTD.

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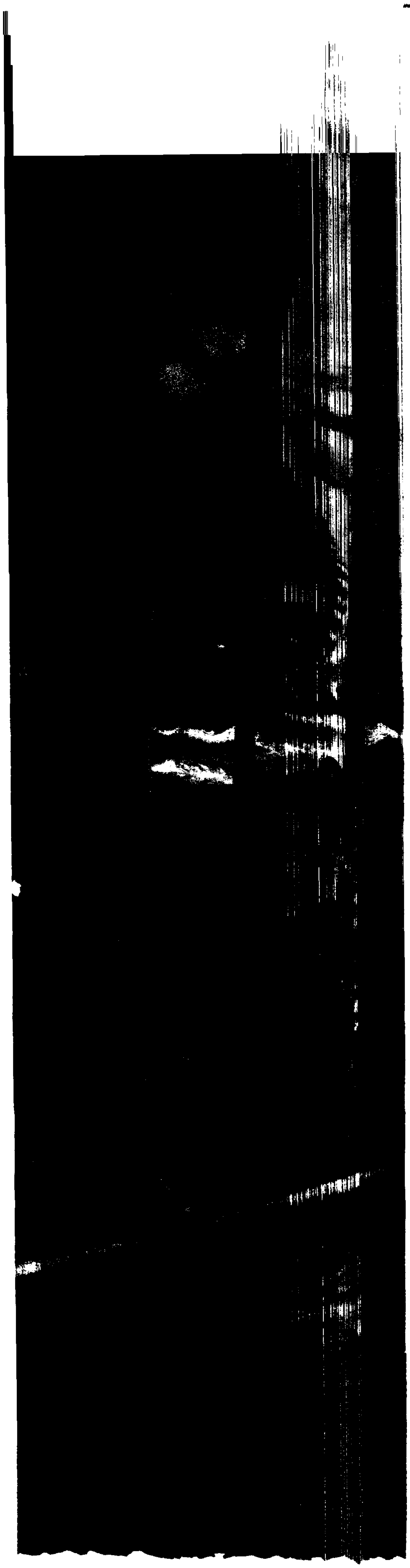

FOR a brief while, the little schooner rode lightly amidst the flames and embers, just as if she were a great ship sailing across a sea reddened by a Nova Scotian sunset. Her pretty mainsail filled. The colors on her signal halyard blew straight out until all the tiny stars shone. Leaning in Gloucester fashion against her wheel, the toy helmsman looked aloft, where topmastmen lay on her trees. The toy captain, his face half hidden by a yellow sou'wester, stood straddled near the wheel, one glowing hand raised in a gallant salute to the beholders. His other seemed to point with pride at the letters of her famous name, Stella Maris, set in gold on an old-fashioned nameboard across her stern. Thus, for a little while, she sailed into the rose shadow of that mock sea.

Now the gale that was rising over the Atlantic sent a part of its power down the chimney. Like a whirl of vapor spun across a deck by the Grand Bank squall, the gale stirred a puff of gray smoke and sent it spinning against the whole mainsail. The schooner lurched, pitched into a fiery breaker, and then, abruptly, burst into a thousand pieces. The tiny flag turned into one golden spark and flew up the chimney. All else turned into a charred pattern spread upon the embers. The last thing that the two boys saw was the rousing salute of the tin captain when he melted, without a sigh, and went down with his noble ship.

Neither did the boys sigh when all this beauty perished. They were too tall now for childish betrayal. Indeed, they were almost men, and had already grieved over the loss of more than one real vessel.

Bartley turned to his mother where she stood by the hearth, her arms folded in the pose of sternness, and said, "I'm sorry, Mother, if we displeased you. We shan't do so again."

Even in that mellow light, his long, Irish cheek showed a paleness, brought on by his loss, and his gray eyes were wet. Aye, you could see his father in him then, because his father had the same thatch of black hair, and the same trick of running a hand nervously through it when things were bad. Bartley let his hand fall; and then he did sigh.

Christy never spoke at all, nor would he give the grace of a glance at the woman staring at him out of the shadow beyond the embers. He was a golden young man at the time, Chris was. Where Bartley was black, he was yellow, and his blond hair fell in an odd curl over his forehead and struck out above his ears like wisps of good straw. This was because he couldn't keep it cut. Never. He had no time. Now his brightness dulled a bit. Well, his heart was always for his chum and he couldn't take his eyes off that troubled face.

So now she spoke to them, saying, "Will you never understand, Bartley dear, that the sea is not for you? That is why I forbid you to go to the wharves, except on Sundays when captains and dorymen aren't aboard to beguile you with their stories. Don't you see why I keep asking Christy's mother to keep him away from the schooners? It's because you are both meant for greater things. And you, Christy, you cannot go to sea either. That is why you must never, never make such toys again. You love the Stella Maris too much already, Bartley. You must love your mother more. Do you understand, Bartley? And you, Christy?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Yes, Mrs. Noone, thank you."

She sent them upstairs to their books. They were doing well at the academy and she meant that they should never cease to study until they became great men longshore.

Now it was on the very night at the beginning of the gale that she did this thing, and the fate of the Stella Maris herself was at the hour in doubt. And if you can see any good in what she did, you're a better man than I am by half and more.

Well, it was her love of them that enticed her to the deed. And there was wisdom of a sort in her love, for who will follow the sea if there is another course, a dry one, to pursue? There's an answer to that: Those who will turn from the longshore course are those who must. If a man's genius is fit for the sea only, there he will find himself before the end of matters. This was a truth she couldn't understand.

She had married a man of the sea, one sworn to it by blood and circumstance. But she was no lover of the sea; she hated it. So how could she abide the thought of her only boy going to that sea for his livelihood? And Christian Welch, who was like a second son to Captain Noone since his father had been drowned off the deck of the Stella Maris? She could not abide it. Never. She had a greater love always for things of the longshore world, which was natural in a woman who had been brought up amidst wonders of wealth the other side of Boston. She kept some of those things by her, and every now and then she'd go to the attic of the great house Captain Noone had built for her by the cliffs of Folly Cove, around the head from Gloucester.

If it were a blue day, and the Stella Maris away on the banks, she might open a door in the gable and go out on the captain's walk he had built for her there. Out over the sea she would gaze, striving to make out his mainsail among the others coming home with fares of fish. If it were not a blue day, she wouldn't go out to walk up and down on the height, her skirt blowing. She couldn't stand the sight of a storm at sea. No, at such a time she might go down at once and send her maid out to call Christy's mother for a cup of tea by the fire of logs. Or else she'd listen in the attic and lift the lids of trunks and linger over gowns and pretty petticoats she had worn to dances in the days before love.

This was a thing she kept secret from her son. If not, he never would have chosen that very place for the secret he and Christy had between them: the building of a little Stella Maris, which they made because they loved the Stella Maris. It was there, in the corner beyond the trunks, that they set the little spars and painted her exactly like the other: old-fashioned bottle green for her hull and a rose stain for her inner bulwarks. They did this work in manly hunger for the sea and in joy for the day of their departure, which they believed would come.

There she found it. Up she took the beauty in her arms and down the long stairs she went and flung it onto the blazing logs. In love and wisdom, she did this thing.

Now what difference did all her striving make? The upshot of it must be the same. Nature has her way. We are all in Nature and she is in us. A man may think himself aloof or safe, beyond all disturbance, beyond all harm. Let Nature stir in some remote fastness, according to the universal laws, and presently that man finds himself abruptly flung into a conflict that he never foresaw. Should a requirement of Nature cause the sun not to shine in far Newfoundland for the curing of the cod, then soon enough there's a stir among men well removed in distance and thought. The cod-eating peoples of the earth stir in Paris and London and Madrid; they stir uneasily because there is less food.

IT WAS so on this Cape Ann night here in Captain Noone's home. Hope was strong in all our hearts that season—and there was need of hope and its fulfillment—because for two long, hard-driving seasons the far-spread campaigns against the cod had failed. Little money had been earned and there was need of earnings, especially under Captain Noone's roof. Poor and rich alike were in need. And where were the earners? Hard at it. They lay hove to on Misaine and on the Middle Ground. They slept the night on great Banquereau or fled under whole mainsails, and topsails, too, to the edge of the Grand Bank itself. By the Virgin Rocks and in Whale Deep, they circled and brought up the bottom to learn where cod might be, and flung down well-baited trawls to toll cod to the knife, dollars to the till, bread to the table. Throughout that vast expanse of studied water, from deck to deck passed the anxious cry, "Are you on fish?" and "What would you say to Emerald Bank this time of year?" Yes, if a man would lightly pass in fancy out of the Nova Scotian bait ports and to the last fishery this side of the Labrador, he'd have seen the earners by their bowed thousands doing their best.

Also this is the season of change. It is the season for bergs, made in centuries past on Greenland shores, to come a-wallowing and groaning into our sea pastures. It's also the season of the sun's coming home to us: equinox. Across the equator, the sun returns in its climb, making at last, one day no longer and no shorter than its night. 'Tis a semiannual rearrangement of the world, old Nature's housekeeping. Hot winds rise in fury down below and rise shining to infinity. Winds of the whole world respond, one to grow hot, one to grow cold, one to go east and one to go west. This is the great affair, a spring dance to which all are invited, none may decline.

The wife of Captain Noone attends. Seated by her fire, she hears the signal, *(Continued on page 30)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

Dick Haymes and Jack Kapp watch Al Jolson and Bing Crosby try out a new song before it is recorded

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VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

BY LESTER VELIE

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

JACK KAPP, president of Decca Records, Incorporated, and the biggest man in the record business, got that way by falling in love with the right people.

When Bing Crosby was so little known in 1933 that he was short $500 expense money to come to New York, Kapp was already wooing him wildly with "You are Mr. America, Bing—the Caruso of our generation." When Guy Lombardo made an early appearance in an obscure Chicago café in 1928, an adoring Kapp was on hand night after worshipful night. When Al Jolson went into eclipse with the advent of radio, Kapp never faltered. He importuned Jolson in 1936 to record his old-time hits anew for "the young folks," and wouldn't abate his suit until Jolson yielded a decade later—just in time to permit Kapp to corner the resurgent Jolson record market.

What Kapp loved at first sight the rest of America loves 15 years later. Crosby records have sold 9,000,000 this year netting Bing $600,000-odd in royalties. Jolson's Decca record earnings will approximate $350,000 for the year, and Guy Lombardo has outsold all rival bands and earned some $220,000 during 1947.

Americans bought some 300,000,000 records this year. Yet in 1934, a scant 12,000,000 records crossed the music-shop counters; industry bigwigs said phonograph records were going the way of the piano-player roll and prepared to quit the moribund business. At this melancholy juncture, Jack Kapp, backed by British funds, founded Decca.

Today Decca is a $35,000,000 company selling some 80,000,000 records yearly and ranks second only to RCA Victor.

Some years ago when Kapp was given to assaults on the language he has since outgrown he described his rise with:

"I know how to keep my pulse on the multitude."

Tin Pan Alley stoutly holds that a new tune which can raise Jack Kapp's pulse is like money in the bank. The lucky writer can confidently start spending the cash that thousands of Americans will soon lavish on him.

Kapp recorded the songs from Jolson's movie, The Jolson Story. Sound tracks of the movie's leading songs were sent to Kapp, who heard them, made up an album and waited for the movie's release. Six months before the picture was scheduled to appear, Kapp was invited to view the final product at a private showing.

"I am sitting there with my wife," Kapp recalls, "and I am crying. What a little boy loves, he never forgets. All those songs from his old shows.

They're a flash back, too, to the days when I am courting my wife, and we are honored guests at the Jolson opening nights. Then, suddenly, I jump up and I run from the projection room. I tear my hair. The song Jolson sings to his parents; I don't even know its name. They didn't think it important enough to let me hear it on the sound tracks!

"I rush out to the Coast by plane. 'What are you doing to me?' I ask the movie people. 'You've left out the biggest song in the picture, and I haven't got it in my album.' "

Kapp hustled Jolson to a recording studio to sing the missing Anniversary Song, and more than a million records of it were sold in a year.

Sour Notes in a Sweet Polka

No musician himself, Kapp's reaction to a recording is holy writ even to the brightest names in his artist stable, which include Fred Waring, the Andrews Sisters, Carmen Cavallaro and others. Several weeks ago Guy Lombardo and his band recorded a polka from the Broadway show, High Button Shoes, allowing the cornetist to burlesque four bars of the melody. When Kapp heard the record he exploded.

"You're noodling around with something millions of people love. This isn't Lombardo," he told Lombardo. The band leader marched his 15 musicians back to the studio and replayed the tune as Kapp—and millions of people—would love it.

To cut down any further trifling with his own and the public's emotions, Kapp adorned his recording studios with six-foot portraits of an Indian maiden. Her hands outstretched as if in supplication, she is asking in comic-strip style:

"Where is the melody?"

Sometimes a brash piece of talent challenges Kapp's eerie one-man Gallup poll and has to be convinced by Kapp. Thus bested in a studio argument, a music arranger once importuned Kapp:

"If I ever open my big mouth in the studio again, hit me."

Kapp once even held his own in an argument with James C. Petrillo and the American Federation of Musicians. When Petrillo first tangled with the recording companies in 1942 he put his case this way:

The radio stations use records 80,000 hours a week. Nobody gets paid for that, except writers protected by ASCAP. The musicians don't get paid. The record company doesn't get paid. The disk jockeys are making fortunes; the juke boxes are a $500,000,000 industry, and the musicians are being put out of business. The law says that once a record is sold it can be publicly performed, and we can't stop that. But if we can't control the use of the record, we can control you—the record company. We want a royalty on each record.

Petrillo asked for a royalty of 15 cents at a time when records were wholesaling for 21 cents. Kapp told Petrillo that he felt the musicians had a moral right to the royalty, and after a year of "educational campaigning," as Kapp describes it, got Petrillo to accept royalties ranging from ¼ cent to 1 cent per record, depending on its retail price. Competitors accused Kapp of trading with the enemy and taking a run-out powder on the industry, but they made terms with Petrillo 18 months later on the pattern set by Kapp. The recording companies have paid an estimated $2,000,000 into the Musicians Federation treasury to date and are willing to continue the arrangement, but the Taft-Hartley Act outlaws it.

When Petrillo strikes the recording companies again at the turn of the year, his bite will be somewhat less effective than it was in '42. By shunning the studios the striking musicians can stop the recording of new music. But they can't stop a record company with a warehouse full of "mother records" from stamping out as many copies of Jingle Bells, White Christmas, or Smoke Gets in your Eyes as customers will buy. Kapp has been as busy as a beaver building up these "standards" as the long-life tunes are called in the trade, because he's afraid to rely on popular tunes which the radio can kill before a record is published.

Kapp never got beyond high school, and the resulting ignorance has opened up new markets for his phonograph records. Already in love with the right talent and the right melodies, Kapp not long ago fell energetically in love with "the great words, the words of the masters."

Getting a Poet's Opinion

Kapp called in Louis Untermeyer, the anthologist and poet.

"I want to put poetry on records," Kapp said. "What do you think of the idea?"

"It stinks," replied poet Untermeyer. "Nobody will listen."

"You don't understand," Kapp explained. "You've got to do it right. Give it background music, make it appeal to the emotions. Build it up with big names. I want to take the fellow in the movies or on the radio that my child loves, and put the great words in his mouth."

In the mouth of Big Name Ronald Colman, Dickens' Christmas Carol sold 60,000 sets the first Christmas and a total of 125,000 since. With Ginger Rogers, and a supporting cast of Hollywood folk, Alice in Wonderland has sold more than 120,000 sets.

The Oxonian accents of Ronald Colman produced the Tales of the Olympian Gods. The recorded exploits of the god Apollo, the nymph Echo, the youth Narcissus set no prairie fire.

But Kapp, in love with the "great words," is no timid suitor. He plunged into a whirlwind courtship of Shakespeare, read the plays through, then recorded his own impression of Hamlet and Mark Antony. Then Pericles' Oration for the Unknown (Greek) Soldier was duly recorded by Big Name Orson Welles.

The education of Jack Kapp has thus brought a good piece of Hollywood into the service of the great words. Charles Laughton sells Moby Dick and Mr. Pickwick and is portentously employed in recording portions of the Bible. Walter Huston sells Rip van Winkle; Bing Crosby, as narrator, sells The Man Without a Country.

For all these, Kapp wears his love upon his sleeve.

"It sends chills down your back," he says ecstatically.

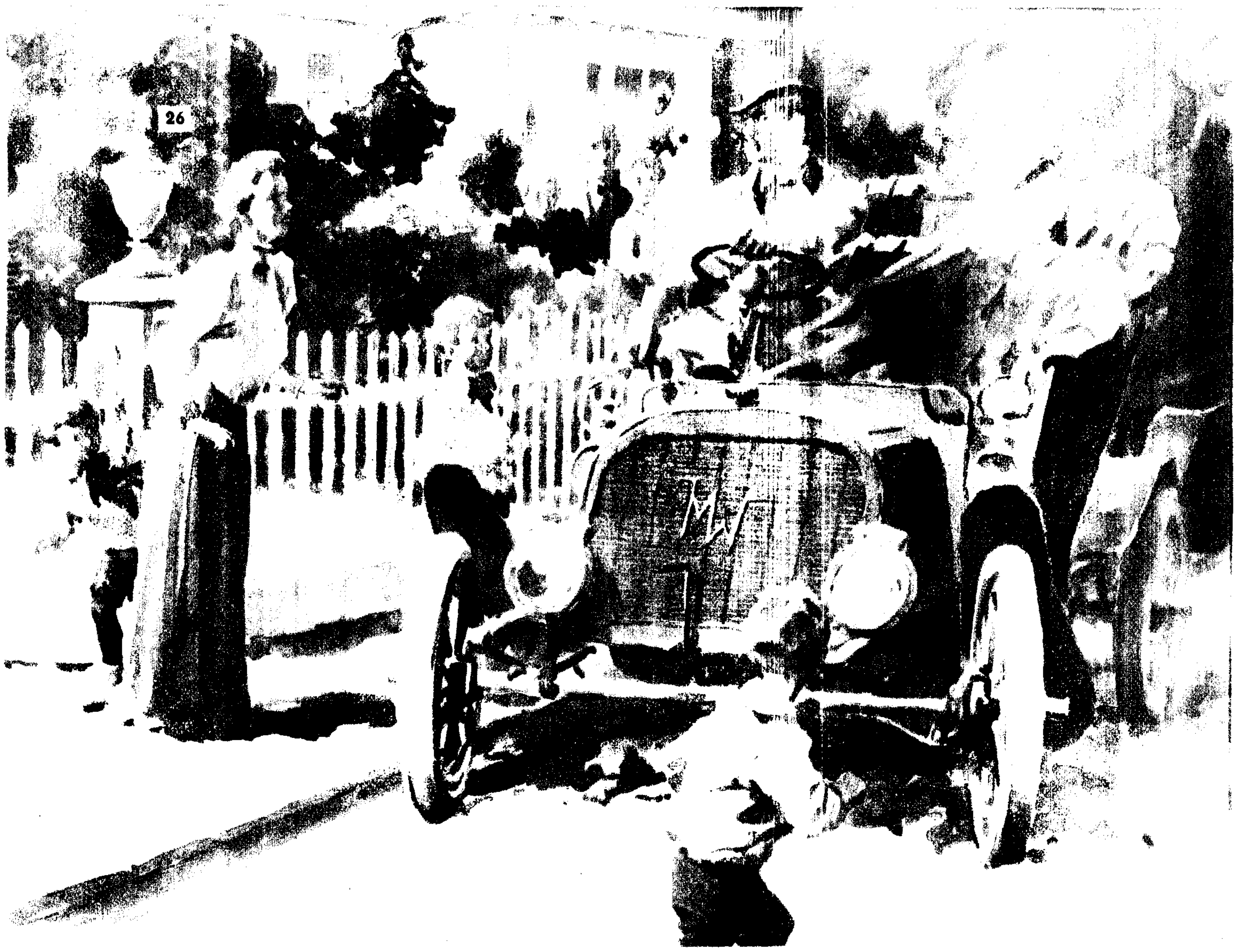
Some literature, glamorized with Hollywood and Broadway names has caught on in children's records and helps Kapp keep out front in that field which the trade generally credits him with bringing to its present happy $20,000,000-a-year state.

Then the country's leading textbook publisher, the American Book Company, saw in Kapp's formula for "making the great things of the world palatable" a chance to introduce "talking textbooks" into the schools.

(Continued on page 122)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

Jack Kapp (left) holds a business conference in his New York home with three of his leading record makers, Ethel Merman, Charles Laughton and Guy Lombardo



"Confound your hat and veil!" roared Father. "This machine's so powerful it's hard to hold. Come on!"

RIDING HIGH

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

Life with Father Williard was probably easier on the nerves than existence on the rim of Mt. Vesuvius—but not much

"THE wheel," said Father, marking his place in Ridpath's History with his finger, "revolutionized the life of man. Before that they'd had to drag things."

"What things?" Mother asked, busy with her crocheting.

"Why, anything at all," Father replied. "Whatever they had. The wheel and then the steam engine between them made us what we are today. When you realize, Nan—now you take those doilies you're making. The modern fabricating plant, based on the two inventions of the wheel and the steam engine, can make them in a hundredth of the time."

"And very shoddily, too," Mother answered. "The more inventions there are, the shoddier life becomes. I hope you're not contemplating an invention, John."

"Well, not exactly," he said, and picked up the Ridpath's and continued reading, while we three boys in the hall, making the trigger for a figure-four sparrow trap, resumed our whittling. We were allowed to whittle in the house, provided we'd spread plenty of newspapers to catch the shavings, which, of course, we hadn't. But nobody was going to notice that until time for us to go to bed and since Father was so busy with his Ridpath and Mother with her doilies—a usual midweek evening in that home of ours near Roebuck Springs, outside of Birmingham—we had a feeling that we might get by for hours yet. And then one of those things that always was happening to us happened. Old Drunken Mary came stiff-legged through the swinging door into the living room.

"Mist' John," she said, then cleared her throat dramatically and stood there.

Father marked his place. It was a full hour after dinner and old Drunken Mary should have finished with the dishes long before. "Yes, Mary?"

"I hates," she said uneasily, "to tell you dis, but my position fo'ces me—"

She paused, and we three boys were instantly aware that this was deadly serious. Old Drunken Mary wasn't one to stall about what she thought, yet here she was hemming and hawing, twisting her skinny fingers painfully and speaking directly to Father who'd brought her with him when he came down from Kentucky to practice criminal law in Birmingham. If it had been a trivial matter she'd have taken it up with Mother, who like ourselves she considered a latecomer and hence treated with formality. But in a crisis, as we sensed this was, only Father would do.

"Since I done seen de Lawd," she was saying tortuously, "and quit out sin, I gotten prominent in Brudder Rapture's church—"

"Oh, yes, old Moses' church," Father cut in.

"Dat's it," old Drunken Mary smirked, "except de Brudder Rapture now he got de edifice built. Well, I'm the Holiness chairman. Got to hold my head particular high—"

"And you're doing fine, Mary. Not in jail for months."

"Dat so. And long's folks say I'm workin' for one of de leadin' families, I keeps my prominence."

"That's fine," purred Father. "Fine!" But we saw Mother's eyes go narrow suddenly.

"Trouble is," old Drunken Mary said, "talk goin' round th'ough Bumminham. Say you gone busted, Mist' John."

The Ridpath smacked on Father's chair arm. "What!"

Old Drunken Mary squirmed defensively. "Elfreda what's been cookin' for de Jenkinses next door say dat. She kind of pityin' me. But she ain't de only one. Hit's all over town. Elfreda say Mist' Jenkins tole Miss Ida you done put a mawgage on dis house. Say you done gambled off yo' birthright, which I know ain't so, but what I know don't help me out—it's what folks say. So my position fo'ces me—"

Mother stood up. "That's enough, Mary! If you want to quit, I'll give you your pay."

"Well, I sho hate to do it right now, Miss Nan, when you needin' me, and we been 'sociated for so long—"

Mother swept toward her and old Drunken Mary, wilting, turned and went skittering toward the kitchen. Both of them disappeared. Father just sat there with his teeth pressed on his lower lip. We heard some mumbling. After a while the back door closed. When Mother finally came sailing in, Father slid the Ridpath up before his face.

"To think," cried Mother, "that after all you've done for her, getting her out of jail when she gets drunk, bringing her down from that Kentucky tobacco patch, she'd let her pride—her insolence—"

"Nan, she's just riding high, feeling her oats a little," Father said. "Why, she'll come in the first thing in the morning, begging you to take her back. What is that phrase, 'Pride goeth before a fall'?"

"Yes," Mother snapped. "Whose fall? What is this gossip of a mortgage, John?"

"Oh, that?" He waved his hand disarmingly. "A little loan—"

"John Williard! You mean you've really put a mortgage on our roof?"

"For business purposes only, Nan! A paper transaction. I assure you that I'm not broke. It's just—"

"You've actually risked losing our children's home for one of your wild dreams?"

"Now, Nan. It's nothing wild. Nothing you need fret yourself about."

"Oh, isn't it? My children homeless, wandering the streets! Your own sons, John! My sons, that I've struggled so hard to bring up decently—"

"Great Scott!" cried Father. "Struggled? Why, my mother raised eleven sons without one half the money that you've had. And raised them well. Struggled, when you have never lacked a servant—"

"Well, I lack one now. And you have recklessly plunged into debt—"

"Only four thousand, Nan."

"Four thousand dollars! John, you've lost your mind."

"I have not lost my mind!"

"Then what in heaven's name do you call throwing away four thousand—oh, what sort of business? More fool real estate?"

"Nan, I'm—I'm pioneering, Nan. This will mean big things for Birmingham. May make me rich. Make me and Ned—"

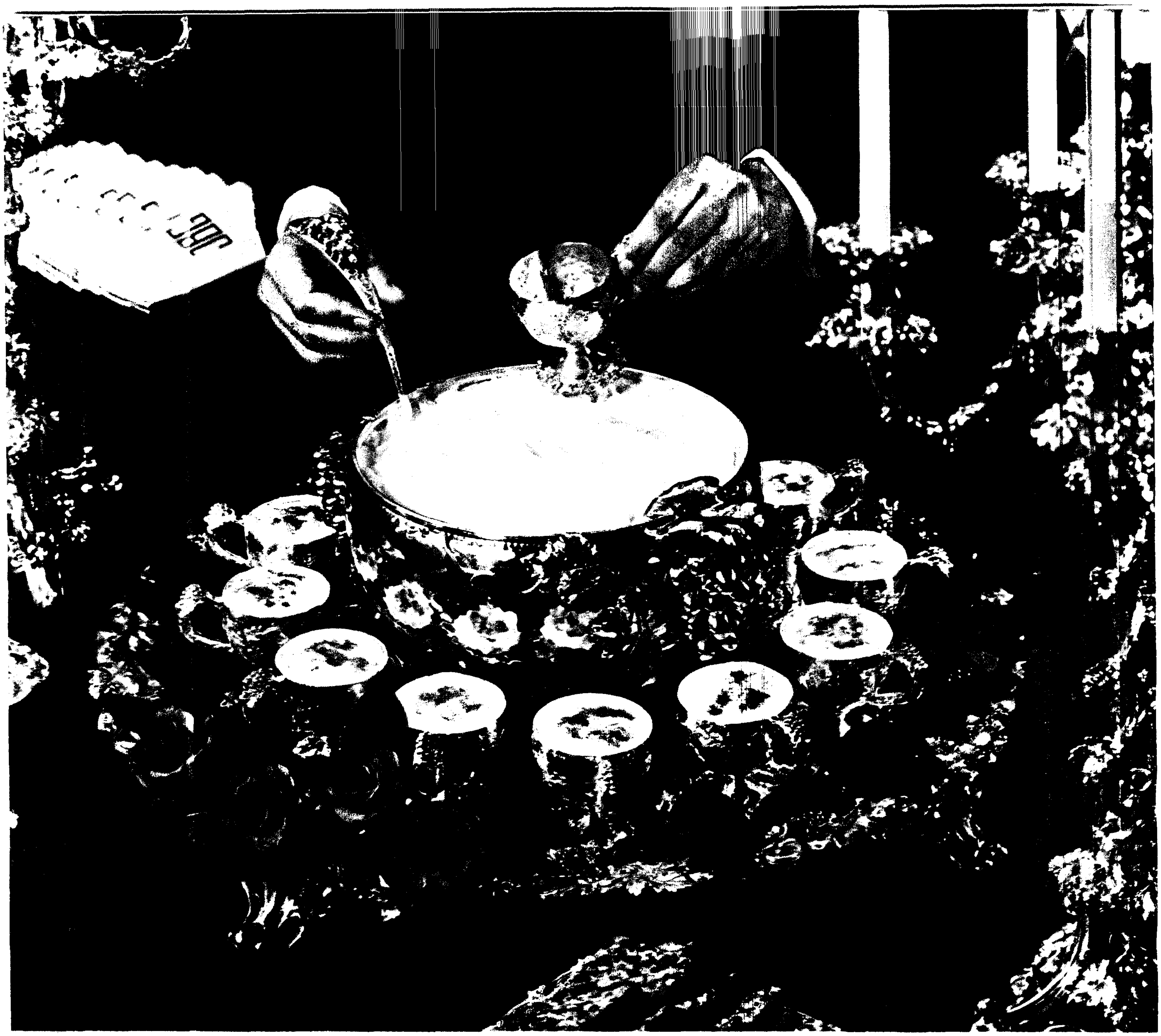
"I knew it!" Mother cried. "You and that Ned Monckton! Oh, go on, go on—tell me what business. I can stand *anything.*"

"We're going to manufacture automobiles, Nan."

Mother collapsed. If there was one man who made her feel nervous, it was Mr. Ned Monckton. Of course, as Father would sometimes admit, Mr. Ned was not bright, but he was eminently congenial and had the Monckton coal mine money to back him up. It was Mr. Ned who had persuaded Father, after they'd finished law at Vanderbilt, that Birmingham was a coming town. The trouble, Mother insisted, was that it made no difference to Mr. Ned whether it came

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

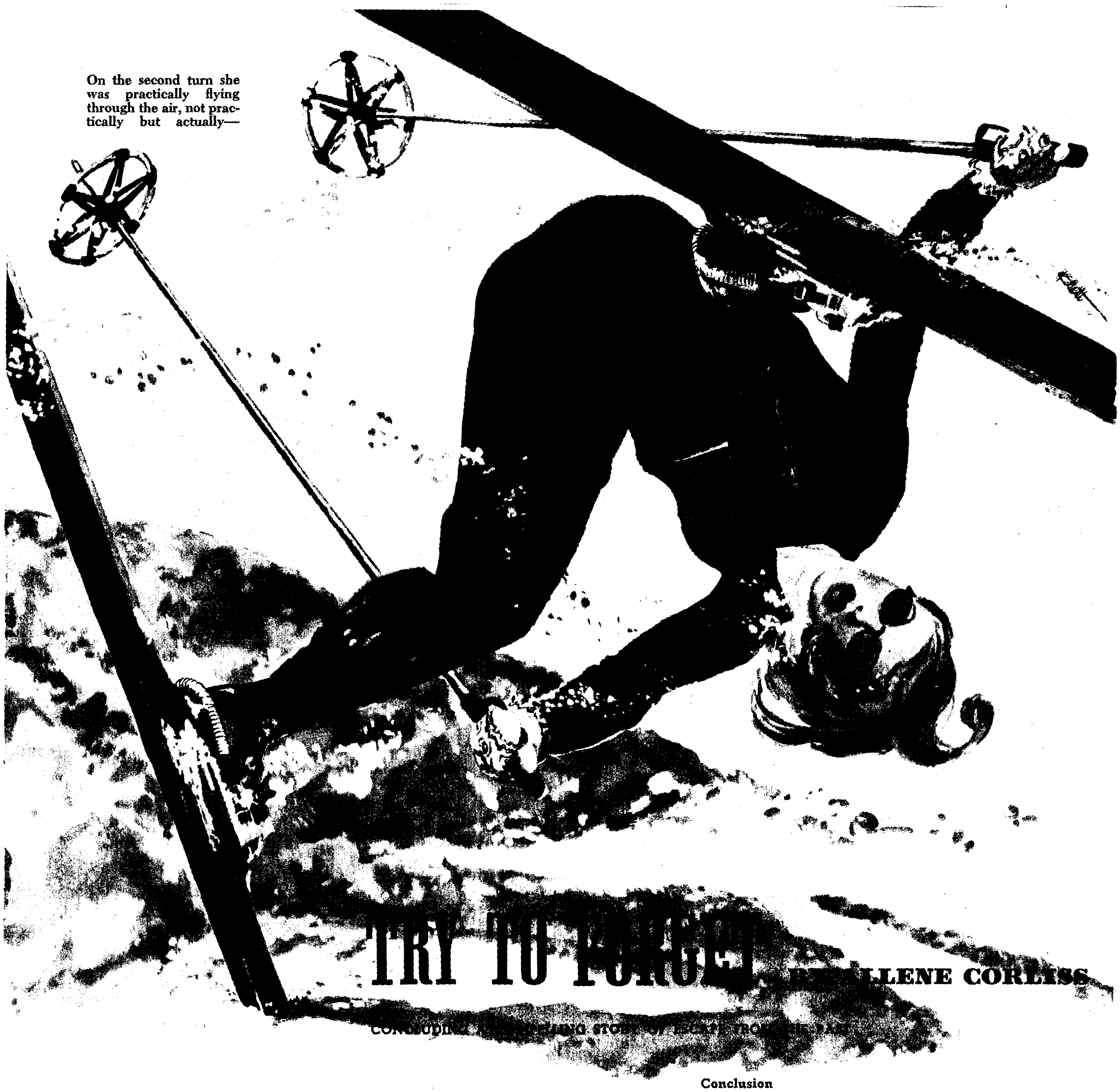
Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

For the Christmas season —America's Favorite Gift Whiskey in a beautiful gift carton.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation,
New York City

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES



On the second turn she was practically flying through the air, not practically but actually—

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

CONCLUDING A COMPELLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

Conclusion

The Story:
Hard-bitten young Ridge Holbrook has thrown over Lida Whipple, the wealthy girl who wants to marry him. He has turned up at his Readsville, Vermont, farm with a new wife, Dorcas Branch. Lida, insanely jealous, doesn't believe Ridge's story about knowing Dorcas in London during the war—nor does she believe Ridge and Dorcas are in love.

Lida Whipple is right. Ridge is far from being in love with Dorcas, for Dorcas is the girl with whom Ridge's younger brother, Dave, had an affair. Dorcas was not enough in love to marry Dave, and he, desperately unhappy, took to drink and was killed in an accident. When Dorcas called Ridge and told him she was to have Dave's baby, Ridge went to her and—though he held her responsible for Dave's death—argued her into marrying him, for the sake of the baby.

Despite the efforts of Dr. Alec Littlejohn, who is treating Lida's neurotic mother, to reconcile Lida to Ridge's marriage, Lida has become a confirmed alcoholic. After failing in her attempts to humiliate Dorcas, Lida goes walking with her one winter day, and without warning, she pushes Dorcas off a cliff.

Dorcas' fall is broken by the snow, but she loses the baby—and her memory; on regaining consciousness, she remembers nothing about being pushed, or about any part of her past.

Ridge's former resentment of Dorcas vanishes with her memory. Their life together, which had been a marriage in name only, suddenly takes on a new status as Ridge realizes that, for the first time since the wedding, he is in love with his wife. And Dorcas, remembering nothing of Dave and the reasons for the marriage, is deeply in love with Ridge.

THE third week in March, Lida Whipple's mother tried, unsuccessfully, to commit suicide. She appropriated one of her husband's razor blades and cut both of her wrists neatly. Fortunately, she cut neither deeply nor accurately enough to do any real damage. But both the servants refused to stay on in the house with what they called a "crazy woman."

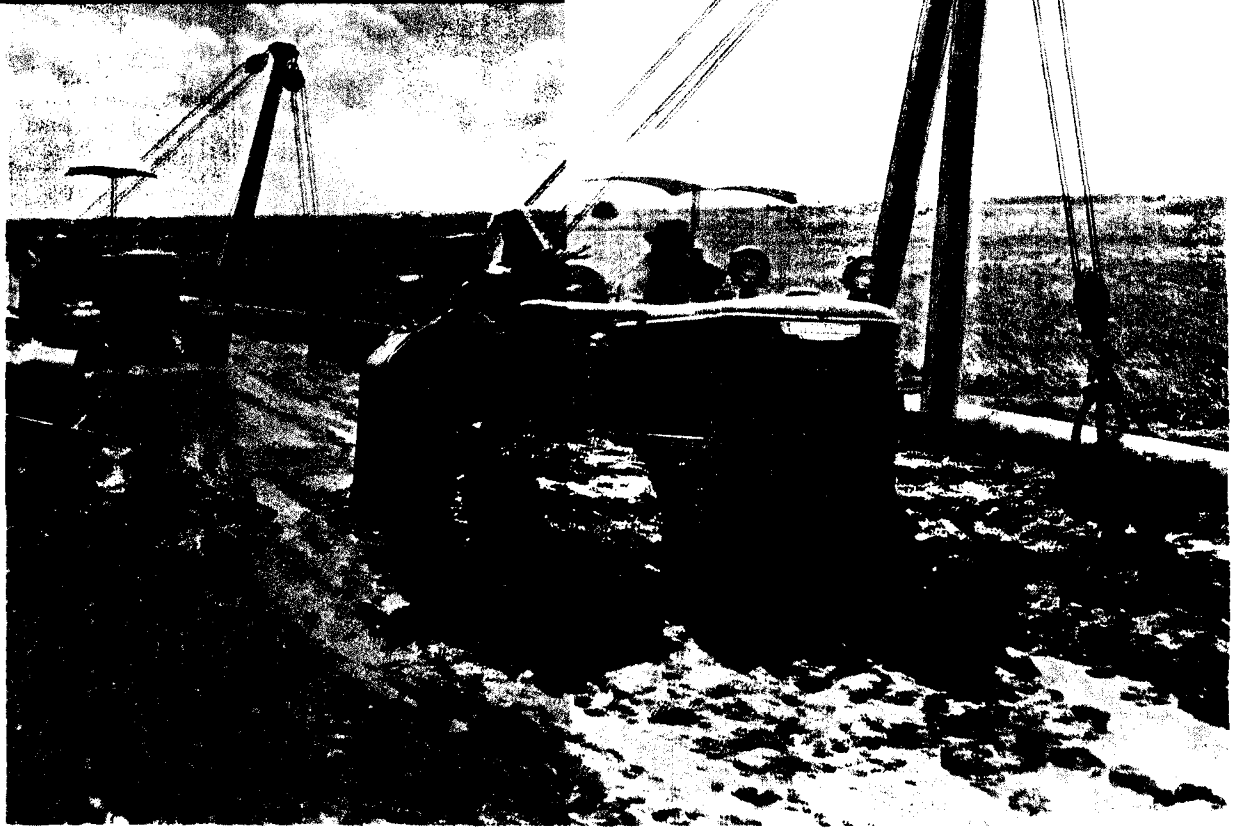
Rather than lose one of the most efficient couples in the entire state, Herbert, discussing the situation with Charlie Norton, decided that the only thing to do was send his wife away for a few months. Norton pointed out that she was not a mental case and no one was trying to sell Herbert on the idea that she was; still a few months in some quiet private sanitarium might do her worlds of good.

Effie herself made no fuss about going. Her attempt at self-destruction had, like everything else she had ever tried to do, failed ignominiously. She had only succeeded in ruining the bedroom rug and upsetting Herbert and Frank and Jessie; furthermore, she had never been happy in this house and she felt no regret at leaving it. She hoped that they would give her a pretty room at the sanitarium, with ruffled curtains and pink-flowered wallpaper and white furniture. She had had that kind of room when she was a girl, and if they did give her a room like that, it would seem almost as good as being young again and back home with Papa and Mama. . . .

When the day came for her to leave, only one unpleasant thing happened. She refused to say goodby to Lida.

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Your home is warm and comfortable—even when the thermometer skids to zero. Your children play contentedly, sheltered and safe from winter's blasts. Yes, your winter warmth means a healthy home for your family.

If the fuel that feeds your home fire is gas or oil, it traveled at least part of the way to you in pipelines that criss-cross the nation. Thousands of miles of these pipelines were laid by International Crawler Tractors. Rugged, obstacle-wrecking Internationals crossed mountains and deserts, swamps and prairies, bearing the pipe that became transport tubes for oil and gas. These mighty machines help to make pipelines a practical, all-weather transportation system for your fuel.

Even as you read these words, International industrial tractors and engines are at work on pipeline projects—powering trenching machines, carrying pipe, laying it in trenches and covering it with earth. When the job is done the valves are opened and fuel starts on its way to you.

Your winter warmth! In bringing it to you, International Industrial Power makes one more contribution to better living in your family circle.

Industrial Power Division

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

Listen to James Melton on "Harvest of Stars." Every Sunday. NBC Network.

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FARMALL TRACTORS AND MACHINES . . . MOTOR TRUCKS . . . REFRIGERATION

INTERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And My Sister Wants a Mister!

COURSE, SIS IS PARTICULAR—SHE WANTS ONLY DON. BUT DON DOESN'T COME TO OUR HOUSE ANY MORE

WELL, I KNOW DON, AND YOUR SISTER. AND IF SHE'LL JUST SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH—I'LL PROMISE TO HAVE DON AT YOUR HOUSE BY CHRISTMAS!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SANTA CLAUS DID IT, ALL RIGHT! SIS GOT HER MISTER—AND THE RIGHT ONE, TOO!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

THE STELLA MARIS

Continued from page 23

the opening phrases of musicians tuning up: one limb of an elm whirring and two knocking. Out of the quarried hills beyond, where the gulls watch vanishing stars, a squall whirls, shouts, blows a breath down her chimney, and breaks into ashes the charred pattern of the tiny Stella Maris.

Above her, in his chamber and behind its locked door, young Bartley attends. He lifts his head drowsily from the blueprint of the true Stella Maris and listens. The stars in their companies vanish from the upper panes. He whispers to himself, whispers in a pretense that he is yonder, where the whitecaps rise, where he longs to be.

"I don't like this!" It is the immemorial observation of the doryman.

So also young Christian; he attends. In the cottage near the shore, in a dream that makes him laugh, he stirs to the stirring of trees, wind and water. His eyes open quickly. Like a man of the sea, he is awake at once, measuring by ear and gleaming eye the meaning of this tall music.

"I don't like this! Don't like the look of it."

Just the same, Christy falls asleep. He knows what to do—heave her to, make her snug, turn in and leave word: "Call Captain Welch if the wind changes."

AND Christy's mother? Will she attend? Aye, indeed. And whereabouts? Not in her bed on this memorial night. Isn't this March? The month in which he died in Whale Deep? Well, then, how should she be lying abed? She would not. She is here, close to the heaving sea, to attend the sun in darkness.

All of these, and many more, attended the growth and fury of the gale. In the first dark night and the dark day that followed, no visible change came to the faces of those concerned. A shortness of speech, perhaps, and a hurry to get work done, and children off to school, that there might be time to gaze through streaming window panes at the black sky and the whitecaps blowing as far as the eye could see. A day and its night and another day passed before the first question passed from cottage to cottage, mouth to mouth:

"Is there any news? Anything reported?"

Nothing. Nothing until the telegraph began in the Nova Scotian ports: "Columbia and Agamemnon here. All well. Pilgrim and Purchaser gone four days. Have you heard from them?" From Yarmouth: "Mary Murphy here. All well. Pennypacker, Adventurer, Stella Maris, Wander: all on Banks. Have they reported?" From Sable Island: "Priscilla wrecked on outer bar. Crew saved. Captain O'Brien dead. Telegraph family's wishes."

The family's wishes? It wishes it were gone, too.

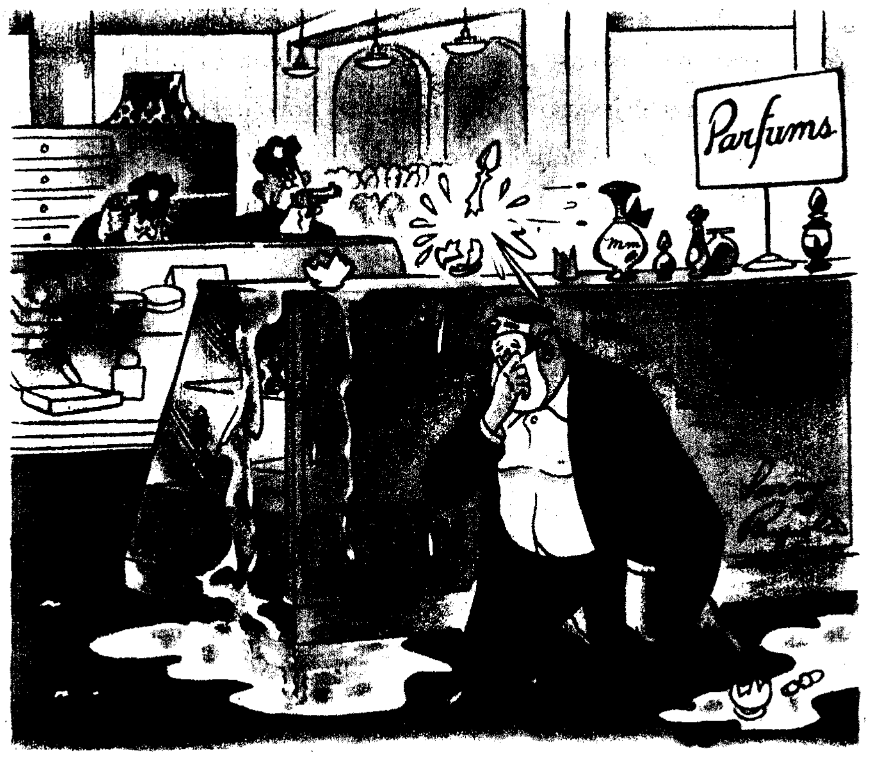
From St. Pierre: "Mary Elizabeth, Woman of the Glen, Pilgrim and Hattie Brown here. Eight men adrift in dories. No hope held. Telegraph one thousand dollars." The captain of an Irish tramp, hove to east of Fortune Head, reported: "Found schooner Adventurer hove down. Took off captain and nine men. Twelve lost. Bergs. Field ice. American vessels in vicinity please indicate."

And the gale? Whatever the work it had to do, it wasn't done yet. For all the world to hear, the men who were watching the gale's work sent abroad: "Trough extending from west of Iceland to west of Azores moving very slowly. Atlantic forecast for next twenty-four hours: northeast winds gale force. Rain and sleet spreading west and north." And so forth, one more night and a day to follow with the step of a tired man.

The meaning of it to those ashore was this: "Give up your hope now." A hundred more captains reported their vessels safe. Two by two and three by three the words of comfort came from the Gut of Canso and from Halifax, from the Bras d'Or Passage and the lakes winding there. The lists of the living grew long. The list of the dead grew short. Name after name was joyfully struck from the list framed in black and added to the list lying in light.

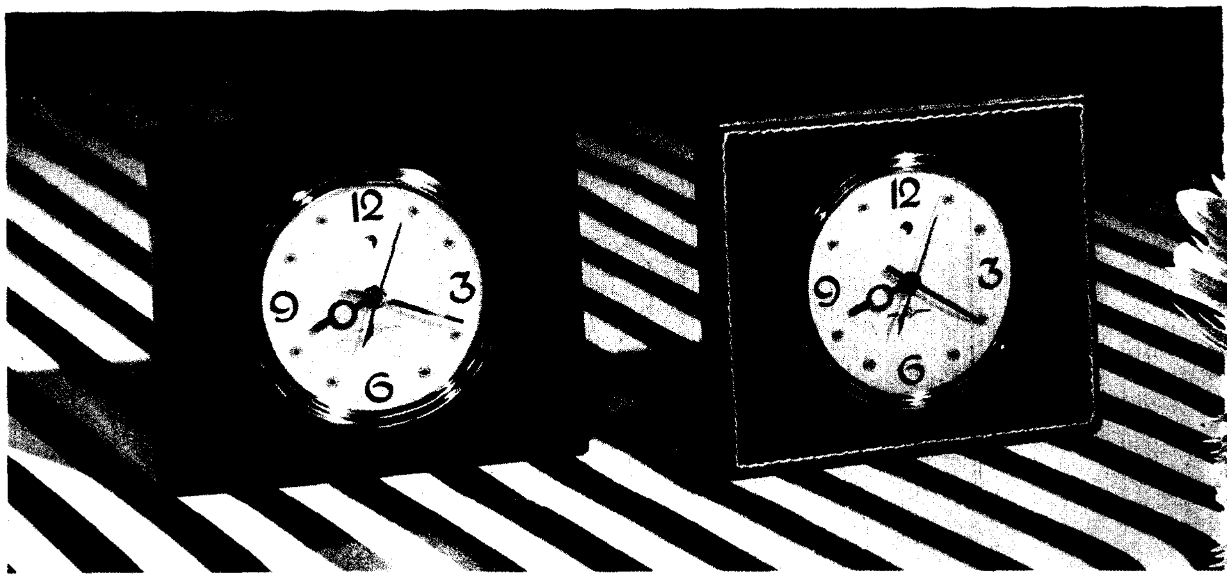
This was a season in which dories and dorymen showed what kind of wood they were carved out of: oak and old blackthorn. The twelve men of the Adventurer, who had thrown a dory over the side before her spars lay flat on the water, appeared four days after the gale had

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S

"Phee-yooie!"



CANDLELIGHT—An exquisitely styled occasional clock in the finest General Electric tradition. Beautifully cased in sparkling black glass, ground and polished to shimmering elegance. $19.50, plus retail tax.

CANDLELIGHT—The same clock, but with a different case. Your choice of velvety, glowing, brown East India lambskin, *or* pigskin, bordered by white saddle-stitching. A superb gift! $19.50, plus retail tax.

this Christmas—Give the clocks most people want most!

General Electric "Gift Clocks"—from $535.00 to $4.95.
A clock for every purse and purpose!

Each General Electric Clock shown here is a *perfect gift clock* . . . an enduring source of happiness . . . a chronicler of time and the giver.

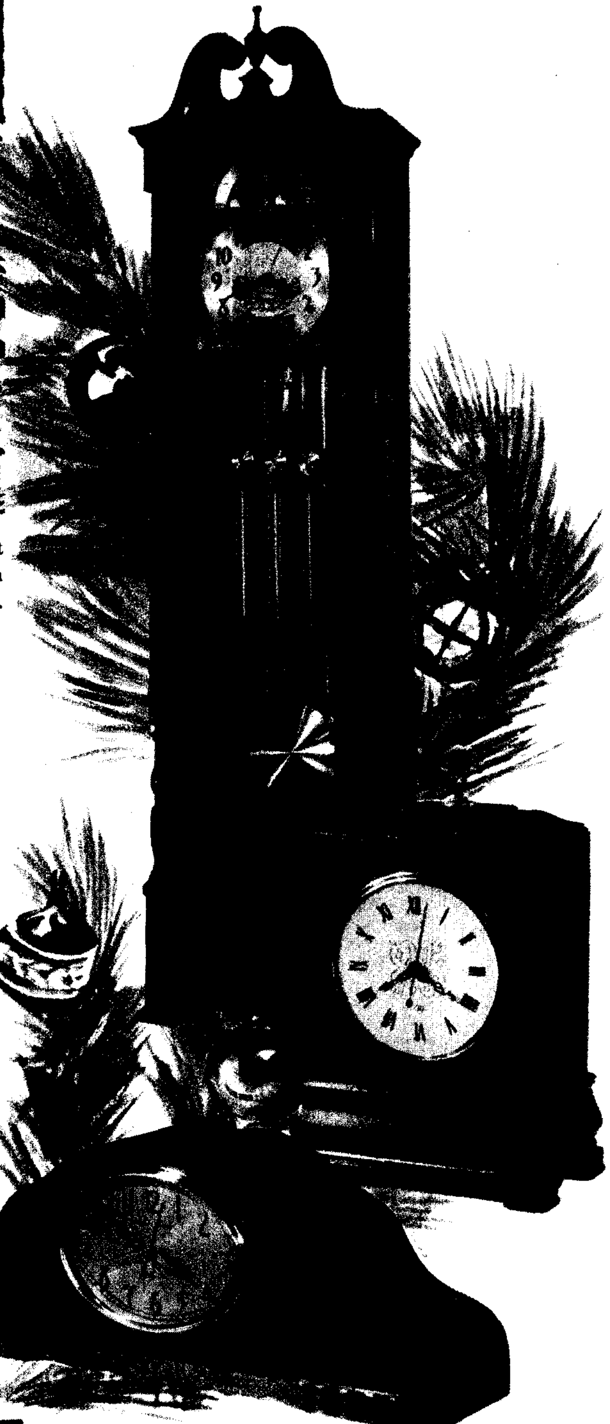
Each of these clocks has these *wanted-and-waited-for* General Electric features:

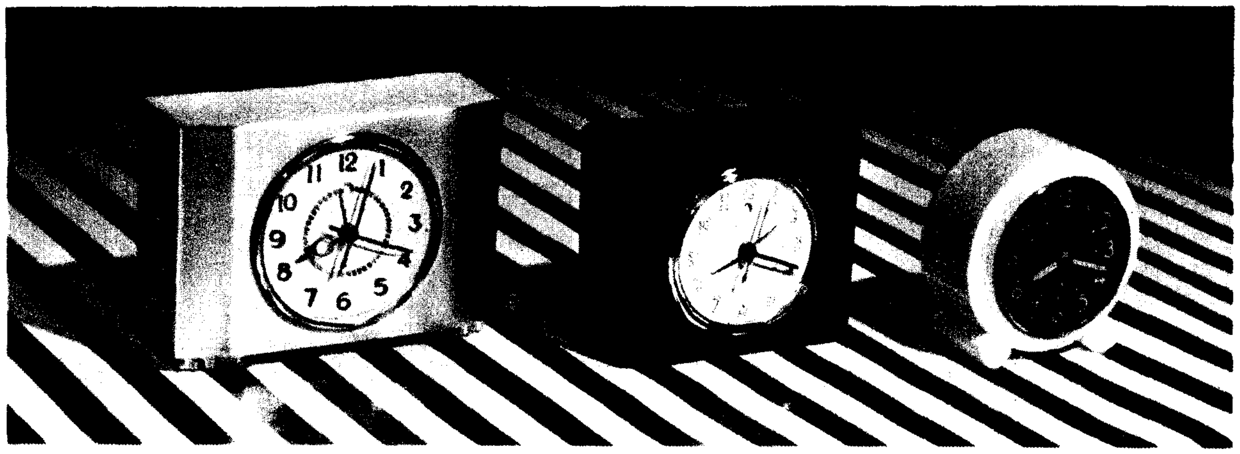
1. *No need to wind*—runs electrically.

2. *Noiseless*—no distracting ticktock.

3. *Accurate*—electrically checked by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

4. *Dependable*—on time, all the time. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.





MORNING GLORY—Beauty wedded to utility! This attractive General Electric Alarm Clock's flawlessly cast metal case has a soft, satiny butler silver finish and gold-colored fluted brass feet. Its bell alarm is melodious, but positive! $17.95, plus retail tax.

GAY HOUR—A beautiful alarm clock with the General Electric feature—"Select-A-Larm." This gives the user the choice of personal *volume control*. Alarm can be set to ring "soft," "medium," "loud" . . . or any volume in between. $7.95, plus retail tax.

HERALDER—An *especially acceptable* LOW-COST GIFT ITEM is The Heralder, with "Select-A-Larm" feature! One of our most popular alarm clocks, and only $4.95, plus retail tax. Available with luminous hands and hour dots at $5.95, plus retail tax.

THE ADAMS—A truly magnificent grandfather clock of 18th century design—even to weights and pendulum. The superb mahogany case is authentically styled. There is a special "moon dial," and the Westminster chimes sound each quarter hour on 5 tubular bells. $535.00, plus retail tax.

RIDGEFIELD—A beautiful mantel strike clock. This Colonial reproduction brings a note of graciousness into every room. Faithfully accurate in design, it strikes both the hour and half-hour on a deep-toned spiral gong. $32.00, plus retail tax.

RHAPSODY—Elegant in form, this new General Electric mantel chime clock has a diagonally grained mahogany case burnished to a rich, satiny sheen. Full Westminster chimes, in all their subtle beauty of tone, strike the quarter hours. $55.00, plus retail tax.

Why wind a clock *today*? Get a General Electric Clock and FORGET IT!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Get ready, Chuck—
it's almost time!"

CHUCK: Time for what? Oh yes—good resolutions for '48! WOW! There go the bells! I hereby resolve to look *neater*—as my loving wife wishes. To wear *only* Arrow Shirts with those wonderful Arrow Collars and—

ANNE: Er-ah—darling. Forget shirts! It's MIDNIGHT. You know, M-I-D-N-I—

CHUCK: Yes, my love—I know. I also resolve to be more *generous.* When your brother Pete wants to trim up his repulsive torso with the MITOGA—that marvelous "body line" design—I'll *loan* them to him! I'll be BIG! I'll—

ANNE: Chuck! There's *one* New Year's custom that *doesn't* include a shirt!

CHUCK: I'm reading your mind, darling! And I hereby swear that my love for you will never shrink—any more than Arrow Shirts! You might say that BOTH my love *and* my Arrow Shirt fabrics bear the Sanforized trade-mark so I know they can't ever shrink more than 1%. And *that* clears me up for '48. Dance, darling?

ANNE: DANCE! I'll beat your ears off with this mistletoe unless you kiss me—*this instant!* Kiss me Happy New Year, you shirt-crazy old thing!

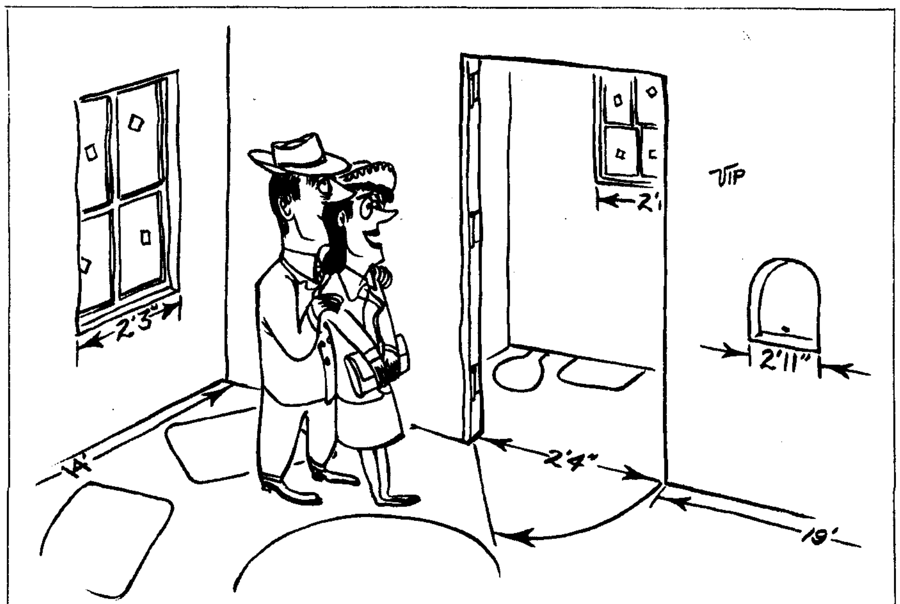
CHUCK: Oh—THAT! Sure, it's a *pleasure!* You know, there must be some truth to all those "Absent-minded Professor" jokes, after all! Anyway—HAP-PY NEW YEAR, HONEY! HAP-PY NEW YEAR!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Arrow—Mitoga—Sanforized: Reg. trade-marks

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.75



COLLIER'S "Darling! It's just as we planned it" VIRGIL PARTCH

died. They rowed smartly into Spanish Room at Newfoundland, ate heartily, drank, slept, and marched across the land to report to their captain. The captain of the Purchaser, alone on his deck and all dories out when the gale lurched up the lane, lost every dory and every doryman, according to the first report. According to the last report, he fought it out by himself and found every dory and slapped right into Shelburne with every man hale.

"There's no word yet of the Stella Maris, Captain?"

"No word, Mrs. Noone, and it's late. Late, indeed, for such a word."

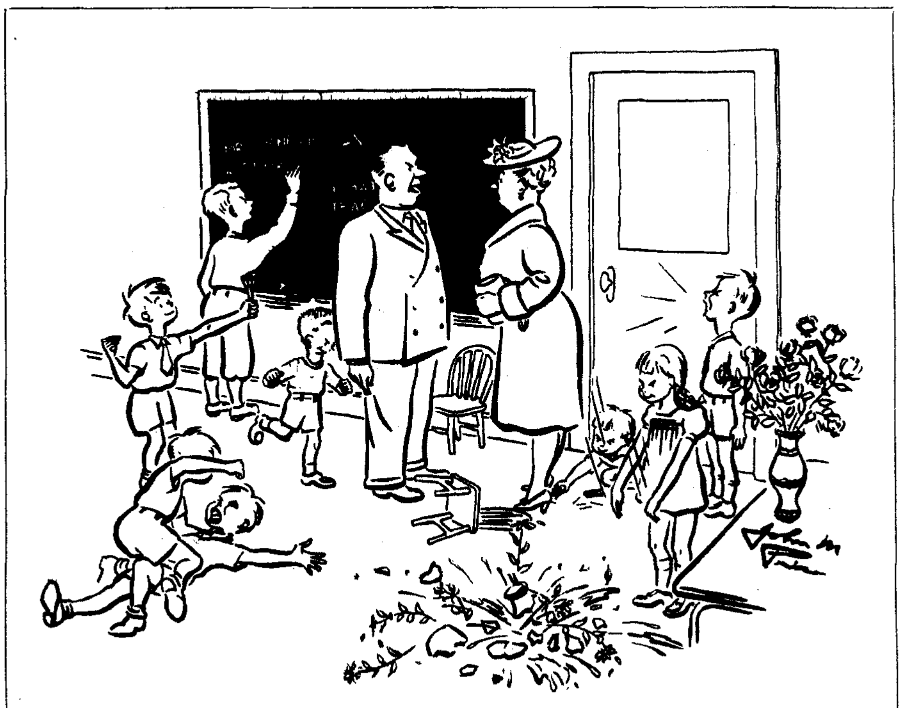
THE sun appeared, much nearer home than when the gales rolled under it. Masses were said for the dead. In the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, the Portuguese skippers knelt at the rail before her image and repeated the vows which they had made to her when all hope was lost and only that one compassionate hand could reach down from the lanes of heaven and lift spars out of white water.

"To Thee, O Compassionate and Merciful Lady of Light, to Thee in my fear of death and the loss of salvation, I pledged the gift of Christmas dinners to the poor in every household and every cabin between the Fort and Cherry Lane. Before Thy blessed image, Lady of Light, and safe amongst my children and my schooner safe and my men under their roofs tonight, and in the presence of Thy pastor, I repeat my vow, Holy Mary!"

Among these suppliants, some men will remember, was Captain Matthew Codona, skipper of the Theresa, which was hove down on Western Bank and no hope for her or for her men. It was at that hour, direst of all, that the captain made his vow of a silver crown for the image and a woolen coat for every poor child in Gloucester. The words were no sooner passionately said than a blue wave (he said the very blue of her robe) rose amongst the black, cleaved through all, and righted his schooner, so that in two hours he had a sail on her and lay hove to. He sent all the way to Lisbon for the silver crown to be made by a true worshiper there; and he himself, on Christmas Day the next, trudged barefoot through the snow, followed by a wagon piled with pretty woolen coats and jackets. To the poor and fatherless he gave them, and to each receiver, he repeated his vow and told the story of his deliverance.

This same captain was the first to say, in the wisdom of his heart, that the Stella Maris had gone down and it was Sable Island which had destroyed her.

At his request, a solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated in the Portuguese church for the souls of Captain Bartley Noone and his twenty men. This took place on the tenth day of April, that be-



"It's a new way of handling delinquent children. We let them work out their frustrations freely—then tan their hides"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

People are saying—

"It's got *everything* . . . and it's a money-saver, too!"

You'll be mighty pleased with the way Chevrolet satisfies your desires and spares your dollars. It gives you Big-Car styling, Big-Car comfort, Big-Car performance. It gives you BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST, saving you money on all items of purchase price, operation and upkeep!

Many a Chevrolet owner, explaining to friends that only Chevrolet gives BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST, will put it more or less this way . . .

He will suggest that you run over, in your mind, a list of the features that you would expect to find in some of America's most expensive cars.

For example, *Unisteel Body by Fisher*—the symbol of smart, safe coachcraft. *Fisher No Draft Ventilation*—for healthful, comfortable air circulation. The *Knee-Action Gliding Ride*—smoothest, steadiest ride known. *Valve-in-Head Engine*—holder of records for performance and dependability on land and sea and in the air. And additional Big-Car features which may occur to you.

And then he will remind you that you get *all* these and many other advantages in the new Chevrolet, just as you do in some of the nation's costliest cars!

Not only that, but you get these advantages of Big-Car styling, Big-Car comfort, Big-Car performance and dependability, at *low prices* and at Chevrolet's extremely low cost of operation and upkeep!

That's why people say, "Only Chevrolet gives *Big-Car* quality at lowest cost" . . . that's why they say, "It's got *everything*—and it's a money-saver, too!"

Yes, people are saying— ***"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"***

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

"It's PIONEER Sir"

Stretchway

The Ideal Gift for Active Men

Here's a grand solution to "your plight before Christmas". Give the gift that "gives" all year; "America's most modern belt for active men". Stretchway assures solid comfort because it stretches a full inch. On sale at most good stores. Belt illustrated is of custom-crafted pigskin on cowhide with polished solid bronze buckle. $2.50

PIONEER U·S·A·

ing the day on which the last hope among the seamen was put aside. Mrs. Noone sat in the first pew with her son and by her sat Christy and his mother. In the pews behind them sat the widows and children of the men who had died in the death of the Stella Maris.

On the day following, Mrs. Noone sold the schooner Clare and paid all the debts and mortgages of the Stella Maris and the Clare both. To every widow and to each fatherless family she gave a share amounting to a year's earnings aboard the Stella Maris. This made her a poor woman.

There was something she kept: her hope. When all others had grieved and donned the black, she held up her handsome head and said, "Wasn't he driven clear to the Labrador four seasons ago? And didn't he return? He will come back to us."

What was this? Her pride in him holding out against the fact of silence? No, I should say not. It was hope, rising and maintaining itself on a strong human foundation: It's better to live in hope than not to live at all. There was only the barest little bit of provender to nourish her hope, and that was our knowledge that strange things can happen on our sea.

"Well, yes, a miracle can happen."

That was what the old men might give out in a grudging sort of way when she was seen of a morning standing on the thrust of granite at the edge of the infinite sea, and Christian's mother by her side, saying no word of reproach or caution for the valor of such hope. All morning they might stand there, or seat themselves in the lee of a jut of rock to be blessed by the sun of spring. How many times did their hearts raise themselves in passing joy? Many times, indeed. Because often enough in the course of days, and especially in the gray of twilight, a topsail would appear on the far rim of our world, and there would be something in the style of sailing that would bring Mrs. Noone to her feet again.

"Isn't it the Stella Maris, Clare?"

"I think not, Mary. See now how she bears away."

Now it was Mrs. Welch herself who said the wisest thing: that nothing would kill the hope in Mrs. Noone except a sign from the sea itself that the Stella Maris had foundered.

ONE night, Bartley and Christy were at work in Bartley's room, books and pencils scattered around them, and there came a cry from the mother, who was holding her vigil on the walk above them. They were used to this by now, but they went to the window. Steering straight for Folly Cove, there was a schooner in the sparkling mist of evening, her green and red showing in such a way that it was clear she was bound for our haven.

"What's that ship?" asked Bartley. "A Lunenberger, is she?"

"No," said Christy, "it's no Lunenberger. It's one of ours."

"Can you make her out clear?"

"I can't. But she has a familiar style of going." He waited a bit and said, "Whoever she is, she's bound in for us."

"I wonder what this might be, Christy."

Seeing hope rise in such strength against reason until the blood was out of Bartley's cheek, Christian said that yonder vessel could not be what was so long hoped for. Nevertheless, he willingly followed Bartley down the broad stairs, where they soon stopped, because there, before the cold fireplace, stood Mrs. Noone, a look of such bright, terrible, foolish hope on her face that neither eye nor heart could stand it. Plain as anything could be, her eyes and upright bearing said: "There! Didn't I say, 'I am the wife of a hero whose heart no gale could break.'? Was it Bartley Noone and the Stella Maris you doubted?"

There came a rattle of boots outside the door and then there came a loud knock, the knock of a stranger to that house. Knock and knock.

"Come in!" cried Bartley.

The door opened and in stepped Captain Pat O'Malley, skipper of the Wanderer, then sailing out of Boston, and his eyes dark with a sadness not often seen there, he being a resolute man and a genial one, even in the midst of all common woe. (He's the man, you may remember, who searched twenty days in the field ice and bergs for the dorymen of the Puritan and found them gnawing a seal's rib.) And now he stood before them, a burden in his heart—and a burden in his two hands, a thing wrapped in a bit of sailcloth which he laid on a table near the hearth.

He took off his hat then and said, "My respects to you, ma'am." He took a swipe at the red hair falling over his forehead, saying, "The son of Bartley Noone?"

"Aye!"

"My respects to you, young man," and he also greeted Christy in a solemn manner, giving his name politely, though it was known to them.

"It was your vessel, Captain O'Malley," asked young Bartley, "that we saw coming in just now?"

"It was, Bartley. The Wanderer it is. Home from Misaine tonight with a hundred and fifty thousand cod and haddock and all well aboard, thanks be to God." To this, he added in a simple way: "My duty brings me here, even before we take the fish out of the pens. My duty to you, ma'am, and to my cousin, John O'Malley—known to you—who bids me since the gale to keep an eye peeled and a sharp watch always for any sign or word concerning your great husband and his vessel."

Now the set of his face and the tenderness of his voice gave them all beforehand the contents of his heart and its heaviness.

No triumph had he to report. No happiness to pour into them.

"Is he alive or dead?"

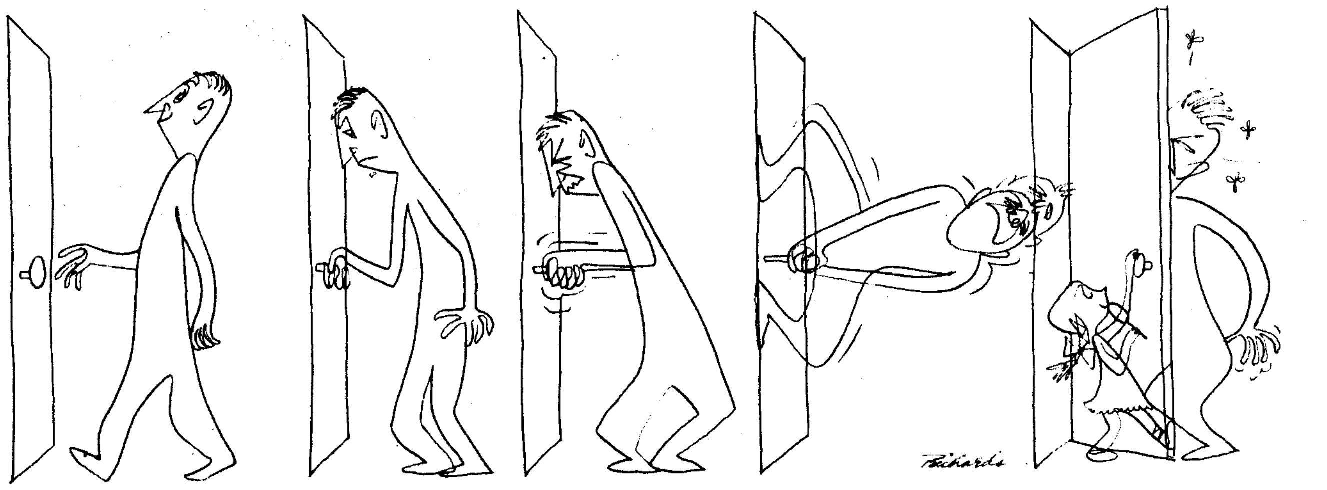
"Mrs. Noone," he replied in a voice that held steady and true, "I am the man to answer you, God help me, I am. Your great and good husband is gone from us and his vessel gone from under him. And all his men are gone. Neither meal nor malt will they taste again, save meal and malt are the rations of Heaven."

Thus repeating our old ritual of death and death's messengers from our sea, he stepped forward and cast aside the bit of sailcloth covering the thing he had carried across the sea. And what was it—beaten and scarred and eaten by the salt? Ah, what should it be but the nameboard of the Stella Maris, her white and golden name plate, laid out in wan beauty there, where her name had been so often sung in joy. There were her letters of gold, carved in a wood like ivory, and under the name lay the name of old Gloucester spun in gold, and at the borders a sweep of gold, its ornaments two golden Celtic crosses.

O'MALLEY said, "I sailed the Wanderer out of Shelburne and steered for Sable Island, it being my experience that after such a gale there is good fishing on Sable Island Bank. I came up to it smartly and ran into a fog so thick that you could hardly make out the dories in her nests. I took off everything but her foresail and went creeping along until I heard the racket of the surf around the island, a sound that can be heard at easily twenty miles on such a day. So I knew we were safe enough. Then up comes one of the watch and says, 'Do you hear that, Captain? And what might it be, tell me that?' So I listened a trifle sharper than I had been listening and I heard an explosion like the bang of a warship gun.

"I put my watch on it and in ten minutes flat there comes another bang. And I answered him, saying, 'It's the governor of Sable Island firing off bombs on the beach to give a bearing to some vessel on the way with supplies or come to take off the dead from a wreck for burial at home.' So I changed course again, this time a little to the west, and we came down the island and came around on the easterly side late in the night. It was all quiet and the stars came out for us in good style and I had a feeling, which was natural to me, that we were near fish. So I heaves her to.

"Lucky for me I heaves her to! Because there suddenly comes, without the grace of a moment's warning, a squall half the size of a gale and takes a tremendous whack at us. Breaking seas, one after the other, and half of them cracking down on our deck, each one like a thousand of brick. One squall comes ramming in from the east, and the next jumps in from the west—blowing all over the compass the wind was. 'Twas work enough, Mrs. Noone, I tell you, to keep her clear of water, without thinking of more trouble into the bargain. But only God in Heaven knows what changes a gale makes in bars and currents along that terrible shore, so it was no surprise



COLLIER'S STICKY DOOR KEN RICHARDS

Gillette
offers you four easy ways to please a man at Christmas

To say "Merry Christmas" with a flair, and dash through a big share of your list *presto,* send Gillette gift sets to the men on your Christmas roster . . . kinfolk, friends and business associates. Every man enjoys having an extra Gillette razor or two for his traveling kit, club locker or the place he works . . . and a bountiful supply of smooth-shaving Gillette Blue Blades is always welcome. There's a Gillette present to fit each budget, too . . . whether you plan to spend $1.00 or $5.00. Your local store is freshly stocked with these attractive, practical gifts. Buy yours now . . . then, on Christmas day, listen to the menfolks say, "Thanks so much!" . . . and really mean it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

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MILORD ONE-PIECE RAZOR KIT
Gillette
Twist... It's Open
Twist... It's Closed

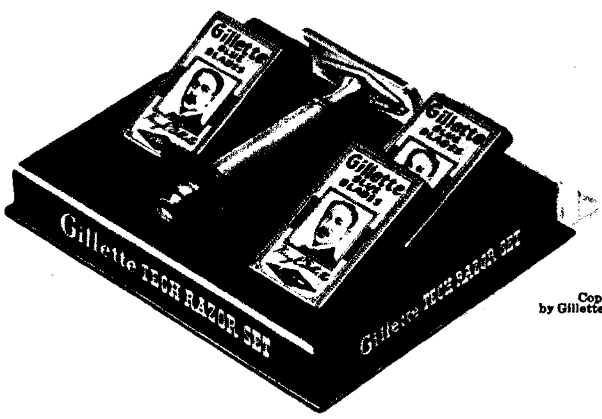
Gillette One-Piece Milord Razor, gold-plated, with five Gillette Blue Blades in handsome metal case covered with simulated alligator leather, plus four extra packages each containing five Gillette Blue Blades $3.50

Gillette One-Piece Aristocrat Razor, gold-plated, and 10 Gillette Blue Blades in rich Texol-covered traveling case. Gift box also contains four extra packages of five blades each and a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream . . $5.00

100 Gillette Blue Blades with sharpest edges ever honed. Carton holds ten 10-blade packages with compartments for used blades $4.90

Famous Gillette Tech Razor and three packages of five Gillette Blue Blades in holiday box with transparent cover $1.00

Gillette BLUE BLADES
Season's Greetings
AND YEAR 'ROUND SHAVING COMFORT TO YOU!
FOR
FROM
100 GILLETTE BLUE BLADES


Gillette TECH RAZOR SET
Gillette TECH RAZOR SET

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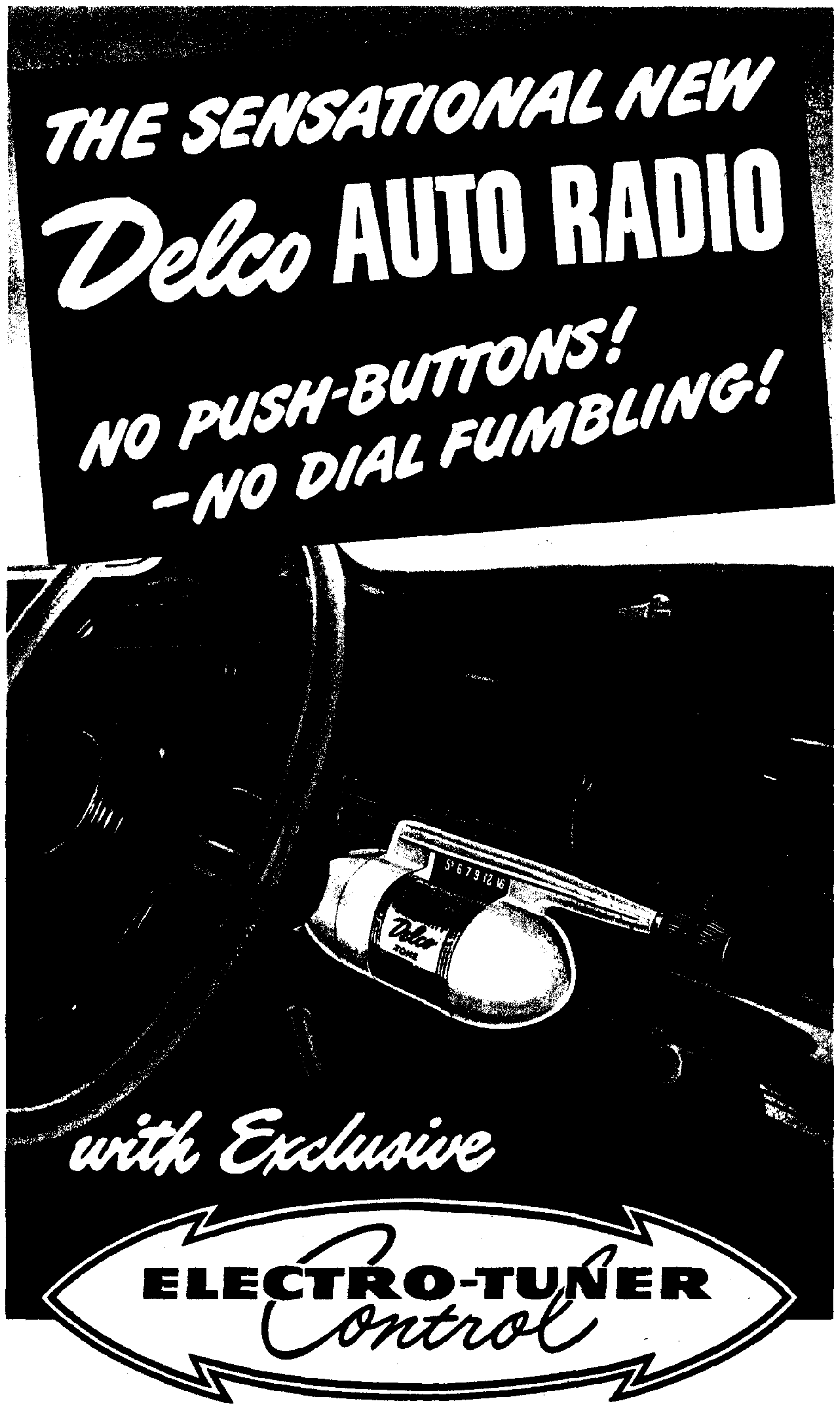
Gillette *Gift Sets*

look*SHARP!* feel*SHARP!* be*SHARP!* use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED



It's almost *uncanny* . . . each time you touch the Electro-Tuner with a finger tip, a new station is "trapped" and tuned in for you!

The Electro-Tuner—exclusive to Delco—is a remarkable achievement in postwar electronics. It brings to auto radio its first truly *automatic* tuning . . . it makes obsolete the very latest types of *push-button* tuning, and even makes *manual* tuning unnecessary.

No Dial Fumbling

With the new Delco auto radio there is no dangerous fumbling with dials or push-buttons . . . no taking your eyes off the road—even for a second! The Delco way is the *safety* way—you do nothing but drive and enjoy yourself.

Transfer from Car to Car

Here's another feature of the new Delco auto radio: it is easily installed on any make of car or truck. And it is easily transferable when you get a new car.

Enjoy the Best!

This is your opportunity to get an eight-tube superheterodyne auto radio in which there is no presetting of stations and no push-button tuning—in fact, *no tuning of any kind,* because the tuning is done for you, *automatically!* Ask for a demonstration of the new Delco auto radio at your nearest United Motors Service station.

THIS DOES IT!

This is the magic "trigger tube" which sets up a separate sensitivity field and tunes in the stations for you, one by one!

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING • DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

to me—though it near broke my heart—when I suddenly become aware that a queer devil of a tide has us in a firm grip and is pushing us against our will and wish right up to the outer bar. It was a calamity, Mrs. Noone, and the more so because we might have been safe out of there if I'd remembered half the things concerning Sable Island that my father taught me."

Here he faltered over his words and then said, "But then I'd not be here to tell you what I have to tell, if I had remembered his ten thousand words of caution."

He stretched out his right hand and touched the nameboard of the Stella Maris. "Now I come to this, ma'am."

He said, "We were facing the same deal and circumstances that left the Priscilla dead on that bar in the weeks past and her captain dead, too. There was no escape for us unless she could hold herself off with her own iron. So the moment I could swing her into the wind, I took my life in my hands and let go both her anchors with a prayer to God that they would hold us there until the wind blew herself out. Down they went and we paid out a good scope and as we paid out, clinging to the life ropes all the time, I heard the breakers louder than ever on the island. I was never so close to that godforsaken place in my life and never want to be closer.

"Now, for a little while, the anchors dragged and then they caught on and it seemed to me we were safe for the time being. Which we were. Aye, we were safe for all time and by morning there was enough blue in the sky to make a pair of breeches for a Dutchman, and by noon the cook could keep his pots on the stove and we ate a dinner with thanks be.

"Aye, there we lay. Safe as a church and the black ruin of Sable showing clear every time a sea lifted us. I said to myself that never again would I try to kill a cod on that bank or near it. 'Once I have my anchors back,' I said, 'I'll clear out and stay out for all the days left to me on this earth and water.' So we goes to work on our anchors, Mrs. Noone, but for the life of us we can neither budge nor stir them.

"We nagged at them all day and half the night and spent ourselves over the winch we did and tried every trick in the bag known to men. I might have saved breath and sweat! I was all for leaving the iron there and good riddance, but Darby Dolan—he would have none of that. He kept saying that maybe we'd be needing them again for all we knew. Now we had tugged on the flood and on the ebb, and at flood and ebb again. The wind hauled around to the westward and I figured if it held till flood, and we gave the last hard blow at it, we could turn the trick, even if our anchors were fouled in something down there, which was plain enough by this time. It could not resist our strength forever.

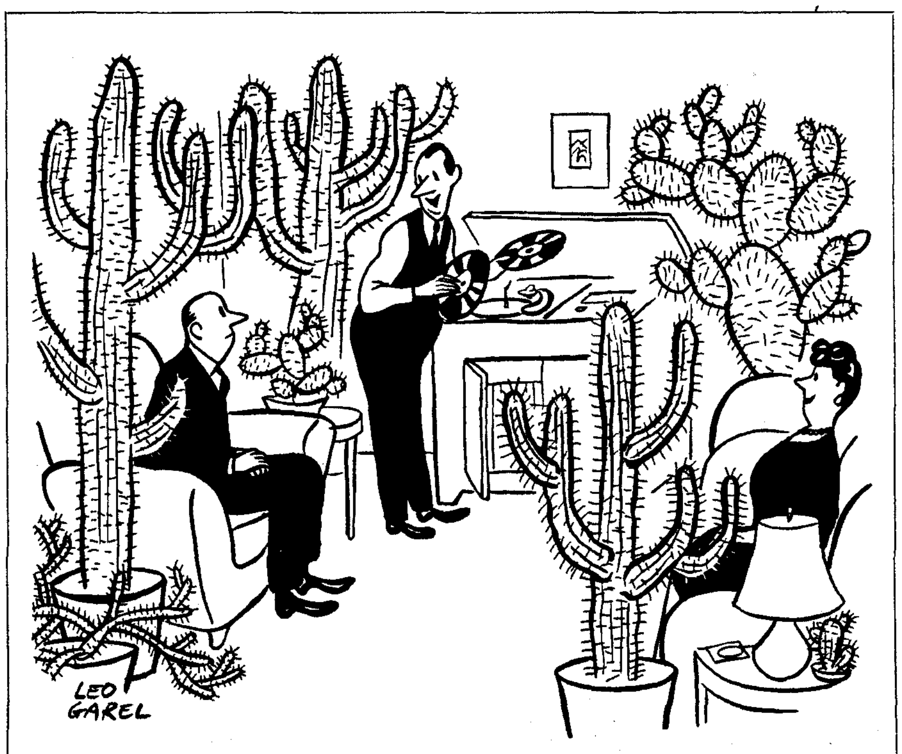
"This we did and, at last, I heard a terrible shout forward—I was in the galley—and the dorymen at the winch roared out that the first anchor was coming up. And up she did come. And we took it in. We went to work on the second. And up it came, up the same slow way. And as God is my judge, Mrs. Noone"—his right hand went up to his eyes as if to shield him from an image—"as God is my judge, there came up at the same time, whole and entire and not a spar missing—"

"The Stella Maris!" shouted Bartley, his face in anguish.

"Aye! Like a dream rising, up comes the Stella Maris, the beauty. Oh, my God! I thought my heart would stop beating in my breast for the agony and silence that fell upon us. It was more than a man could bear. God between us and all harm."

NOW, actually, the tongue in his head failed him and only by the stricken look in his eyes could they see what he in image saw: the pride of our world lifted from her grave. And the sun that had abandoned her, shining now on white topmasts and on dripping shrouds and on the paltry shapes of men lashed aloft. Twenty-three men and a bold captain, men not easily matched in our human world for common sense and courage, stood spellbound by this dear ghost, as if our lost great man had hailed them from yonder tipping deck.

It was a dread borne in silence, he finally continued, for who could utter even the manly word at such a time? Against the mainmast of the Stella Maris and straddled still upon the gaff, where lashings held him, the figure of a man gazed at the Wanderer. A sea passed under the Wanderer, let her fall, and a sigh came from her men when a green wall rose between them and those ruined eyes. Yet the Wanderer's eyes were not unbound, even when the deck under them tilted higher and they saw, beyond the apparition, a herd of wild horses swirling out of the dunes of Sable, their heads arched toward the mystery of their shore. Out of the dunes and hollows, the stallion and his mares advanced, all set a-trembling by a meaning spilled upon the wind for their flaring nostrils. Noth-



COLLIER'S "We grow all our own phonograph needles" LEO GAREL

Now your gift of a Kodak camera will capture MORE CHRISTMAS

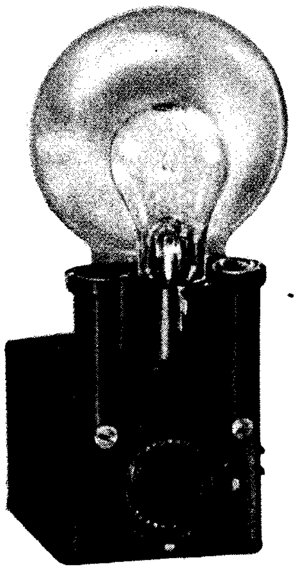
With Kodacolor Film and blue flash lamps, it's easy to get—even with a Brownie.

"Takes a lot of doing?" No, just a Kodak camera with flash, and Kodak Verichrome Film.

For the full color of Christmas outdoors, Kodacolor Film makes all the difference.

All of the cameras shown here take both black-and-white and full-color pictures...day or night

(Prices do not include tax)



Brownie Cameras, $2.75 to $9

Illustrated: Brownie Flash Six-20, $9.
Flasholder extra.

A Brownie is always a *buy*. For a child or beginner. For anybody who wants to get good snapshots the easiest way. The Brownie Flash Six-20 gets them day or night . . . and, with Kodacolor Film, in full color.

KODAK REFLEX

Kodak Reflex Camera, $120

Price includes Field Case . . . Flasholder extra. For the reflex-camera "fan" who appreciates these superior features—twin $f/3.5$ lenses, both *Lumenized* . . . Flash Kodamatic Shutter, 7 speeds to 1/200 . . . rigid cast-aluminum body. A superb camera for color, flash—all modern picture making.

Kodak Folding Cameras, $17.50 to $75

Kodak Monitors, $60 and $75; Kodak Vigilant Junior (without flash synchronization), $17.50.

Illustrated: Kodak Vigilant $f/4.5$, $53.
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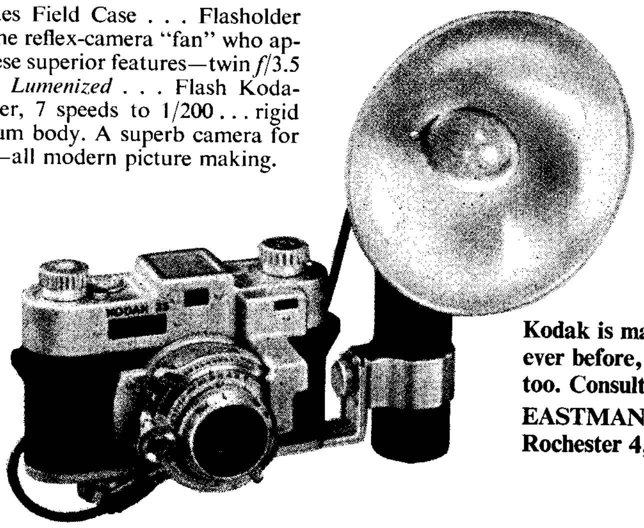
These famous favorites, providing 2¼ x 3¼ negatives in a camera that is compact, easy-to-carry, now make full-color snapshots (with Kodacolor Film) as well as black-and-white, and most of them may be equipped with flash for night shots.

"Kodak" is a trade mark



Kodak Miniature Cameras, $50 to $75

Kodak Flash Bantam $f/4.5$, $50 **Kodak 35 $f/4.5$, $50**

Illustrated: Kodak 35 $f/3.5$, with range finder, $75.
Flasholder extra.

For your "Miniature" fan who wants crisp negatives for enlargements, and, with Kodachrome Film, slides in full color for projection or full-color prints.

Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, too. Consult your dealer.

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The United States Playing Card Company, Makers of
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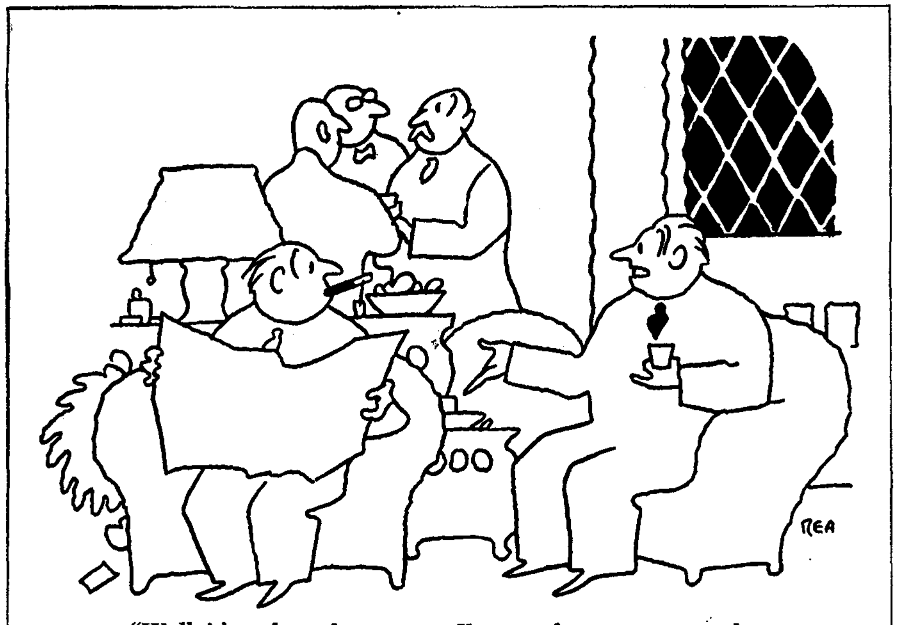

COLLIER'S "Well, it's rather a long story. You see, for some reason the radio went on the blink last night—and so, for the first time in years, the wife and I just sat and talked. And now she's at her mother's, and I'm staying here at the club" GARDNER REA

ing, nothing could stir the Wanderer's men out of their enthrallment. No, not even all that flowing beauty of yellow manes and tails, cavorting golden colts, and scores of shapely heads above the foam.

"Delicate and valuable are the horses of Sable Island!" said Captain O'Malley.

Pity was called for by his plain attempt to put off saying what could not be put off for long. Could he not help knowing the image provoked by his words concerning the man straddled in death beyond the green wall of water? He could not help knowing, for it is the duty of captains to stand watch on the gaff when breaking seas are to be countered. In the woman, there could only be one image, and that a cherished one. In the son also, there could be only the same one.

"The Stella Maris!" How young Bartley did sound his words. Like the rasp of file on iron, that's how he let them go. What did they signify? You won't be far from the truth if you think: Even at this moment he yearned with hope that the schooner still lived. Yes, pride in her fame and beauty made the heir speak so of his lost inheritance.

"Ah, young Bartley, I'll tell you! Our anchor lay fouled in her main riggings—the starboard—and the strain we had on it kept her rail down so that the water—water and sand and God knows what else—flowed through over the rail and off. Because part of the rail had carried away, she cleared herself. Aye, she did it neatly as I've seen her do it many a time when the squalls filled her. In doing so, she let our anchor go just as if—as if invisible hands had lifted it. And the anchor came away easily.

"Now when she had cast away our anchor, the Stella Maris rose up a fair height on a sea and for a moment—her last!—she held herself 'twixt sea and sky, and I remember that the figure of a man slid down her spring stay like a bounding greenhorn of a boy. And that one staring at us from the main gaff, he stared on and then—Holy Mother in heaven!—the Stella Maris burst into a thousand pieces and one gray cloud of wind and foam!"

"Burst! Burst, you say?"

"Aye, young Bartley!"

"Into a thousand pieces, Captain?"

"A thousand pieces and one gray cloud of wind and foam. The gas within her pens burst her. The gas off her fish."

Now once more, the captain stretched out his hand until it touched the nameboard and he said, "I put over a dory and rowed out myself and picked this up to bring home to you as everlasting witness to my truth. And so God help you."

He swung on his heel in his haste and went out the door.

Before ever the door had time to close, Bartley Noone reached out with both his hands and seized the nameboard. In tenderness at first, and then in a pulse of nothing less than frenzy, he pulled the name of her to him. One tender word he let loose from his lips, "You!" And next, with his manhood strong within him for the first time ever, he cried out the oath and vow that bound him to his fate.

"Live forever, Stella Maris!"

By that he meant that he would never rest until the lost vessel once again lay water-borne. Water-borne, wind-driven, and this her golden name, once more renewed, gleaming among the green waves and the black.

THE words of his mother, a white statue in the shadows, made this clear. "Is that your meaning, my son? That you will build a new Stella Maris?"

"It is."

"That and no other?"

"That and no other."

"You shall not have my blessing."

"I must do without it, Mother."

"The house is to be sold over our heads tomorrow and all in it, Bartley dear," she reminded him.

"Someday all will be taken back again, Mother. I swear that, too."

"Ah," said Christy, taking Bartley by one hand and drawing him close to his mother, "the house will not be sold over your heads because you'll not be in it. Come now, Bartley, kiss your mother before I take her to my mother, who's waiting for you both and looking forward to the day. Which is now." He put on a merry look for her. "Didn't you know it would come to this? Aye! And you wouldn't have my mother waiting all alone for word of me, would you?"

"You, too, Christy?"

"Aye, Mrs. Noone, me, too. I am for the sea. And glad of it. Come now, Bartley, a kiss for her and from you, ma'am, for the two of us—a blessing to divide between us. To divide between two fine dorymen who will stand in need of it."

Thereupon, Bartley kissed his mother's cheek, where there were no tears yet, and to him and to Christian she gave our old blessing: "God bless you and keep you two at sea. Come home safe and come home soon."

Now, at the end, while her tears began to fall, she took up the nameboard and gave it to him, saying, "Go where he went, Bartley, and come home one day the captain of the Stella Maris."

This he did accomplish in the years to come.

THE END

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—without the slightest trace of Sweetness!

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For best results when cooking—keep a package of Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda always in the kitchen. It is also an effective cleanser, it makes refrigerators and other food receptacles *safely* clean. Pure bicarbonate of soda, it is professionally accepted as a dentifrice, and has many other helpful hygienic uses—keep another package in the bathroom. It costs little, just a few cents a package.

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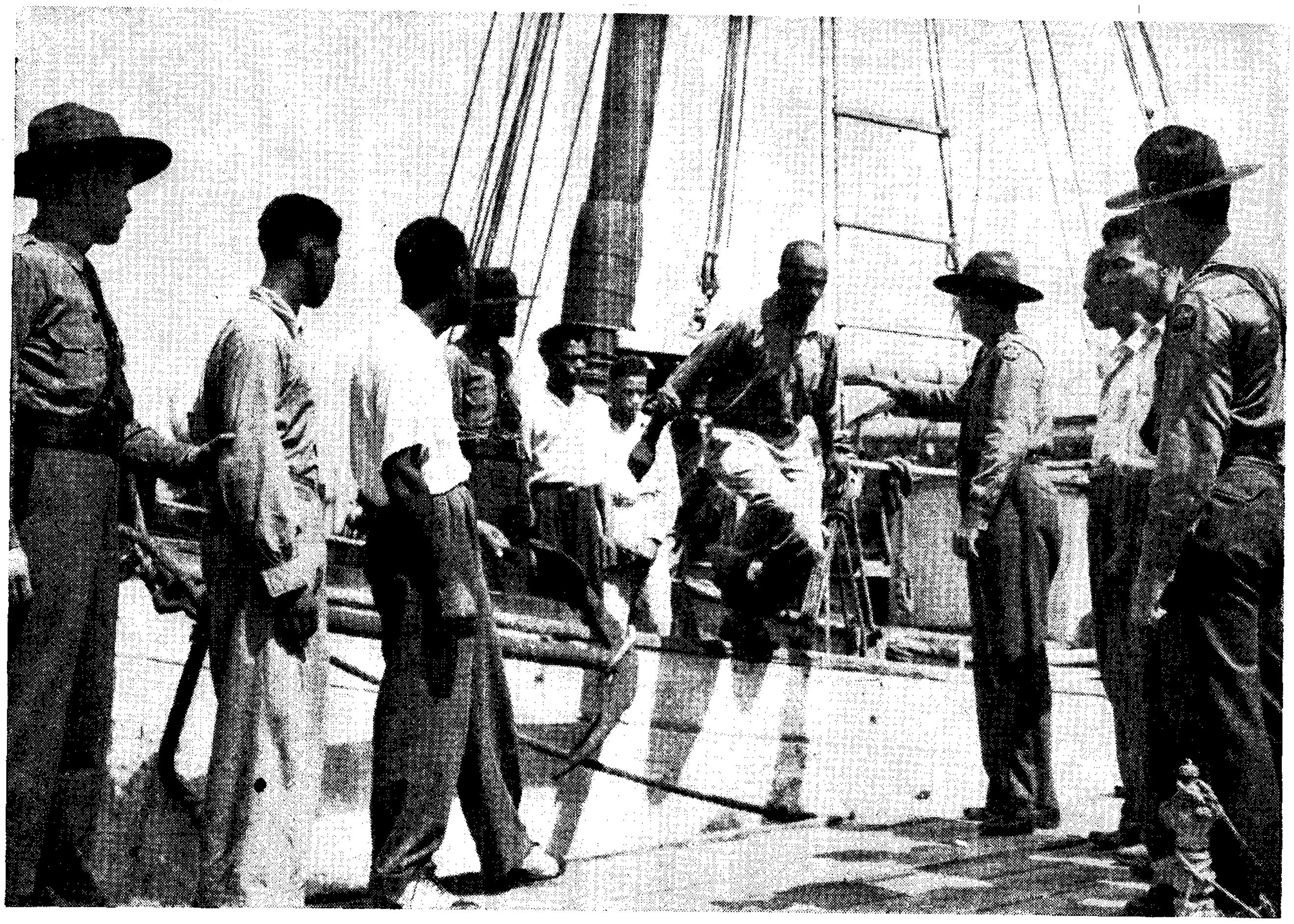


E. T. SWAIM

The largest single haul of smuggled aliens was made recently at Tampa, Florida, when eight West Indians were caught

UNCLE SAM'S GATE CRASHERS

By fishing boat, freighter or plane, unwanted aliens attempt to break into the promised land. Some are murdered, some are captured, a few succeed. The story of the Border Patrol's fight on a vicious racket

BY JOHN MALONEY

THE policeman directing traffic at a street corner in downtown Akron, Ohio, saw the car coming, and noted that it carried Florida license plates and had obviously been driven hard. He paid little attention to it though, until the machine ran through a red light and almost knocked him down. He blew his whistle and waved the car to the curb, and when he got nearer he saw that two frightened Chinese were huddled in the back seat.

"Don't you have red lights in Florida?" he asked.

"Now don't put on no act, copper," said the driver. "If we're gettin' a ticket let's have it without the talk."

"Where you boys going?" the policeman asked.

"Cleveland," the driver said, "and we're in a hurry."

The policeman had no intention of holding the driver or of handing out a ticket, but he wanted to impress upon the Floridian that in Akron a red light means stop. And that a motorist gets nowhere talking back to a traffic cop. So he continued to ask questions. He asked the two Chinese if they lived in Cleveland; they replied with shrugs and a flood of excited Chinese.

"Don't these boys speak English?" the policeman asked.

"Why should they?" said the driver, irritably. "Is there a law?"

Finally the policeman told the driver to go on, and returned to his post. Then he began to think, and the more he thought the more suspicious he became. He recalled that some months before, he had seen a circular sent out by the Border Patrol of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, asking police departments to co-operate in the apprehension of aliens illegally in this country. And the circular, he remembered, had said that most of them had come in by way of Florida.

So the policeman telephoned the immigration authorities at Cleveland, and the Cleveland police stopped the Florida car as it was entering the city. The driver refused to say anything except that he had been hired to drive the two Chinese to Cleveland; he wouldn't even say where he had started from, although he admitted that he had picked up his passengers in Miami. The Chinese had no passports or other identification; they finally agreed to talk, through an interpreter, after they had been convinced that in any event they would be deported.

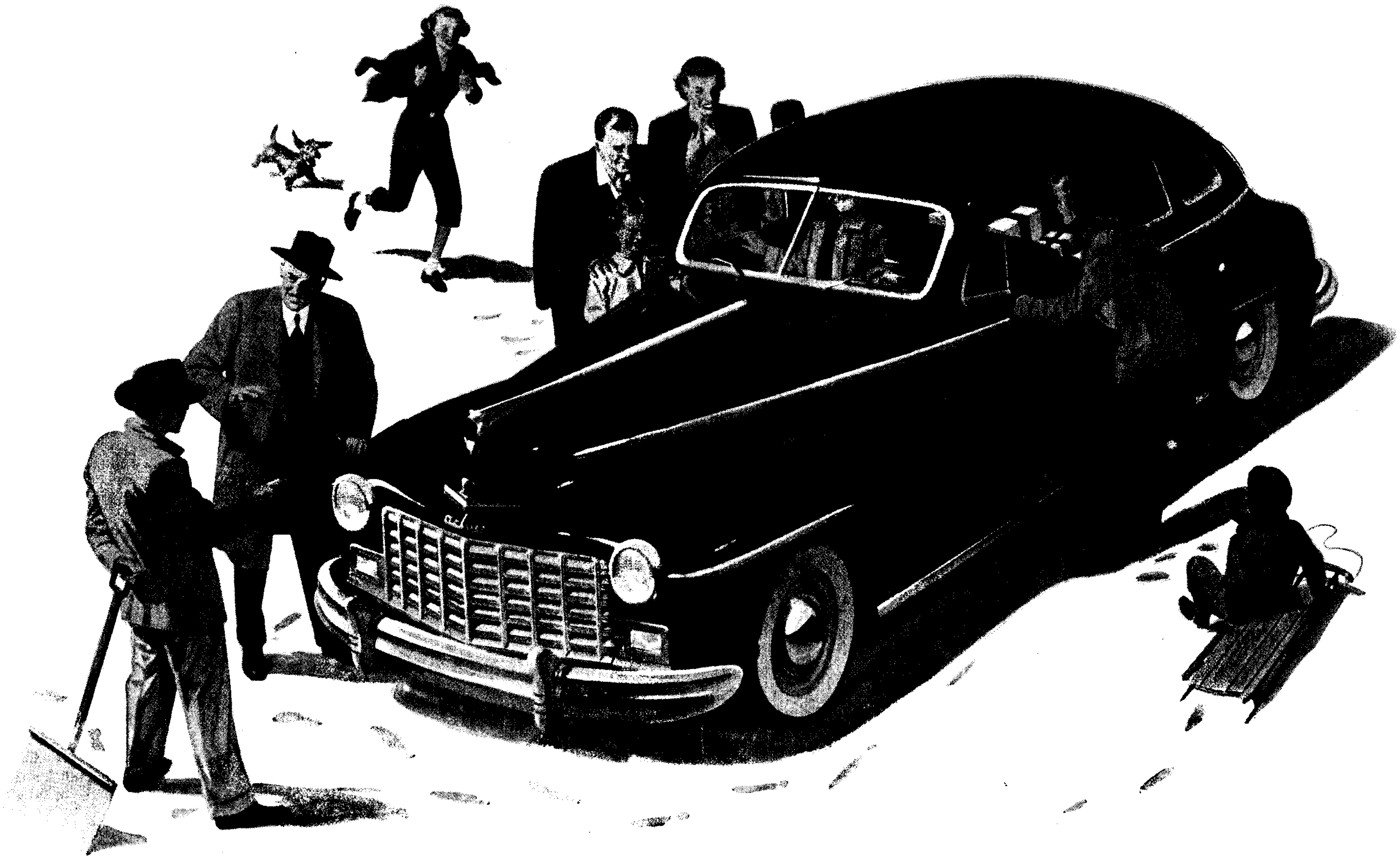
As a result of information obtained from them, the Border Patrol was able to break up the largest and most active gang of smugglers that has operated between Cuba and Florida since the rumrunning days of prohibition.

This gang was led by "Head" Revels and his two brothers of Homestead, Florida, who have fished the Florida waters for years and know every inlet and cove along the coast. Agents of the Revels openly solicited aliens in Havana, promising to deliver them to any point in the United States for from $500 to $2,000, depending upon where they wanted to go and how much money they could raise.

When an alien had paid the price, he was taken to the gang's jumping-off place at Cárdenas, Cuba, and run across in a fast boat to Elliott Key, a thin strip of sand in Biscayne Bay. Once on the key the aliens were hidden under baskets of mullet and red snapper, and taken in small fishing boats to the Florida mainland, to the hide-out of the gang less than 28 miles from Border Patrol headquarters in Miami. After the arrest of the gang, border patrolmen learned that the Revels for more than a year had been paying fishermen and truck farmers along the highways leading to the keys, to tip them off when the coast was clear. The immigration authorities never learned how many aliens the Revels had smuggled into the United States, but ten boatloads were definitely traced to them. And 20 aliens whom members of the gang had transported to various parts of the country have been arrested and deported.

Federal officials estimate that there are at least 300,000 aliens in Cuba and other Latin-American countries, all

(Continued on page 109)



COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE (neighborhood)

When a new Dodge comes to its permanent home the whole neighborhood is often its reception committee. People troop out from doors, peer out from windows, pop up from nowhere—full of excited admiration and noisy congratulations. Each new Dodge delivery becomes a little local triumph shared and enjoyed by all.

It goes on everywhere as Dodge breaks down barriers to all the different automobile markets and delivers a quality of style and performance not known before.

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The gift that says "You're beautiful!"

It's a gift that every woman should have to make her hair her crowning glory. It's a nylon-bristled brush . . . with handle and back of sparkling Du Pont "Lucite."* Those lively nylon bristles add luster with every brush stroke . . . put a gleam in the hair. And Du Pont nylon bristles are ever-so-easy to wash and keep sanitary . . . will stay fresh and resilient, washing after washing . . . will last and last. Look for the name *nylon bristles* stamped on brush or package . . . at brush counters everywhere. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, N. J.

*Du Pont's trademark for its acrylic resin

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

● Tune in Du Pont "Cavalcade of America"—Mondays, 8 P. M. EST, NBC

BRITAIN'S FASCIST PHOENIX

Continued from page 21

man good-naturedly. "Why don't you go home and get a good night's sleep?"

On the next corner a discussion simmers and bubbles. A burly man with a thick Ol' Bill mustache who looks like the licensee of a pub, says, "If you'd all stay away from these meetings, there wouldn't be any trouble."

The young Jew with the angry eyes retorts, "How can I stay away? I live on the next street. You think I can sit there and listen to that Hitler talk blaring into my house? You can't discourage those fellows by staying away. We've got to stop them!"

"He'll stop *you* first!" screams the sharp-featured woman with the baby slung across her right shoulder. "Getting all the living accommodations in this neighborhood while me and my husband and the baby live in one room!" She keeps patting the whimpering child's buttocks as she speaks. The raw violet light of the arc lamps on the High Street freezes her features into a greeny-blue mask. "Four years I've been waiting for a decent place to live."

"And you think that's the fault of the Jews?"

"Yes I do! I don't see any of *them* living in one room." She begins a recital of facts about her own street where a house was let to Jews while the gentiles were ignored. The young Jew stares at her, shrugs hopelessly, and walks away.

As a matter of curiosity I checked into the allegation that the Jews were hogging living accommodations. It was completely false.

A group of men, all in their late twenties, strut southward glaring impudently into the faces of passers-by. Two wear G.I. battle jackets—another a leather flight jacket with the imprint of the U.S. Air Forces still distinguishable on the left sleeve. One wears an old Army trench coat. His face looks familiar. An elderly Jew walks by. "P.J.," growls the young man in the flight jacket. If you ask him he will say it means "People's Justice." But everyone knows the initials stand for "Perish Judah."

On the trolley bus, there are three youths who, judging by their excited talk, have also been to the meeting. None of them is over eighteen. They turn to stare at my clothes. When they rise to leave the bus a few blocks farther on, one hurries past me muttering, "Wake up, England! We're in pawn to America!"

High Lights on Sir Oswald

Suddenly I remember where I have seen the fellow in the old Army trench coat. He is the smiling young man to whom I had spoken when I went to Sir Oswald Mosley's apartment to learn about the erstwhile Fuehrer's present activities.

"Sir Oswald spends his time farming and writing now," the young man told me then. "He's hardly ever in London. He doesn't have anything to do with politics."

On a coffee table lay some books and pamphlets. My Answer by Oswald Mosley. The Alternative, by Mosley. Mosley—What He Is . . . all fresh and shiny with printer's ink—all published within the past year.

The smiling young man said, "The only connection Sir Oswald has with any of these groups is that of publisher to customer. He wouldn't even have that much connection if it weren't for the bookshops. They won't handle his works and the trade-union men won't print them. We do it all ourselves—amateurs." He handed me a copy of Mosley's latest book, The Alternative—three hundred pages of close print. On the red and black jacket there was a drawing of a length of white thread, inextricably raveled at one end—neatly unraveled at the other. "Not so bad for amateurs, is it?" he said. "You can have it—for review. If the booksellers would take that book we'd sell thousands—*millions!*"

He liked the word *millions*. It burst fiercely from his lips, and his gray-green eyes flashed. But as soon as it was out, he withdrew again into a half-shy, half-ingratiating smile.

What about Mosley himself? In one of a group of questions put to him by a London newspaper he was asked whether he would come forward to lead the present groups who were clamoring for his return, when their strength was sufficiently established.

Echoing Hitler's Phrases

His answer was, "That is not my idea. If and when I decide to re-enter politics I shall say so clearly and openly. I should only do so if it appears to me to be an absolute duty to undertake a task for which I have no desire. It is a quaint concept that my experience makes me thirst for politics in preference to literature and agriculture. If I felt that hard duty had to be undertaken it would make no difference to my conduct whether I was alone or with a million men."

These were familiar words. It seemed to me that I had heard before such phrases as *absolute duty—a task for which I have no desire—hard duty*. Hitler had used them often.

"Would you like to see Mosley back?"

I asked that question of a number of people during the next few days.

"Only in a hearse," said the telephone engineer who was sitting in a snug tarpaulin shelter, splicing some wires in a telephone cable.

"He's a back number—completely discredited," said the young bank teller with the guards' mustache.

The teamster who worked for a big London parcel-delivery service, a solid-looking man in his fifties, said, "Yus—I would like to see him back, guv'nor. And in his black shirt 'n' all. People's forgot what he was like. Maybe if they saw him again, they wouldn't be so daft as to listen to those blokes who are yelling for him."

Yet last year, Lord Vansittart told the House of Commons that the estimated number of registered Fascists in the country numbered about 5,000. "It is common knowledge," he added, "that in all totalitarian movements the number of inscribed party members is always surpassed by the unregistered adherents."

Today it is estimated that there are 10,000 in London alone, and at least as many in the provinces. The hard core of the prewar British Union of Fascists, I was told by a London news editor, is still in existence. Most of these men were detained during the war in Brixton Prison and in detention barracks on the Isle of Man under Regulation 18B of the government's emergency powers. Mosley spent five years in prison and house arrest during the war "on account of political opposition to that war," as he himself declares.

None of these men calls himself Fascist now. One of them, arrested for using "certain abusive words," was asked by the magistrate whether he was a Fascist. He said he could not answer, since he did not know what Fascism meant.

The list of groups operating in England today reads like a cross between a covey of mystics and a horde of early Briton sects. Besides the British League, there is the Union for British Freedom, the League of Christian Reformers, the Sons of St. George, the British Workers party, the Britons' Action party, the Brit-

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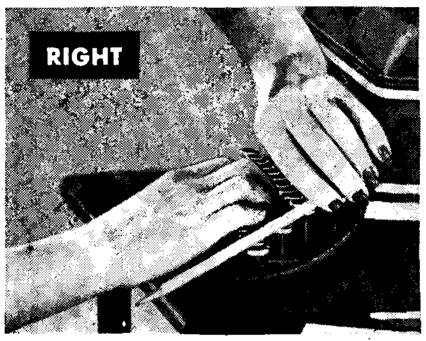
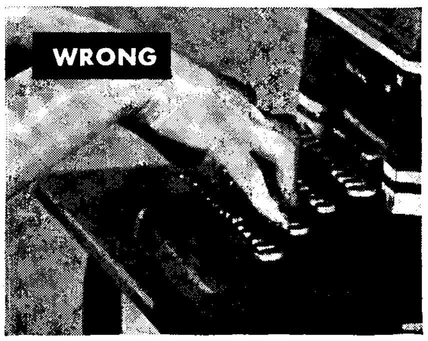
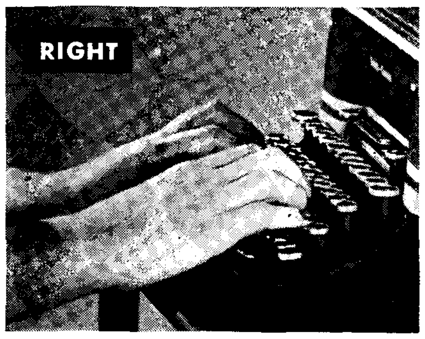
"CORRECT POSTURE" posed by Norman Saksvig



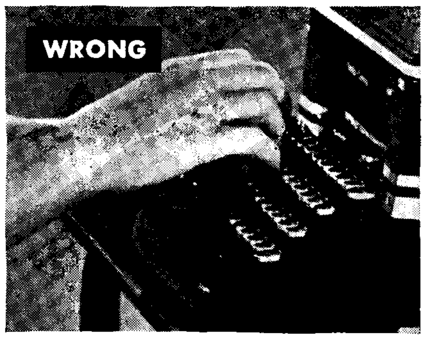
Correct fingering means "hugging the keys"—fingers always on keyboard, pivoting from the guide keys as required.



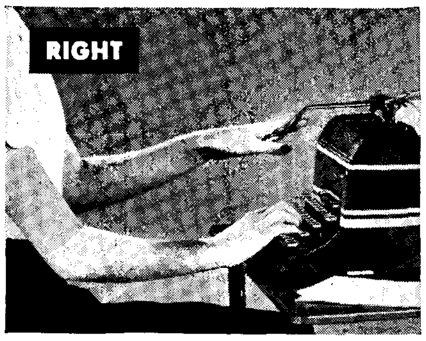
More time and effort are lost this way than you imagine. Keep your hands *down*—and watch speed go *up!*



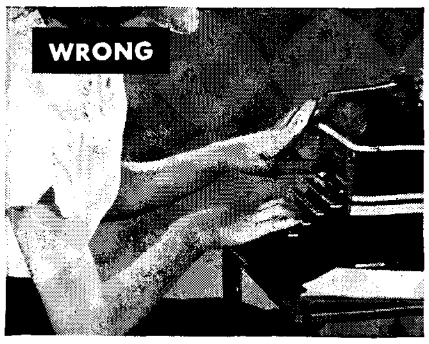
Wrists relaxed, **and slanted about parallel to keyboard; fingers should be curved and resting lightly on the guide keys.**



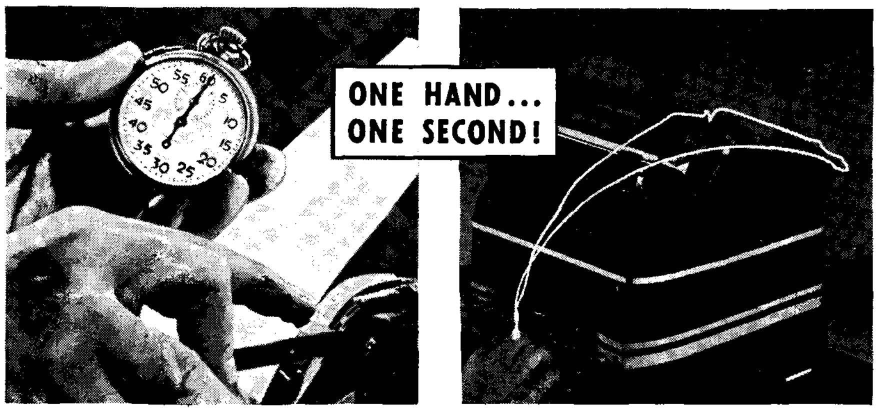
Wrists far too high, and fingers much too straight. This position produces excessive fatigue, and increases typing errors.



Start the carriage with a quick firm throw, drop lever before it's half way across, let momentum do the rest.



Don't *lean,* don't "follow through" as you return the carriage, don't hold hand on lever all the way across.



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We photographed a light on Saksvig's finger, and timed him with a stop-watch. Hand leaves keyboard, finger sets right margin and left margin, then returns to keyboard. Time . . . *one second!* Figure *that* saving in a day's typing!

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ish People's party, the Northwest Task Group, the Ku Klux Klan (British Section), the British Vigilantes Action League . . . with headquarters in London, Derby, Manchester, Bristol and Brighton. Some come out openly for the return of Mosley. Others talk vaguely about the Leader. All incorporate a juicy chunk of anti-Semitic provender in their speeches, pamphlets and newspapers.

Unity, the organ of the Union for British Freedom, makes no bones about its aims. "Cast into prison without charge or trial by those who feared him," it says, "Oswald Mosley is still inspired by the patriotic fervor that has always impelled him to put principle before party. . . . We invite our readers to put aside the prejudices built up by wartime propaganda . . . for this is not the time to judge a man by the color of the shirt he wore before the war." Mosley's picture in a Homburg hat and a white collar adorns the front page of the paper.

Discontent Bred of Privation

Austerity, controls, and still more controls, are the fertilizers which have given these groups a chance to flourish in the soil of England's political battleground. Teen-agers among the poorer and lower-middle classes are drawn to them by the promise of leadership and action. Too young to have seen action in the war itself, half illiterate as a result of spending years in the air-raid shelters, they respond like iron filings to the dubious magnetism of Mosley's phraseology.

In the smaller towns, like St. Albans, Berkhampsted and Cambridge, meetings are held in the homes of supporters or in the private meeting rooms of local inns. In Hampstead, a Literary Society has just been formed "to promote the sale of books by Mosley Publications and bring authors and readers into direct contact." So far as is known, the only author being published under the aegis of Mosley Publications is Sir Oswald Mosley.

Recently, and all in one evening, seven of the Mosley Book Clubs and Discussion Groups in the London area were pleasantly stimulated by the shy author's unexpected appearance in their midst. At one of these groups which he visited in a Chelsea apartment, he is said to have flung open the door, raised his arm in the Fascist salute, while the thirty or forty members who were present sprang to their feet and heiled their leader in the approved style. The Fuehrer had answered their call. If he was older—so were they. Sickness and imprisonment had not changed him. He was the old Mosley—the man for whom they were ready to die—since no one else wanted their lives.

The hanging of the two British sergeants in Palestine by the Irgun Zvai Leumi in retaliation for the execution of three Jews in Acre Gaol on July 29th, and the anti-Jewish riots which followed in England, gave a tremendous fillip to the anti-Semitic propaganda of these groups. One of the British League speakers declared that the only way to stop this sort of terrorism was to take out whole families—Jewish families—in Palestine—put them against a wall and shoot them. Then he added, "If we had a government of men, we would do the same here." He was arrested and bound over not to attend public meetings in the East End of London for a year. He is now referred to in martyred terms by the speakers who have taken his place.

There were repercussions of this at the recent Conservative party conference, when a sponsor of an antisubversive amendment to a motion on imperial policy cried out that while twenty British soldiers were murdered in Palestine every month, the only action taken by the government was to ensure that there should not be any undue anti-Semitic outbreaks in this country.

There is no doubt that among the Conservative middle classes who hate Socialism and Communism as much as they despise Fascism, there has been a big upsurge of anti-Jewish feeling in the past year. The defeat of the Conservatives at the last election has left these people high and dry, and anti-Semitism is one way of discharging their frustration.

"If British Jewry is today suffering from the righteous wrath of British citizens, then they have only themselves to blame for their passive inactivity. Violence may be the only way of bringing them to the sense of their responsibility to the country in which they live."

These are words taken from an editorial in an old-established Lancashire newspaper published at Morecambe near Liverpool in early August. Arraigned on a charge of seditious libel before a full bench of eight magistrates on a summons issued by the Director of Public Prosecutions, the editor, Mr. James Caunt, declared that in his nine years of editorship he had never before written an anti-Semitic article.

Mr. Caunt was committed for trial at the Lancaster assizes, but not before counsel for the defense had reminded the bench that the charge against his client was the thin edge of the wedge and that the whole case was an insidious attempt to restrict the freedom of speech . . . a point which the Fascists are exploiting.

To a deputation of the London Trades Council who had asked him to ban all Fascist meetings in London, the Home Secretary, Mr. J. Chuter Ede, replied that a difficulty about banning lay in the problem of defining the doctrines peculiar to Fascism without making other political associations unlawful. At least half of the London boroughs, as well as the London County Council, have made similar appeals to the Home Office, but so far only two cases have been made the subject of criminal proceedings by the Home Secretary.

One is the case of the Morecambe editor, which has not yet come to trial. The other is the case of Jeffrey Hamm, policy director of the British League of Ex-Servicemen and Women.

With Reporters at the Trial

I had attended the opening session of Hamm's trial at the North London Magistrates Court a week earlier. Now, as I sat in the tiny reporters' pen that Saturday morning and waited for Hamm's case to be called, it seemed to me that this might be a historic moment. Here, in a small suburban courtroom, listed on a charge sheet with petty thieves, pitchmen charged with obstructing traffic, small-fry receivers of stolen goods and blackmarket chow hounds, postwar Fascism in England would perhaps receive its quietus.

On a bench beneath a wood canopy bearing the royal coat of arms, sits the learned magistrate, Mr. W. Blake Odgers, king's counsel. He is a frail, benevolent-looking old gentleman with a shiny bald head and very pale blue eyes. His voice is beautifully modulated, save when he chides a defendant for interruption. In the public gallery, a hundred people stand huddled together in a space intended for thirty.

On the witness stand, Jeffrey Hamm answers questions put to him by counsel for the defense. He speaks softly, with a mildness totally in contrast to his ebullience on the platform.

"Racialism," he tells the court, "is not part of our policy."

A derisive snickering begins in the public gallery but is immediately silenced by the bailiff.

"There is no foundation in the allegation that we support Nazi doctrines . . . I do not know what Fascism means . . ."

"You were seen to give the Fascist salute," from the prosecution.

"I was waving to the crowd."

The magistrate asks a question: "Does

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Sir Oswald Mosley know what Fascism means? You are a supporter of his."

"It is rather difficult for me to answer questions on Sir Oswald Mosley. If you are interested I think he would like to be represented himself."

Almost unnoticed, the case seems to have deteriorated into an argument as to whether the words brought out in evidence against the defendant were likely to have caused a breach of the peace. The words are scarcely fit matter for a serious charge. On several occasions, Hamm had called his hecklers, "pale, pink, palpitating pansies with long hair and painted toenails."

"Hardly as offensive," observes defending counsel, "as a former minister's reference to 'the bloody baboons of Russia sitting on a throne of skulls.' "

The moment is no longer historic. The Home Secretary's reference to the difficulties of banning Fascist organizations is here made manifest in all its anticlimactic futility.

Hamm is bound over in the sum of twenty-five pounds for twelve months and warned to be careful in discriminating between attacks on Jews as Jews and Jews as Communists—a fine distinction which, to judge by his smile, will give him very little trouble.

Outside the court, the crowds line the entrance and pack the sidewalk across the street.

"Six years of war with Hitler and they haven't learned their lesson yet," says a thin, black-haired woman.

A grandmotherly woman croaks, "Thank Gawd, he's free! I'd pawn my last piece of jewelry to pay that K.C., Gawd bless him."

Members of the British League parade Indian file near the curb, ready for any disturbance which might break out when their leader appears. Hamm, however, has slipped out through the back way.

Emboldened by the verdict and by the fact that The Listener, official weekly of the British Broadcasting Corporation, had accepted a display advertisement of Sir Oswald Mosley's book, The Alternative, some thirty of his supporters showed up that night on the busy corners of downtown Tottenham Court Road, offering his books for sale . . .

The following evening when the members of the British League arrived at Ridley Road, they found their stand preempted by the Socialist party (a Norman Thomas variety). They moved two blocks north, and within minutes Hamm was speaking to an audience of almost four thousand people.

"Sir Oswald Mosley is the greatest Englishman who ever lived. . . . The war with Germany was a terrible mistake. . . . Britain and Germany fight for their existence against Asiatic, Mongolian and Oriental Communism, and the stranglehold of American finance. . . . Britain first and Britain for the British!"

For the first time in months, Hamm has carefully avoided all anti-Semitic attacks—and his audience is strangely quiet.

THE END

THE BIRDS

Continued from page 19

he told himself with that new and savage irony for which he had no name, you were the lad who wasn't going to bring back any souvenirs from the Pacific because they might remind you of how it had been there.

Cowan looked at them in the half shadow of the closet. Most of the memories were good ones—brave, exciting or quiet, but it seemed that some part of his mind, morbidly eclectic, remembered the bad ones most clearly.

There was the time when he had been lost in the mountains alone and had felt how vain and unnecessary the silver saddle had been. And the time when with the .30-30 he had drawn a bead on Jim Mowbray, thinking him a calf elk. He had not shot, but that did not seem important now to Cowan; what possessed meaning was the error, the evidence of a shocking failure, even one he alone knew of. Several times, around campfires, he had been tempted to tell Mowbray of it, but never had.

MOTION would break thought, stem the flood of memory. He moved one hand and took the double-barreled .16-gauge. Taking the corks out of the barrels, he glanced down them. The oil he had poured in them four years ago had turned to gum and he took down a wooden cleaning rod and pushed it through the barrels. Held to the window, the polished interiors took the light in pale, glancing convolutions.

He dressed in the moleskin hunting clothes, the rubber pacs for his feet and, after a moment of hesitation, took the leather cartridge pouch. His grandfather had used it: he supposed that fact was both his own justification and his reproach for using it.

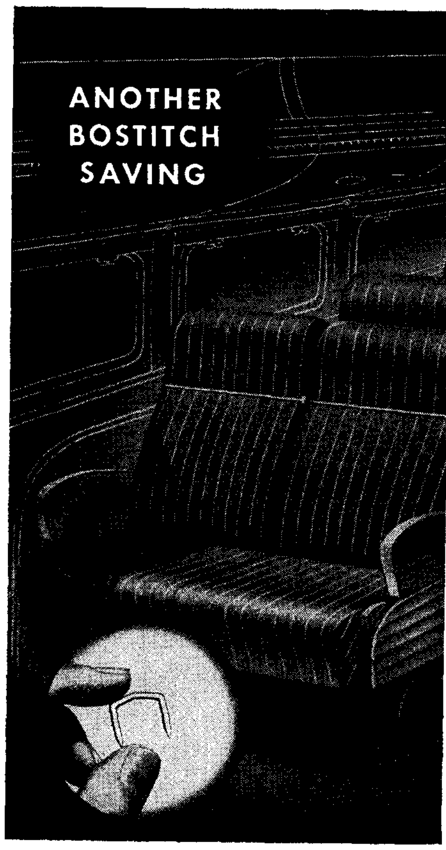
Al might have used the pouch better, with more right, Cowan thought. It was as close as he could come to knowing what bothered him. Al was the younger brother who had been taken—like so many New Mexico boys—on Bataan and had died in the prison camp. Their mother had died about a year later. Cowan had not seen either of them, either after death or for months before.

Feeling things he didn't want to think about begin to come up in him, he started to go quickly through the kitchen where Tía Ana, the old Spanish housekeeper, stood over the range. *"Va, va,"* she said, as he passed. *"Esta bueno muchacho.* Go, go, you're a good boy. Bring back some big ones."

"If I don't get lost, tell my father when he comes back that I went along the creek to see if any ducks were in," he said.

Back of the house, he could smell the horses and would have saddled one of them but didn't know how they were shod, nor how the weather would turn. He got into the old coupé with the snow tires on it and drove south to town. The road was good here, for the macadam ran straight north to Colorado, but south and west after he had passed through the Plaza the ruts in the snow were stained by clay. It took him half an hour to go the few miles across the brook-laced plain to the little wooden bridge that crossed Pojoaque Creek. Willow thickets, Chinese red now in winter, grew heavily in every meander of the stream; they almost hid the narrow wooden bridge. Magpies, black and white, fluttered from trees to fence and back again.

Getting out, Cowan closed the car door quietly and slipped two shells into the chambers. He moved his arms in old gestures to be sure the cartridge bag did not get in the way of their rising; then, slipping through the barbed wire, he stood for a moment briefly on the other side of the fence. Trying to peer through the willows and lower branches of the cottonwoods, to see if any birds lay in the first widening of the creek, he knew that he should not have paused. The moleskin of his breeches had caught momentarily in the barbed wire and he was reminded that it was barbed wire and where he had seen it in the islands and even what had often been on it. Once, because the man had been hopelessly mangled and in pain, he had shot one of his own men; and twice he had shot the enemy in it, also wounded, thinking that somehow it would make up



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for Al's death. But it hadn't helped anyone, not even himself.

Now it was only by physical effort, an exertion that made him gasp, that he was able to make himself stretch his neck and body until through the edge of the willows nearest the stream he could see the dark shapes of the birds against the sun on the open water. They were about seventy yards away and gradually, like two tides meeting in him, the inbound one prevailing, he felt the old excitement which sight of any game always brought him. Watching, gratefully he felt the vision of the wire on the islands leaving him. Only the birds held his attention and he tried to identify them against the glare. They were smallish and were probably teal; not many other small ducks flew in the region. Aimlessly, he hoped they were green-winged teal. It seemed necessary that he see the jewel-like green wing bar rather than the dusty color of the blue-winged teal.

He began a stalk of the birds behind the willows. With care, the softening snow made almost no sound under his feet. At the end of the line of willows as he prepared to step into view and flush the birds, he remembered that teal might dive instead of fly and he was tempted to shoot at them where they sat. But he knew he hadn't reached a stage where he would shoot game birds other than on the wing. Yet, as he moved into view, he wondered why it had suddenly become so important to kill these particular birds.

There were about a dozen of them in the pool between beds of water cress and swamp grass, and more than half of them broke out of the water in the long, low diagonal of ducks getting up. Cowan let them rise until they were clear of the land and silhouetted against the sky. There was the sense of annoyance as nothing fell after the first shot; then he led the next bird a little more and watched the wings crumple and the body fall in a straight line.

As he looked for a shallow spot to ford the creek, he raised his head and saw that downstream a pair of mallard had got up, well out of gun range. There was always that risk, he knew, of getting the other birds up, but if they flew downstream as they well might with so little water open, he would come on them again. Across the water, he picked up the dead teal. It lay warm in his hand, the emerald band on one wing, a single drop of blood on the neck, like jewels adorning it. It seemed valuable and he held it in the hand a little while, wondering why it did. The memory of the wire seemed to lack sharpness now, to be without horror—and this change seemed related to the dead bird. He put the teal in a game pocket in the back of his hunting jacket and moved downstream again.

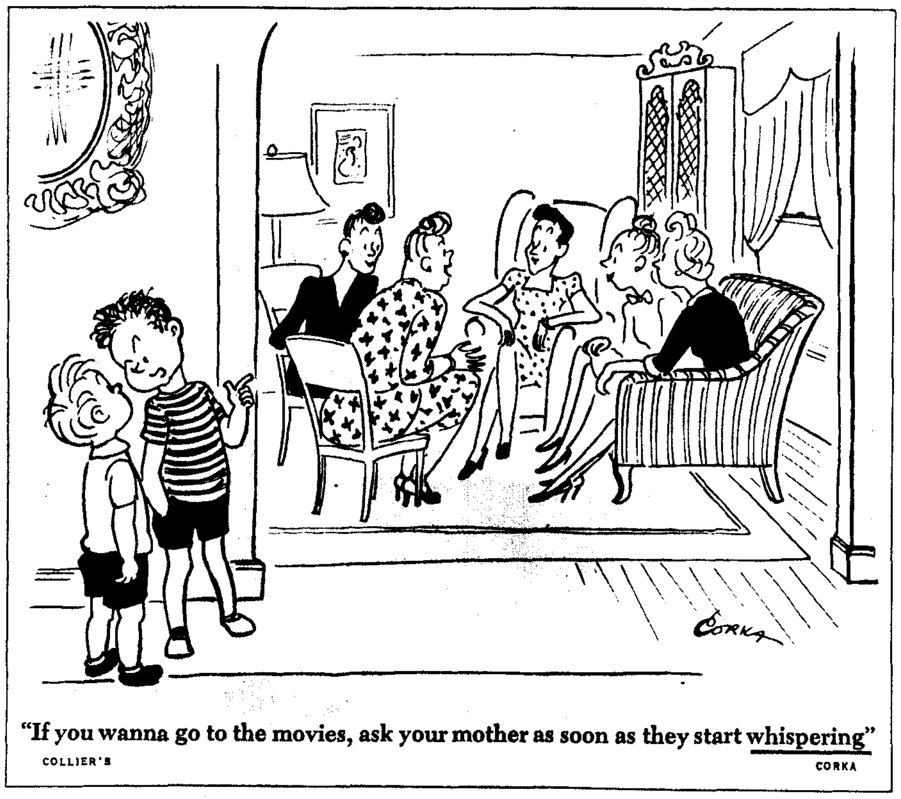
Near the water, cattle had trampled the snow in many places and the walking was better in these. Cattails moved in a rising wind, and Cowan saw that he was approaching the first swamp in the stream, from which the mallard had flown. He was not expecting others to be there. As three more rose heavily and flew squawking toward the southwest he wasn't ready. When the gun came up, they were forty yards away. Two drakes, their green heads bright in the sun, flew before a lone hen. Cowan led them carefully and saw the drakes fall, one dead, the second in a short glide that told him it was only wounded.

NOT wanting to lose the wounded bird, Cowan started to run through the snow. It seemed to rise up around him and he had to struggle, almost fight his way through the deeper drifts. Ice broke under one foot and he was in water to the top of his pacs. The snow had drifted out over the edge of the stream here. There was a time, he thought, when he knew the stream edge so well that he would never have done that.

The dead bird lay in the snow but the wounded one was not in sight. In that much snow, he thought, it must have left a trail. He was panting and the sweat had started on him. It hadn't been necessary to run through the snow, he told himself. In the stillness he listened, thinking he had heard the sound of Nina's gun to the west. But there was nothing. Turning east to get away from the wind, against foothills of the Sangre de Cristo he could see the small, dark blocks that were cattle standing. When he turned back again, something moved in a clump of cattails and he saw the second mallard. It was caught there as men had been caught in that wire. When he picked it up and killed it against the gun barrels it seemed that he had killed the memory, too. . .

There was a relationship, somehow randomly established, between thought, memory and the birds. There was a lot of talk in the hospitals about psychotherapy and he had been pretty scornful of most of it. He even had had an idea that the scorn had kept him from entering one of the hospitals. . . . but what had happened here, now and today, seemed clear-cut, definite enough to convince even himself.

He began to walk again, following



"If you wanna go to the movies, ask your mother as soon as they start whispering"

COLLIER'S CORKA

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Good Will toward any man is nicely expressed with a gift of smoother, easier shaves. In the Barbasol GIFT BOX he gets: 1. The world's most popular shave cream (no brush, no lather, no rub-in); 2. Barbasol Skin Refresher (feels fine, smells swell); and 3. Barbasol *Lotion* Deodorant (stops "Athletic Aroma" with no muss, no goo). See how smart you can be—for only a dollar* at any drug store!

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Value $1.39–for $1.00* plus tax

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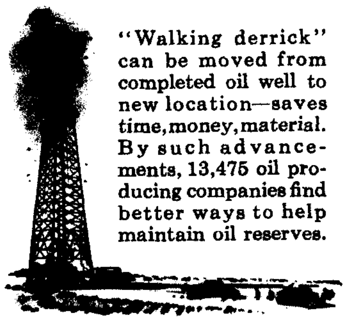
You see that every day in the oil industry where more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes—1,250,000 people—work to outdo their rivals, compete in petroleum production, refining, research, transportation, retail sales. And you see the results of this rivalry in the better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil . . . the stepped-up production now exceeding even peak war years . . . and in the lowest petroleum prices in the world. And, in addition, a hundred different fields benefit from this competition. Chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing, all reflect petroleum's progress.

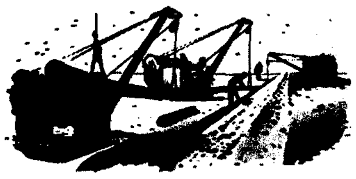
The result—better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more . . . *constantly* more, for you.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU
IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

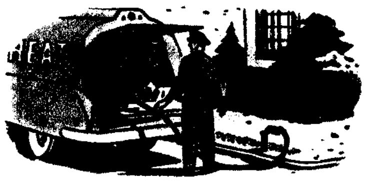


"Walking derrick" can be moved from completed oil well to new location—saves time, money, material. By such advancements, 13,475 oil producing companies find better ways to help maintain oil reserves.

Oil base sprays protect important crops from destruction by insect pests. For the farm, for industry, for your car, more than 400 oil refining companies vie in developing new and improved oil products and uses.



Pipelines now can carry as many as 14 petroleum products at a time without mixing. Hundreds of companies engage in transporting crude oil and refinery products by pipeline, by tanker, by barge, truck or rail.



20,000 distributors and jobbers strive to give you super-service. Example: to eliminate human mistakes, new fuel oil trucks "meter" oil upon delivery just like the gas, electricity and water in your home.

Typical of the oil industry are the 225,000 American service stations that compete for your favor. Each vies with its neighbor—strives to accommodate you. The result is even more and better service for everybody.

Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright, 1947 each meander, although where willows were thick the cattle had not trampled and the soft crust broke under him. Clouds had begun to gather again and he wondered if he should turn back. The idea was ridiculous, although he knew how sudden and terrible could be the turn of the weather here. The upper Rio Grande lay to the west, and if the weather was going to turn bad, he knew the birds would be leaving the river and coming in to the smaller streams before sundown.

Raising his head, he saw birds coming at him. The quick wing beat was that of duck, the banking flight as they planed lower, that of teal. He stood motionless in the cattails and they came down low, then rose again to go over his head. It was a hard shot, the *coup de roi,* and they were too close for the pellets to make much of a pattern, but he dropped one with the second shot.

Again the green band seemed a jewel, even in the duller light. Putting it in the pocket with the others, Cowan began to move through the edge of the willows, crossing the stream where it narrowed to get on the side where the willows were thinner.

No birds flushed for the next half mile or so, although a number passed overhead in twos and threes and fives, coming from the river. They were just out of gun range and even those that he might have reached with a long, careful shot, Cowan let go. It had become urgent to see Nina, to have even some hint of her presence. Pausing often, he still could not hear her gun.

He was near a region where the creek ran perceptibly downhill, forking out into a number of smaller streams before joining again. The ground was swampy and there were potholes in it, their water showing darkly against the snow. Where banks of water cress lay, the snow had taken on an ocher tint.

Snipe burst from under his feet, their crazy, veering flight and shrill cries making them seem creatures of another world. The gun was to his shoulder, but he lowered it, deciding not to shoot them. If a man wanted to, Cowan thought, he could think of the snipe as the unimportant thoughts and matters that troubled one, the thoughts that a balanced person had learned to ignore. . . .

As he stood there, made uneasy by the continued relation and reference of the birds to his thought, he heard faintly, and for the first time, a gun sound downstream. It was easy to identify as the sound of the .20-gauge Nina used, too easy. Why, there must be others out shooting today, too, he thought; then knew it wasn't likely in the weather.

Now, as he picked his way around the potholes, feeling the spongy ground quiver beneath his feet, he began to think more consciously of Nina and why he had waited so long to call her. Of those he had felt close to, he supposed that she was the last one left. And although he had no logical reason for supposing she would ever consciously do anything to hurt him, he had perhaps thought that he should not risk the possibility. Al's death and their mother's had changed him, he knew, and the change had not been good. There had been enough other girls, too, in the last few years, but the forgetting they brought—he saw that they had been a romantic convention—had been of short duration. He had forgotten them, too, but Nina had stayed in memory—perhaps because he had known her a longer time than they; but that did not seem to account for it.

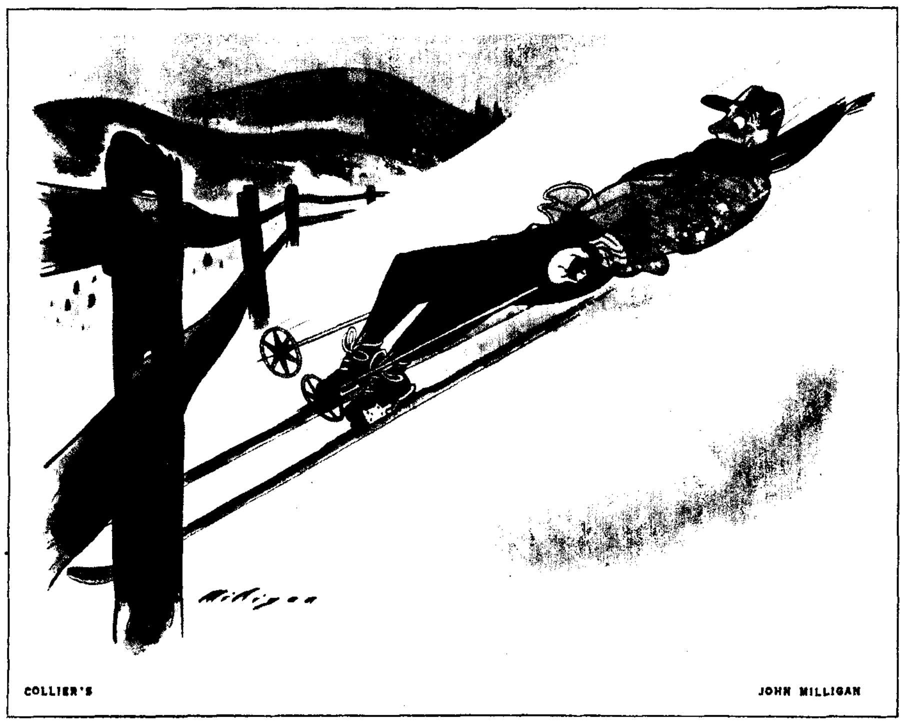
He supposed, too, that he had feared some change in her, not perhaps as violent as the change in himself, but devastating enough. Still, it had been no reason to hurt her as he had by letting the news of his return come to her through someone else.

THERE were more cottonwoods ahead where the divided stream became once more whole again. It was under those particular trees that usually they had met, and almost always they spent some time there. Today, he would meet her farther on, Cowan knew, but now the sight of the trees moved him. He thought it strange that he had never before noted that they grew where the divided waters became entire once more.

Her gun sounded again, nearer, but he could not see her—although peering through the darkening air, he saw that the number of birds in it had increased. The duck streamed from the river, and to either side on the wire fences, the black and white fluttering magpies moved restlessly. Every place, it seemed, there was movement and preparation for another storm.

Snow was falling. Noting the few large scattered flakes, Cowan wondered when it had begun. There were more birds too. He could see them settling, whole flocks of them through the gray air, dropping into the dark masses of willow shoots, into the irrigation ditches whose tops ran flush with the ground, dropping from sight, almost without sound. He had kept moving downstream, the heavy drifts like an enemy clutching at his feet. He kept watching the birds coming in; there were so many of them that he had almost lost interest in shooting them, but was fascinated by the mass flight.

Now Nina's gun sounded again, almost directly ahead of him, and he saw one of the birds stop in mid-air, tumble in a



COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

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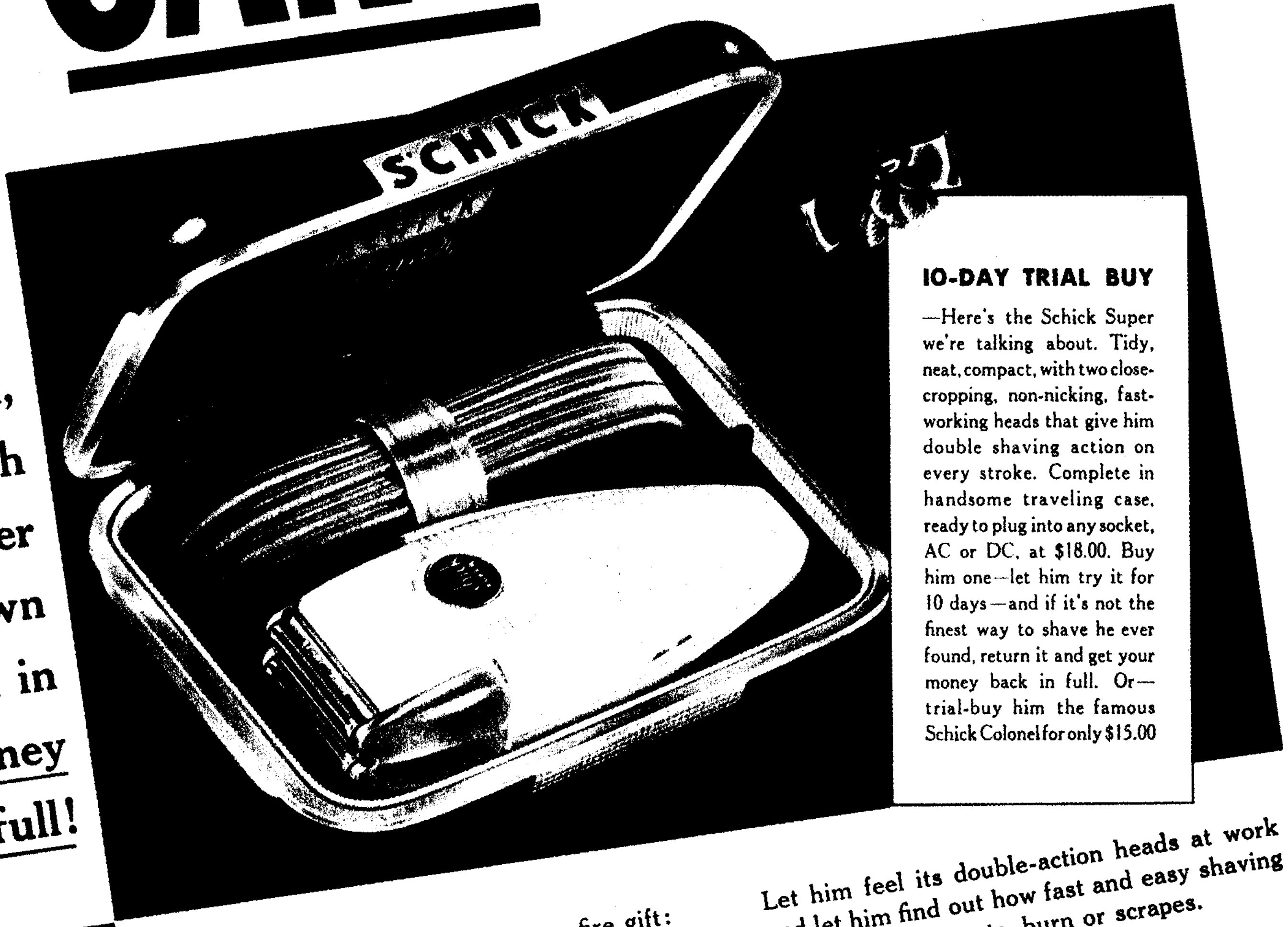

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Give him blissful, bother-free shaving with a Schick Electric Shaver he can prove on his own face. If he doesn't fall in love with it, your money will be refunded in full!

Here's what makes Schick a sure-fire gift:

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Get him a sleek, slick Schick Super in its rich gift case.

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Let him feel its double-action heads at work and let him find out how fast and easy shaving can be—without cuts, burn or scrapes.

He can do it for 10 days, starting Christmas morning. Then—

If he doesn't want to bless you every morning after—if he isn't firmly convinced that you gave him a gift that's tops in every way—he or you can return the Schick and get every penny of your money back!

And if that isn't right in the Christmas spirit, we don't know what is. Better beat the crowds to it and get that Schick *quick.*

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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

and SHAVEREST

straight line. It fell not much over a hundred yards from him and he hesitated, peering through the snow, but could not see Nina. He laughed that she had shot a bird, for she was proud that she was a bad shot.

By now he was on land of her father's ranch. It reminded him that he had met her there for the first time, a girl of fifteen, indignant that he was hunting on her land. He had been nineteen then and thought her a great deal younger than himself. He had even been a little patronizing, then, about her being half Spanish.

He found that he was trembling a little as he stood, but why he did not know. It was colder but not cold enough to affect him so. He began to move again, in what would have been a run but for the snow. He saw a slender, dark figure move from the willows and toward where the bird had fallen and he called to it.

It waved to him, or rather started to, then dropped the arm quickly as though thinking better of it. Then it began to move slowly toward his haste. He supposed later that he had been going to embrace her, but when they were two or three feet apart, they both stopped moving and stood there. He searched her face, as though for change or perhaps something more vital. But it was little different from the way he remembered it. The eyes perhaps a little older, the mouth more grave. His eyes lingered briefly on the mouth as though expecting or wishing for it to become tremulous, but it remained unbroken.

Remembering the intensity of other greetings, even when their parting had been for only a few days, he realized how strange it was now for him to say, "You haven't changed?"

She shrugged. It was a gesture they had often joked about, for she did it with the suddenly bland face and pouting lower lip the Spaniards of the region used. "What did you expect?" she said.

He knew but could not have told her. His face unwillingly broke in slow laughter. "Honest," he said, "when you shrug, you still look like a Spanish *ranchera*." He moved toward her.

"Well, I am," she said.

When he embraced her she did not respond. Holding her so unresponsive, he was aware of the snow against his face, of the night and coldness that had been in him for so many months. Something like panic grew in him: Nothing was more important than that she give some indication all was as it had been, that love and warmth yet remained in her for him.

"Look," he said. "Look—you act as though you don't love me."

She did look at him, with a scorn he had never seen in her before. "You fool," she said. "It's two years since you wrote me and you've been home three weeks without acknowledging I existed until today, and now you want to know if I still love you."

He tried to laugh but felt only a curious and uncertain distortion in his face. How to tell her that he had done away with the things he had felt stood between them, between himself and, so to speak, the world. There seemed nothing to do but tell her of the birds, of what they and the killing of them had come to stand for. Holding her there in the snow, for only an instant he felt ridiculous as he began to tell her. Gradually her face did change, the new gravity passed from it, the lower lip drew in.

The snow was thicker now, the air still light enough for them to see the details of the other's face. Only to the west did a brighter light remain and against it, he saw, looking up, the ducks still came in. When he had finished she moved suddenly closer to him. It was as though the pressure of their meeting bodies had forced her head up and the lips were warm in that snow against his own as often he had remembered them. They, or their memory, had come often between himself and a lot of things, even those of other girls. It was, he supposed, one of the reasons he had finally come to her today.

AFTER a time, he said, "Look, we're going to have trouble finding our way to your place if we don't start soon."

"Oh, sure," she said. "You would start to get practical now."

As they turned and began to walk toward the western light, he stopped and made a formless exclamation. Birds flocked toward them, passing low overhead, dropping into the darkness that almost hid the creek. She watched him as he raised the gun again. Even in that light it was an easy shot as the birds came toward them. A mallard crumpled in light and fell into darkness.

"You'll never get it in this light," Nina said.

"That's all right, too," Cowan told her. "I had to kill one more of them."

"What was that one for?" she said.

"That was for my fear you had changed, too, and no longer loved me."

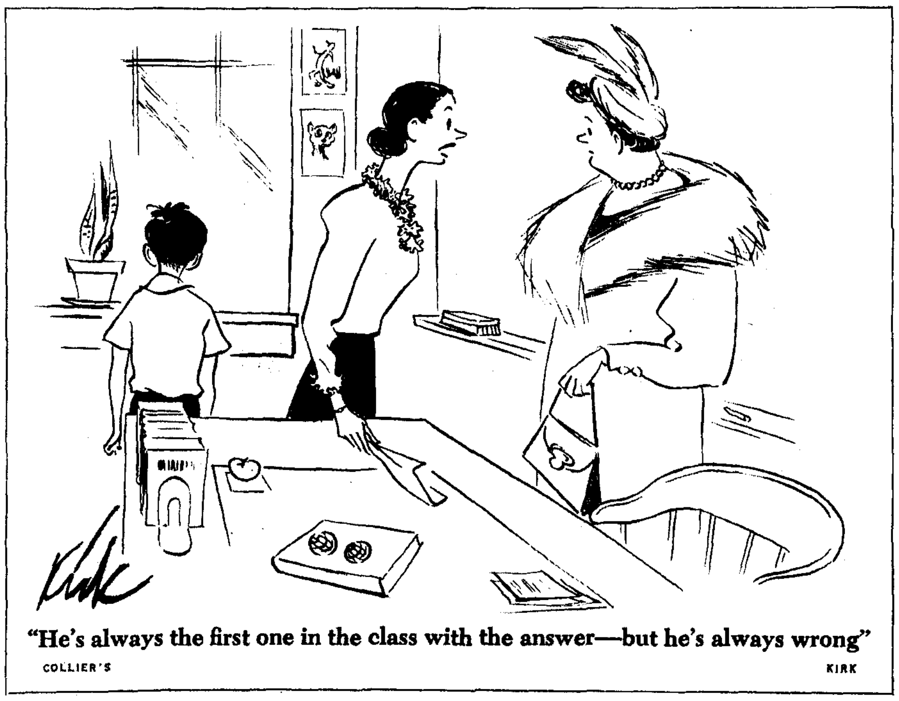
"All right, fool," she said. "And now are you all right?"

"Now I'm all right," he said.

They had begun to trudge through the snow again and when they came to a little rise over a swamp, they could look down and see the lights of her father's house. As they began to go down toward it, Cowan said, "My lord, I never thought I was going to make it."

Nina didn't ask him what he meant.

THE END



"He's always the first one in the class with the answer—but he's always wrong"

COLLIER'S KIRK

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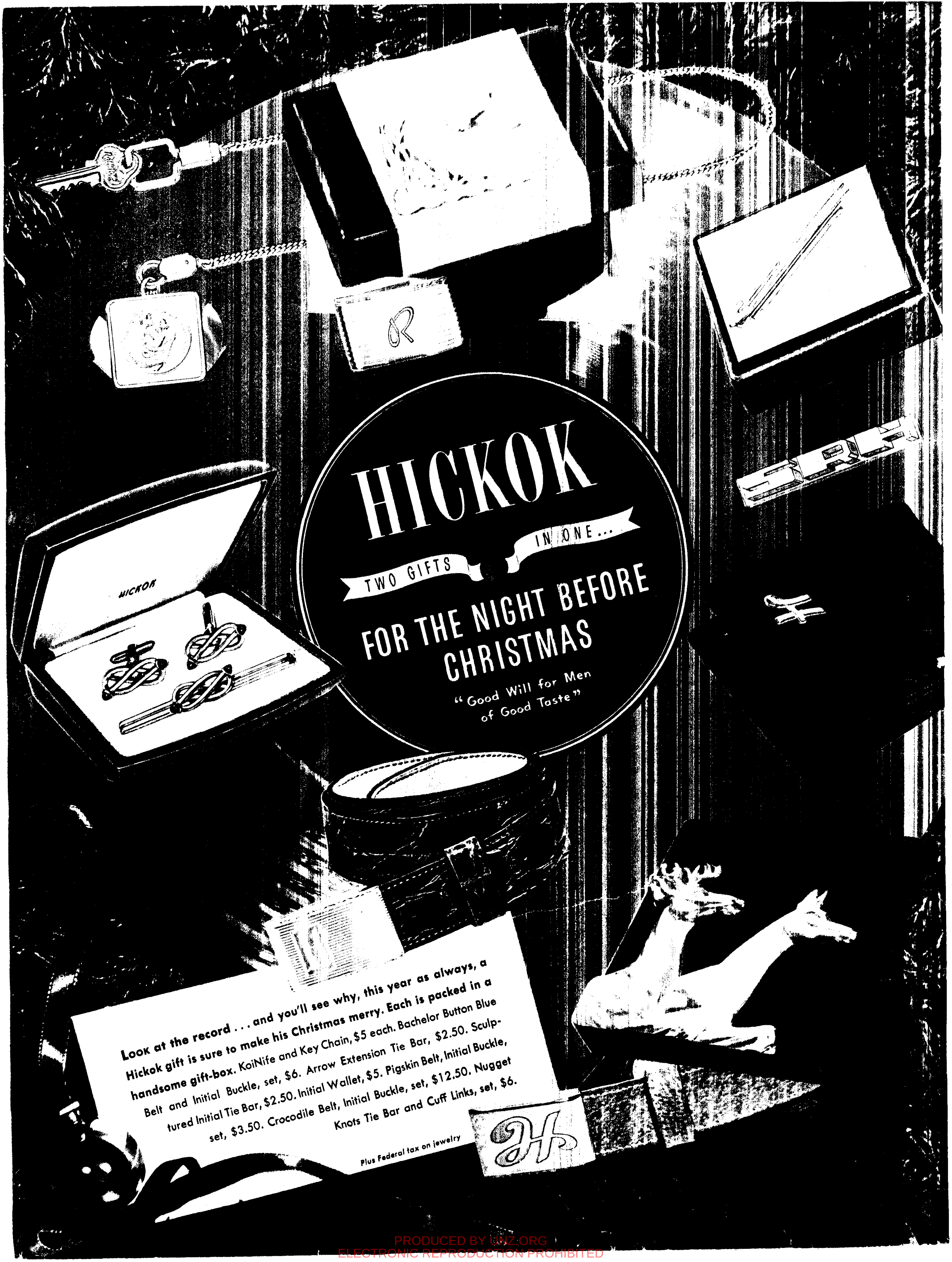


HICKOK
TWO GIFTS IN ONE...
FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
"Good Will for Men of Good Taste"
HICKOK

Look at the record . . . and you'll see why, this year as always, a Hickok gift is sure to make his Christmas merry. Each is packed in a handsome gift-box. KoiNife and Key Chain, $5 each. Bachelor Button Blue Belt and Initial Buckle, set, $6. Arrow Extension Tie Bar, $2.50. Sculptured Initial Tie Bar, $2.50. Initial Wallet, $5. Pigskin Belt, Initial Buckle, set, $3.50. Crocodile Belt, Initial Buckle, set, $12.50. Nugget Knots Tie Bar and Cuff Links, set, $6.

Plus Federal tax on jewelry

RIDING HIGH

Continued from page 26

or went. He had all he would ever need, but Father lived on what he made at practicing criminal law.

"Automobiles!" gasped Mother finally. "Of all the harebrained ideas, that's the pinnacle. Nobody but the village idiot would get in them. Why, just the other day Sally King was trapped in her Stevens-Duryea when it caught fire. She had to jump—broke both her ankles. John, you couldn't sell one of those things in Birmingham—"

"The day will come," said Father, "when all Birmingham will ride in them. It's Progress, Nan. Progress, that's all. The wheel, the steam engine and now the gasoline engine. Explosive power! Why, I can see you in your Monckton-Williard now, you and the boys riding along—"

"Toward the poorhouse," Mother snapped. "You get your money back. You tell that fool Ned Monckton that I said—"

"I can't do that, Nan, it's impossible."

"If I can give Mary a reference, which I've just done, nothing's impossible. You get your money back or—or—"

Her eyes lighted on us three boys gaping from the hall. Her mouth shut tight. She didn't say a word, but as she started toward us, we got up, forgetting all about the shavings from our whittling on the rug. And for a long time after we were in our beds upstairs, we heard the rumble of their voices. Then, at last:

"All right! All right! It doesn't matter that the Jenkinses are pitying us. It makes no difference that the servants now look down on us. I can bear shame. I'll hold my head high under any humiliation that you heap on me, but if you lose our home, John Williard—"

ON THAT note, we drifted off to troubled sleep. But we three boys could not keep trouble through the night. In that, we were like Father, whose enthusiasm for new ventures took no stock of obstacles. The world was bright and new each morning for the four of us. But not for Mother.

"No mackerel?" Father inquired at breakfast.

"No," said Mother.

"But Great Scott, Nan, I'm used to mackerel. For the ten years that Mary's cooked for us—"

"Mary," said Mother, "isn't cooking for us now. I am."

"Now, Nan, this isn't necessary. Mary's had her pout. She'll be back here by lunchtime—"

"The faithful old retainer!" Mother snapped. "You think I'd take her back?"

"But, Nan, she's like a legacy. You've got to take her back if she is willing. Why—"

"Legacy, my foot! I'll find an Irish girl this afternoon. I've had enough of Mary's temperament. And if there are no Irish girls, I'll cook myself. I might as well get used to it. If we are going to be paupers—"

"Nan!" cried Father, jumping up, and when he jumped up angrily like that, he added inches to his six feet two. To us three boys, he seemed to soar. But somehow he managed to speak without exploding. "Nan, you run your house the way you wish. But I intend to run my business. I'll borrow, I'll lend, I'll sell, I'll buy, I'll practice law and I'll be blasted if you'll tell me how to do it. Let's not discuss these matters any more!"

"John Williard! Where do you think you're going now?"

"To town," he snapped. "To my law office. To my factory. And—yes, by George!—to the Witwiller Café for a decent breakfast. With salt mackerel!"

He stomped out.

That much looked bad to us. And might have been, if Mother hadn't gone into that chicken yard of hers, next to the Jenkinses' fence. With Mary gone, Mother remembered that her Dominiques must be fed, a fact she'd lost sight of since Mary had become so diligently obsessed with Holiness. It was late afternoon before Mother remembered it. She took a pan of chicken feed and went out there. And that was when Miss Ida Jenkins saw her through the pickets of the fence.

"Oh, hello, Nan, dear," called Miss Ida, sounding too solicitous. "How are things going for the Williards?"

MOTHER'S jaw set. She slashed a handful of chicken feed about. "Things might not be so bad if other people minded their own business."

"Why, Nan! Something gone wrong?"

"Nothing," snapped Mother, "that I want you discussing with Elfreda."

"Oh!"

"And as for John's putting a mortgage on this house, if you must have a tidbit for the Altar Guild which I cannot attend because you drove my cook away, you might mention that John's been offered seven thousand dollars for his automobile stock."

"And who was imbecile enough to offer that?"

"The Stevens-Duryea people," Mother blurted out.

"Not really, Nan?"

"Ask Ed," said Mother. "He's first with the latest gossip, isn't he?"

"Indeed!" Miss Ida snorted. "Oh, indeed!" She left the picket fence indignantly, bustling toward her house.

Mother dumped chicken feed, perhaps not savagely but with an underlying wrath. It did not matter to the Dominiques much.

What mattered was that old Drunken Mary, legacy or not, didn't return. In spite of Mother's talk of Irish girls, she waited two full days, doing the cooking and the cleaning by herself, and building up—we could detect it by the feverish martyred way she worked—toward a grand capitulation scene. "Very well, Mary—this time I am going to take you back. But just this once. Never again!" The truth was, Mother knew she'd never find a better cook. Old Drunken Mary, when she wasn't suffering too much from miseries or an overdose of paregoric—helpful for almost anything from headaches to the blues—worked twice as fast and much more skillfully than any other cook in Birmingham. She did not even have to think while doing it. She had a knack—no recipes, ever. A pinch of this and just enough of that, and there you were. Hot rolls that melted on your tongue, biscuits and soups and spicy, juicy meats and steaming rice and succulent green vegetables and those desserts —and this was where she climbed right up and plopped her skinny haunches among the kitchen gods—desserts that only countless man-hours and a wood range and a queen's taste could compose.

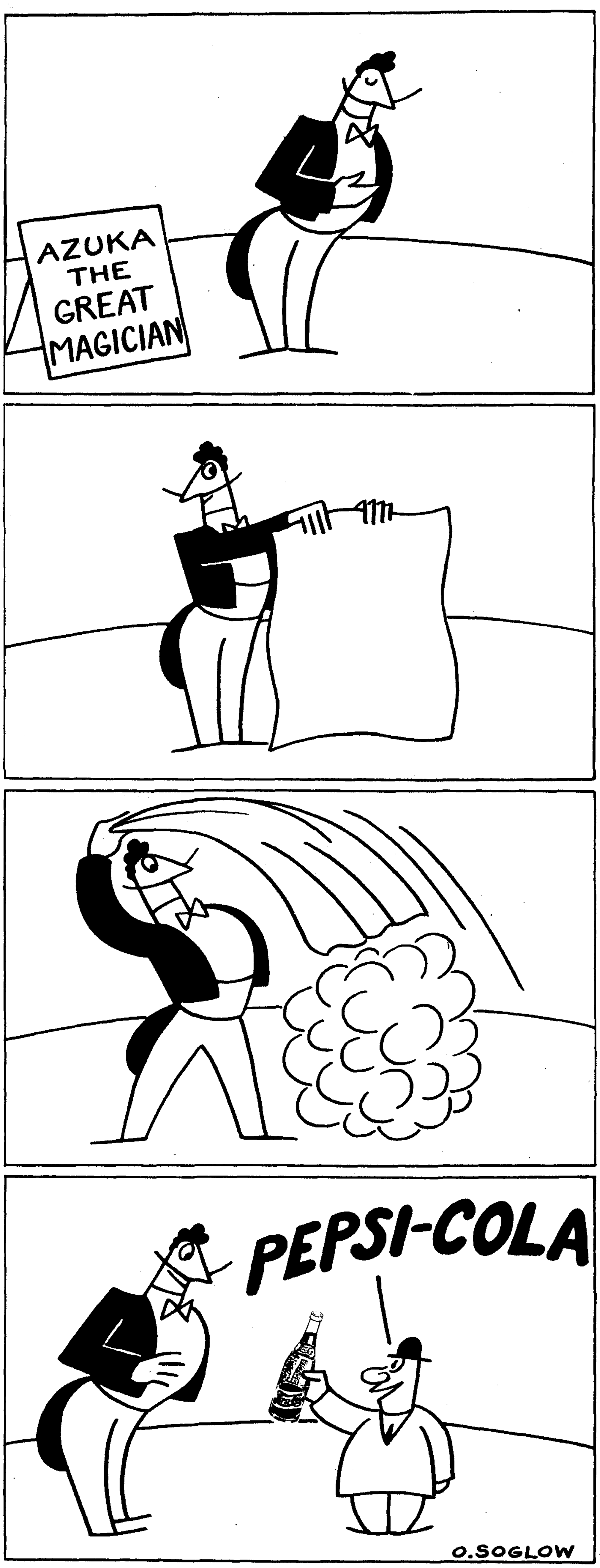
Mother, we three boys knew instinctively, was set to take old Drunken Mary back, and then at four o'clock that third day the telephone rang and it was Mrs. Tibley, president of the Altar Guild.

"Oh, Mrs. Tibley," Mother said, brushing the hair out of her eyes with fingers gooey from her kitchen work, but using her bridge-luncheon voice. "How nice of you to call."

"My dear," Mrs. Tibley said—she always said my dear, doing it patronizingly—"a woman who once cooked for you has just applied—"

"Mary!" gasped Mother.

"Yes. I wanted to confirm this reference. You say that she's industrious?"



NUTTY FRUITY HOLIDAY SANDWICHES!

[illegible]
cream cheese or cheddar, peanut butter, egg salad, jam! They all blend lusciously with those crunchy walnuts, fruity dates. Have 'em for lunch, snacks, parties. *Wholesome for kids!*

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★ SAME LOW PRICE AS IN 1942
★ THE ONLY DATES PASTEURIZED FOR PURITY, SAFETY!

"A little bee!" snapped Mother.

"Temperate?"

"Did I write that?"

"Well, no, but you know Mr. Tibley's attitude on excessive drink—"

"She's wonderful with charlotte russe," said Mother bitterly. "Well, goodby, Mrs. Tibley. Always sweet to hear your voice."

And the next morning Mother hired another cook. A Sister Classie, young, ambitious, earnest, a teetotaler, but too lavish with her use of lard. Things swam in it. Lift up a bite and it would drip. Or it would lie there on our plates and ooze.

The week end saw us with a creature whose experience, we learned, was limited to collards and sowbelly. Then came Emma, not too bad at grits. Then went Emma.

FATHER growled one morning. "Call this stuff soufflé?"

"Yes, I call it soufflé," said Mother, "and it is soufflé. Children, eat that up. Every single bite. I made it myself."

"If you'll excuse me," Father said, "think I'll drop by the factory."

"And how is everything down at the factory?" Mother asked.

"Well—"

"Nobody blown to bits? No lawsuits yet? Still a big thing for Birmingham?"

"We've built a car," said Father. "Fancy job. Door at the rear and stands up higher than the average victoria. Trouble is, we're finding that it costs too much to build, the way we're doing it, one at a time. Ned Monckton thinks—"

"If so, you have accomplished something tangible."

"Now, Nan. Ned's really got a good idea this time. He thinks that maybe we should build wheelbarrows as a side line. Might do that—we've got a lot of steel that Ned bought cheap. Of course, we won't get rich on wheelbarrows but it might tide us over. Oh, by the way, Ed Jenkins asked me what I wanted for my stock. Said he wasn't interested personally, but he'd heard rumors that the Stevens-Duryea people—"

Mother's eyes popped. For just a second she looked as if she might sputter soufflé in her napkin. Then she coughed, patted her lips and asked, "Did you quote him a price?"

Father was going toward the hatrack in the hall. "Certainly not! If there is anything in this Stevens-Duryea rumor I'll hold on a while. Might get a very fancy bid—"

"But, John! Suppose Ed Jenkins makes an offer."

"Then we'll see. Just between the two of us—though maybe not. Wheelbarrows might go well at that."

Mother was following anxiously behind him in the hall. She wanted to say something more, then changed her mind, adding offhandedly, "Mrs. Tibley telephoned today."

"I hope you didn't accept an invitation," Father growled. "The Tibleys are the stuffiest two people in all Birmingham, living in that fancy mausoleum of theirs."

"Mrs. Tibley," Mother sniffed, "is the unquestioned leader of society—"

"Bellwether for a flock of crows. You didn't accept?"

"She only wanted to tell me that your Mary had proved wonderful. So happy there."

Father just gave a snort.

"And don't you dare," Mother called after him, "go down to the Ditwiller Café!"

That was Tuesday night. It was Friday when Mrs. Tibley telephoned again. By then, Mother was frazzling with our rapid fire of cooks, and when Mrs. Tibley called, it didn't sound to us three boys as if Mother achieved her true bridge-luncheon graciousness on the phone. Her answers had a snappish quality.

"Yes, Mrs. Tibley. Yes, I did say that. No, Mrs. Tibley, I did *not* say that. I only said—"

She listened grimly. Then: "The gravy? Must have been distressing, wasn't it? And hasn't showed up since? Yes, Mrs. Tibley, that is possible. Why, paregoric, though sometimes on Saturdays it's gin. But never in the middle of the week, not when she worked for us. Oh, she'll come back. Unless, of course, they've got her locked up in the jail."

She'd hardly got the phone back on its hook before it rang again, and it was Father, calling from his law office.

"Nan, Mary's showed up here. Calling me Bubber like she used to do when I was growing up and I—"

"Good old Marse Williard!" Mother snapped. "John, don't you dare give her a cent!"

"She only wants to see the children," Father said. "She's crying, Nan. Says she gets lonesome for them in the Tibley mausoleum. Can she come out?"

"Certainly not! I've trouble enough, raising three boys, without subjecting them to a paregoric-drinking—"

"It's not paregoric, Nan. It's a—what, Mary—a tonic for some kind of stomach trouble."

"That's not what Mrs. Tibley told me on the telephone just now. Oh, yes, indeed—Mrs. Tibley herself, reproaching me for giving references to a cook who'd spill coal oil in the gravy. Oh, of course, an accident! But by now it's spreading over town what kind of house I ran."

"Now, Nan—"

"Besides, Mrs. Tibley's got to have her back. She's got a dinner party for tomorrow night and it's too late to find another cook. You sober her up, then send her back!"

The truth was, Mother's feathers had been ruffled by Mrs. Tibley telephoning her. And if she realized that these reports of coal-oil gravy and of tonic drinking might be the first crumbling of old Drunken Mary's new-found Holiness, she still could not have possibly foreseen where this would lead.

Perhaps Elfreda, hanging out some wash next door, beyond the Jenkinses' fence, gave us a clue to it. That was Saturday afternoon and we three boys were lobbing mud balls at the pickets of the fence. One of them passed through.

"You boys!" The way Elfreda shrieked solidified the marrow in our bones. "Look what you done—muddied Miss Ida's petticoat what she gwine wear to ole Miz Tibley's house tonight. An' hit a special kind of bizness party! I declare! Ain't no surprise to me dat Sister Mary quit out workin' for yo' folks."

WE THOUGHT it best to go into the pine woods back behind our lot. We weren't sure that Elfreda meant to tell on us, but if she did, the pine woods would delay the reckoning. We stayed there until nearly six o'clock. The sun was going down by then, and all at once we heard a low, explosive roaring somewhere toward East Lake. It grew louder, closer and more explosive. We heard a yell. We thought we knew.

And we were right. Father was sitting in the Monckton-Williard when we arrived. We'd never seen a sight like that, unless it was when Halley's comet swam across the sky. Sparks and smoke were billowing out of it, and Father, in a duster, sat there undismayed, although the quaking of the whole contraption seemed to threaten him with swift dismemberment. Mother was standing by the fence out front, both of her hands clapped tight upon her ears, and at the fence next door the Jenkinses, Miss Ida and Mr. Ed, looked on in obvious astonishment, while from their porch Elfreda peered, her eyes like Bermuda onions.

"Never believed," yelled Mr. Ed, "you'd get the thing to run."

"Didn't?" roared Father. "Well, watch this!"

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"John Williard!" cried Mother. "Careful! Careful! Don't—"

"Now, Nan, it's safe. Perfectly safe!" A series of explosions drowned his voice out momentarily. But when the smoke cleared, he was grinning down at her. "Come for a spin?"

"In that? Why,—" And then she caught Miss Ida's stare. "Indeed, I will! Just let me get a hat and veil."

"Confound your hat and veil!" roared Father. "This machine's so powerful it's hard to hold. Horsepower galore. Come on."

MOTHER got in. And off they roared toward Roebuck Springs, the stuttering explosions slowly fading out.

Mr. Ed Jenkins shook his head. "Looks like they've stumbled onto something really good. A high-class job. I tell you, Ida, if the Stevens-Duryea people—umm!" He motioned silencingly toward us three boys. "We'd better dress for Tibleys' dinner. Let's go in."

They had departed for the Tibleys' long before the Monckton-Williard came coughing back. Mother got out and spanked dust from her dress, then Father cut the switch and listened proudly while the motor sneezed and died.

"Yes, sir," he said. "The Monckton-Williard! Mighty fine car. And ought to be—it cost us sixteen thousand dollars."

"Sixt—John!"

"Oh, not me, Nan," Father protested hastily. "The syndicate, the four of us—Monckton and me, and two of Monckton's cousins. Just the four thousand each that I told you about, plus what we managed to scrape up in personal cash."

"And every cent of it's in this one car?"

"Yes, that's the hitch. Don't think that we can build another of them. But the wheelbarrow line—"

"John Williard, how many wheelbarrows will it take to raise the mortgage on our roof?"

"Confound it, Nan, must we go over this again? I'll work it out. I always work these matters out."

He shook his head, slowly, "It's possible that this time I've bitten off more than I can chew—just possible—but a little time—and brains—"

"Brains!" said Mother. "Ha! It'll take more than brains to set our roof back on tight!"

"Maybe." His jaw set tight. "But let's stop worrying about all this now, Nan. I'm starving."

He must have been. He cleaned up all the chicken and rice that Mother had cooked, finished two bowls of blackberry cobbler and three cups of steaming coffee before he finally pushed back. "Nan, that dinner was one of the best—"

The telephone was ringing. He got up and answered it.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Tibley," he said. "How are—what? She what?" He gripped the phone. "Now, look here, Tibley, even if she is your cook— She told you that? She must have been completely— Hold the line a minute, will you?"

He reached his long leg out and kicked the hall door shut. We couldn't understand what he was saying then, but we could catch the angry tone of it, and then surprise and finally a crispness that somehow seemed good to us. We heard a click. He came back into the dining room. He pinched his nostrils thoughtfully and gradually a grin of triumph spread across his face.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Brains. That's what it takes, every time. And maybe a little loyalty!" He sat down at the table again, and looked at Mother gleefully.

"Don't be smug," Mother exclaimed. "Who's been so brainy? Or loyal?"

But Father wasn't to be hurried into this. "It seems," he said, "that Mary went back to the Tibleys' pretty tight, bragging about a twenty-dollar raise I'd offered her—"

"John Williard! You didn't—"

"Now, Nan— She just made it up. But Tibley thought I must have struck it rich. Somehow he'd heard that Stevens-Duryea rumor, so putting two and two together—well, to make this short, he's just offered me ten thousand dollars for my quarter of the syndicate. I've accepted. Tibley is in the wheelbarrow business, Nan. I'm out."

Mother lifted her coffee cup and drank. She set it down. She sighed. "That shows that gossip works both ways," she said at last. "Thank heaven for that!"

"Mary," Father said, "is back in jail. Tibley did that. I put an extra thousand on my price for that, and in the morning I'll spend ten of it to get her out."

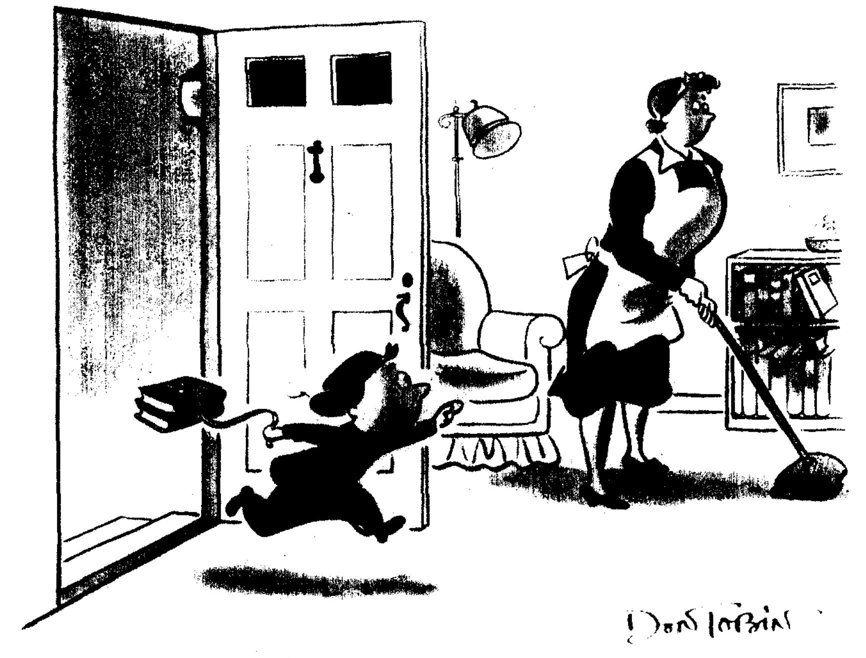
Next morning, just before we left for school, the Monckton-Williard came roaring to our gate out front. Father was at the wheel, and in the back, stiffly erect, old Drunken Mary leered down at Elfreda leaning on the Jenkinses' fence.

"Hi, Sister Mary, hi!" Elfreda called.

Old Drunken Mary climbed down arrogantly, switching her coattails as she started for our house, wobbling a little as she mumbled, "Trash! Jest trash! Who dat Elfreda think she yellin' at? Why, ain't no ordinary folks gets took home from de jail in they own car! Takes high-toned prominence for dat."

And in, her head held high, she went.

THE END



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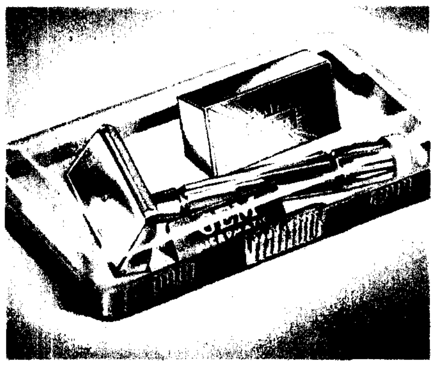

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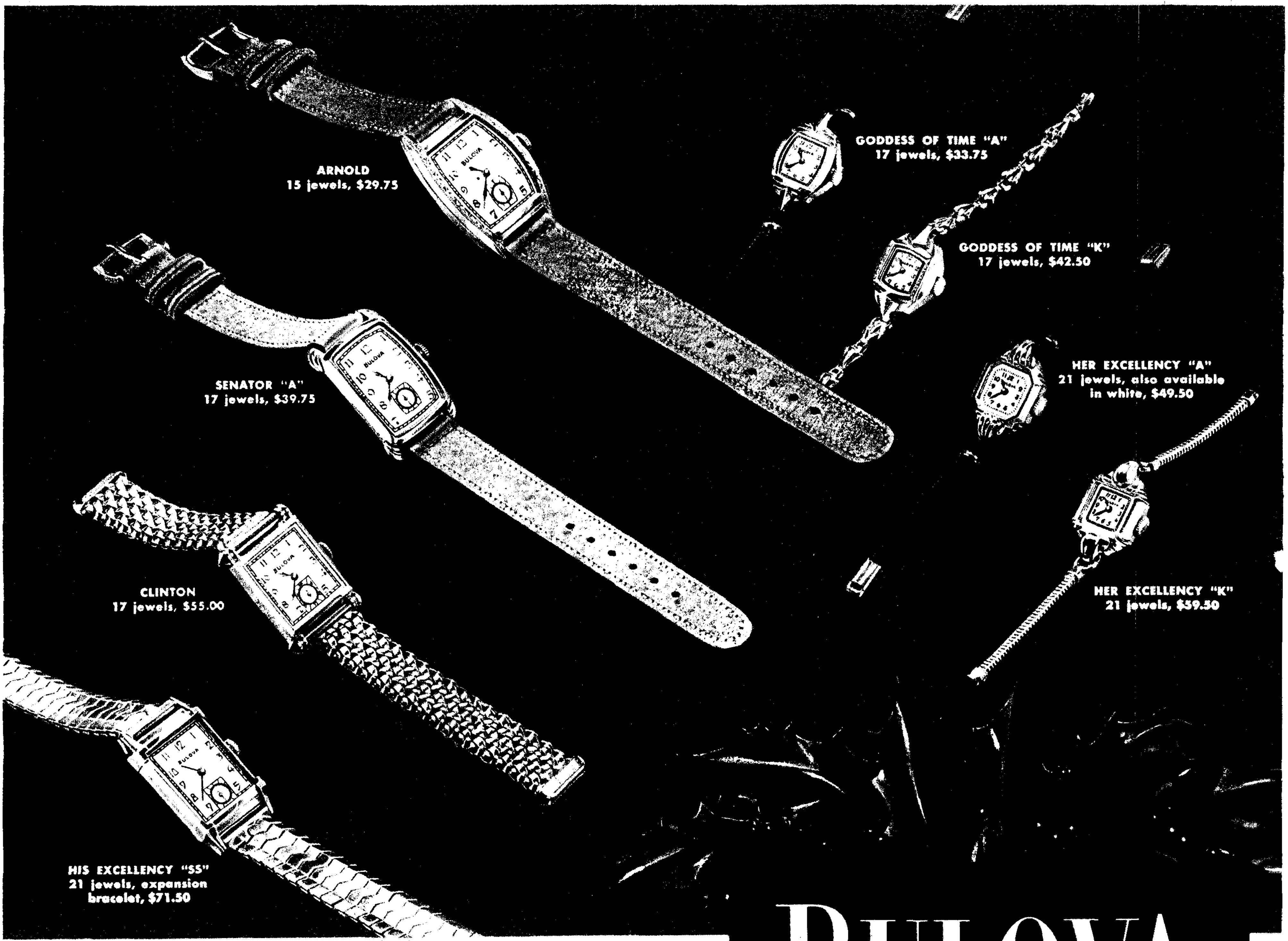

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TOUGH GUY

BY NORMAN KATKOV

KEN TRENTON walked into the reporters' room at police headquarters as I was calling the city desk for a good night. I waved him into the other chair in the office, watching him as he sat down—a thin, sloping-shouldered, black-haired middleweight with long fingers as strong as steel and as supple as whips.

I watched him wrap the trench coat around him as he sat down, careful of his trousers. He was the pretty boy of the force, this Trenton, the chief's pet, an able homicide detective at thirty-two who could wear a dinner jacket when the party-protection calls came down from the Hill.

And he was the most arrogant man I'd ever known.

I liked him because he was my age; because, like myself, he was a bachelor; because he could always get two women. I liked him because he'd come all the way up himself, and, oddly enough, I liked him because he was so childishly pleased whenever I put his name in a story.

I looked at the clock on the wall. Five after two and I was hungry. "What's doing, Ken?" I asked.

He gestured with his hat. "You know St. Paul after midnight. Quiet as the sea."

"Let's get some food," I suggested, standing up and reaching for my coat. "How late are you working?"

"Six," he said as he rose.

We were down the steps walking toward the black sedan when he took my arm, turning me to him. "You sleepy?"

I shook my head. "Let's stop by Harry Champeen's for a drink," he suggested. "Just one—I got the night ahead of me."

We got into the sedan and drove out onto Tenth Street and then down Cedar, past the Y.M.C.A., through the fresh-sprinkled streets. . . .

Harry Champeen was really Henry Todolak. He'd been raised in St. Paul, had fought for a long time as a good club heavyweight and had been for ten years now in that punch-drunk state which borders on incompetence. He was married to one of the most charming women in town, Belle, who loved him, took care of him, and ran their saloon efficiently, wisely and profitably.

The bars close at one in St. Paul, but at this hour always there were a dozen or so men and women in Champeen's place: city officials, cops, newspapermen, those playboys the city sported.

We parked behind the saloon and pushed through the back door. I saw Tommy Malone from the county attorney's office; Jack Winters, the paper's sports editor, and his wife; and Bert Billings, inspector of detectives and Ken's boss. We were greeted warmly. I walked behind the bar to kiss Belle's cheek and then was held from behind by two huge arms.

Harry breathed in my ear. "Think you're a tough guy, Joe?"

"Not me, Champ," I said. He squeezed once and let go, throwing one arm around my shoulders. "What'ya drinkin', Joe? Scotch, huh? Best inna house for Joe, you said it. What's Tough Guy want?" He nodded at Ken, who was sitting between Jack and his wife.

"Same," I said. I looked around the darkened room with its enlarged pictures of Harry 15 years ago—thinner, his stomach flat, his legs almost spindly, wearing boxing trunks.

SQUARE above the center of the bar was the blow-up of Harry standing over Patsy Corona at Lexington ball park, the Californian on one knee looking toward his corner. That had been in 1930 before Corona went on to lose to Schmeling in the Garden. Harry saw me looking at it and turned also.

" 'Member, Joey?" he said. " 'Member Harry that night? Shoulda been me in that there Garden with Schmelin'. Harry shoulda been champeen a the worl'."

"You said it, Champ," I agreed. I'd sold papers that night, watched Corona take a nine count and come up to clinch and hold and run while his head cleared. Harry had been too dumb to step away and measure Corona.

I'd heard Harry mention it 10,000 times since and I'd never disagreed. In his mind now he'd been jobbed on that fight and in his head he was the champion, *really* the champion.

He poured my drink, dropped the ice into it and copied it for Ken. Then he picked up the glass and set it before the detective. "Here, Tough Guy," he sneered. "Here's that drink you ordered, Tough Guy."

Ken didn't even look at him.

Harry poured himself a stiff bourbon and drank it neat. "What's the matter with that guy, Joey?" he asked. "Think he's too tough for the Champ?"

"Take it easy, Champ," I said. He was breathing like a fighter now, looking down the bar at Ken.

"Harry can break him in two," he warned. "The Champ could kill a guy like that."

I didn't think he could.

Belle came over from the cash register, poured herself a glass of ginger ale and stood there with us, one hand caressing the Champ's neck. "How's my baby?" she asked.

"Tough Guy thinks he's too big for the Champ," Harry complained.

"Nobody's too big for my Champ," Belle assured him, talking soft now. "Right, Joe?" she asked.

"Nobody," I said.

"We'll see," the Champ announced. He shook his head and pounded on the bar. When everybody was looking at him, he rolled the sleeve of his right arm high up on the biceps. Then he set it, elbow on the bar, fingers moving. "Who thinks he's stronger than the Champ?" he asked. "C'mon, who's tough round here?"

I saw Ken push the drink from him and I said, "Me, Champ, try me."

The Champ grinned and waited for me to give him my hand. I put my elbow to his and my knuckles were touching the bar within two seconds.

"Who else?" asked the Champ, happy now. This was his game, he *was* the Champ now, for he had never been beaten at it. He looked at Ken. "Who else?"

Jack Winters came over. "I'll take you on, Champ."

Harry grinned sympathetically and dropped Winters' arm within seconds. He held Winters' hand down and looked at Ken. "Who's challengin' the Champ?" he asked. I turned and winked at Tommy Malone who got off his stool and came toward us. Tommy was a top wrestler at St. Thomas.

Harry dropped him in eight seconds. I timed it.

I was trying to catch Bert Billings' eye when Harry released Tommy's hand and moved three steps so he was standing before Ken. I saw Belle's hand go to her mouth.

"All right, Tough Guy," the Champ said. "You," he said. "You, Tough Guy."

I MOVED over so I was standing next to Ken, pushing in between him and Winters. Ken got off the stool and spread his legs. I saw him rubbing his right hand on the trench coat and I looked at Belle. I touched Ken with my shoulder and when his eyes moved I nodded slightly toward Belle. Ken looked at her, at me, and then back to Belle. Her lips were moving unconsciously and she was afraid now.

"Come on," said Harry impatiently and he thumped his elbow on the bar. "Come on, Tough Guy."

Ken moved his elbow forward and he clasped hands with Harry. He was watching Belle and I was watching the Champ, watching the sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Ken held him solid for 10 seconds. There wasn't a sound in the room. *Ken,* I said to myself. *For Pete's sake, Ken! Ken, for Pete's sake!*

His face didn't change expression. He moved his eyes from Belle to the Champ.

Please, Ken, I said to myself.

He had the Champ solid still and then I saw his eyes and the big vein in his forehead, and very slowly now the Champ began to move Ken's arm down. Down and down and down and at last making Ken's knuckles touch wood.

The Champ released Ken's hand and sprang back. He kissed Belle and yelled: "Nobody's tough as the Champ." He poured drinks for everyone and patted Ken's shoulder sympathetically, and he drank another stiff bourbon.

He was telling about the Corona fight when Belle came over and pressed Ken's hand and went back to the cash register.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 28

"She's been a bad girl," she told Herbert calmly, "and I refuse to say goodby to her. When she is ready to be good and stop doing cruel, wicked things to perfectly innocent people, she can come to see me. Until then I don't want to have anything to do with her."

Completely baffled, Herbert for the first time thought that perhaps Effie *was* a little—well, a little off her trolley. As a girl she'd never been especially bright and for years now she'd allowed herself to go steadily downhill, not caring how she looked or taking any interest in the house or in him or in Lida. Recently she had taken to wandering around the house, talking to herself. This wasn't pleasant; in fact, at times it had been definitely annoying. But now she would be safely out of the way, and except for writing out a check every week and making a monthly visit upstate, he could forget about her.

As for Lida, if she were upset by either her mother's attempted suicide or her removal to a private sanitarium for nervous disorders, no one was allowed to know it. She refused absolutely to discuss it with anyone.

"I've known she wasn't right for some time," she told Alec, "but it never occurred to me she'd try to kill herself." And after that, when he tried to talk to her about it, she said, "I'm sorry, Alec, but I find the subject extremely depressing. She may get better but the chances are she won't; either way, I don't want to talk about it."

SO AFTER that they never discussed the subject again, but it was perfectly apparent to Alec that Lida was definitely relieved that her mother had been sent away.

Actually, her relief at having her mother safely out of the house was so acute that for a few days she even cut down drastically on her drinking. But gradually the tension built up again, the strain came back into her face, and the drinking began again, in earnest.

The first week in April, Ridge and Dorcas decided to go to Pico for a week end of skiing. Skiing was one of the few things Ridge really loved and he got very little of it now, but each year he managed to get away for at least one week end. Usually he went in February, but in February Dorcas had still been in the hospital; in March she had been recuperating swiftly at the farm, and now it was the first week in April. There was still good skiing on the upper runs.

The night before they were to leave, The Razor's Edge was playing at one of the theaters in town, and Dorcas suggested that they call Alec and Lida and all go together. Lida puzzled and disturbed her, but during her long stay in the hospital she had grown very fond of Alec and for his sake she tried to like Lida. Or at least be friendly with her.

Lida, when she called her, said, "Why, yes, I think it would be fun—but let's all meet first at the Inn for a drink."

When Dorcas called Alec and told him where they were to meet, he thought it a bad idea and by the time they had all had several rounds of drinks and Lida was insisting upon still another, he knew it had been.

"If we're going to the movies," he protested quickly, "there isn't time for another drink."

"Then let's not go to the movies," said Lida. She was still smiling but now her smile was a little less polite than it had been a few moments before.

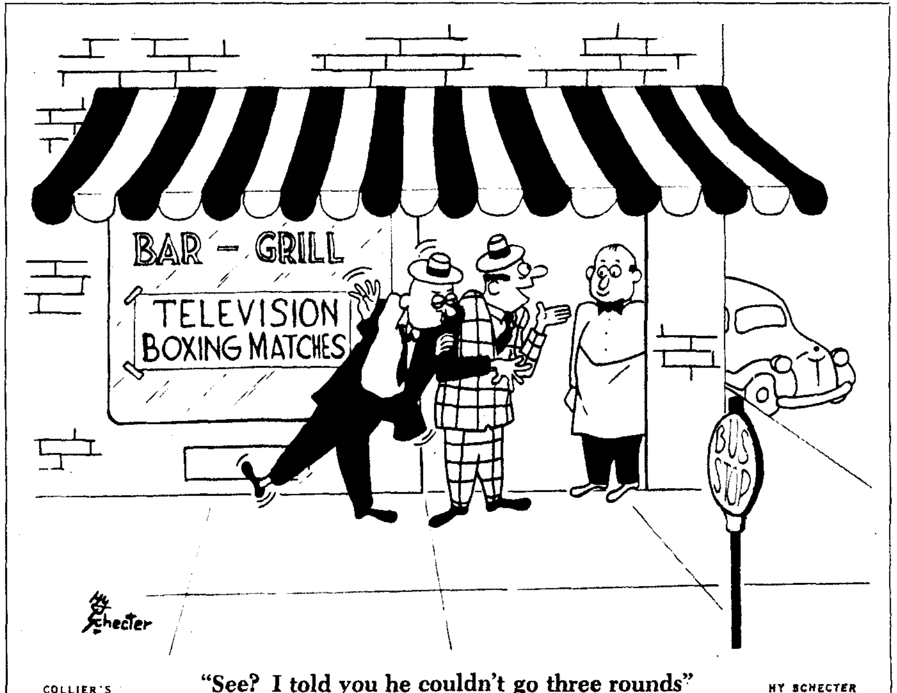
"Of course, we're going to the movies," he said firmly. "Dorcas and Ridge have driven all the way in from the farm expressly to see this movie and they're going to see it . . ." They're going to see it, and so, my sweet, he thought grimly, are you, even if you would prefer to sit here drinking one Scotch and soda right after another.

"As a matter of fact," said Dorcas, "we can all have another drink and still not miss anything but the news; the feature doesn't go on until nine-ten."

She had no sooner spoken than she was sorry. Alec obviously didn't want Lida to have anything more to drink.

But it was too late now to do anything about it. Ridge was already saying, "Well, in that case, let's all have another round—"

He ordered four more highballs and when they came, Lida forced herself to leave hers standing untouched in front of her for at least five minutes. It took a terrific amount of will power but she did it. She'd be damned if she'd let them see how much she wanted it; furthermore, it was perfectly obvious that she wasn't going to get another one until they'd sat through that damned movie. She'd been a fool to say she'd come. Every time she encountered Ridge and Dorcas nowadays was like a dentist's drill coming down hard on an exposed nerve. If Ridge hadn't been in love with Dorcas before her accident, and God knows he



COLLIER'S "See? I told you he couldn't go three rounds" HY SCHECTER

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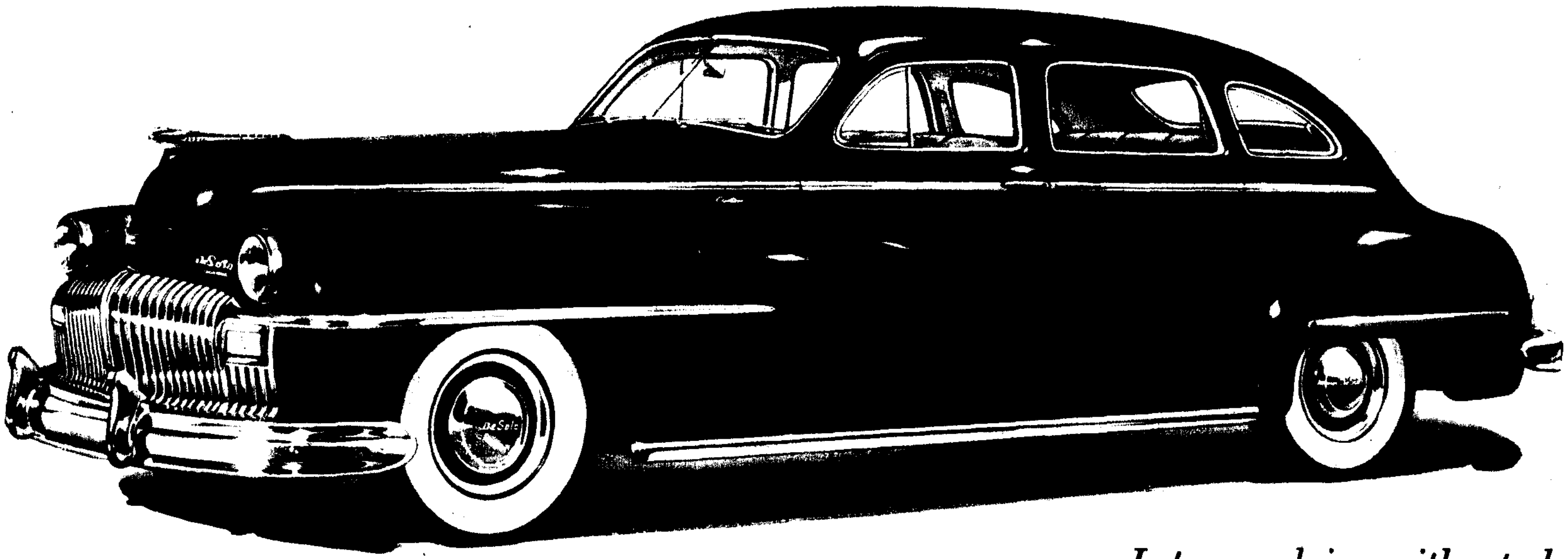

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hadn't been, he was in love with her now all right—he was in love with her and she was in love with him.

Their happiness, their delight in each other, was so alive, so tangible a thing that you could almost reach out and touch it. It enveloped and surrounded them like a nimbus.

She picked up her highball and swallowed half of it savagely. By every law of averages known to man, Dorcas Holbrook should be dead instead of sitting here in this bar in a new spring suit and an enormous black off-the-face hat. A person simply couldn't fall off a sixty-foot cliff and still live—but Dorcas had done exactly that. She not only wasn't dead—except for the fact that she could not remember anything about her past, and was no longer going to have a child—she was as well as she had ever been and much better-looking.

They said she must have been unconscious during her entire fall, they said this no doubt explained why she hadn't been killed—but of course she'd been unconscious; *that was why she had fallen, wasn't it?* She had stood too close to the edge of the cliff and she had fainted. As a matter of fact, she, Lida, had put out her hand to pull her back. She could see just the way her hand had looked—but if she had meant to pull her back *why had her fingers been spread apart like that—? And why had they moved not toward her arm but toward her back?*

She wanted to finish her highball, she needed desperately to finish it, but her hands were shaking so badly, all of a sudden, that she didn't dare attempt to pick up the glass. They would all notice her shaking, unsteady hand and they would think: This is really dreadful—Lida is on her way to becoming an out-and-out alcoholic. . . .

"What's this I hear," said Dr. Littlejohn, "about you and Dorcas taking off in the morning for a spot of skiing?"

He was looking directly at Ridge but he was intensely aware of Lida. She looked like hell. Beautiful but damned. For the thousandth time he asked himself why he bothered, why he went on with it. Why he didn't just admit straight out that he was failing with Lida as pathetically as he had failed with her mother.

"Skiing in April," said Dorcas; "it sounds absolutely crazy, doesn't it?"

"They've got a guy down there at Pico," Ridge said, " a Swiss named Karl Acker, who is without doubt the finest ski—"

He stopped talking and got abruptly to his feet. A man had come into the bar, started to sit down at a table opposite them, then suddenly had changed his mind and come directly over to their table.

He stood now with his eyes fastened smilingly on Dorcas.

Ridge had never seen him before and if Dorcas knew him, she didn't, of course, remember.

But he obviously remembered her. He was calling her by name, holding out his hand to her.

"I'm sorry," she said, her face flushing warmly, her eyes quite honestly dismayed, "but I'm afraid I—"

Ridge decided to act quickly. If this man had known Dorcas in Boston or New York, he could, with a casual word, discredit all that business about her having been in England during the war.

"I beg your pardon," he said, his voice polite but deliberately formal, "but it's obvious you've made a mistake. My wife, as you can see, doesn't know you—"

"Your wife! But—"

FOR a moment the tableau held: Alec Littlejohn and Ridge on their feet, their eyes fastened on the man in the gray suit. The man in the gray suit, standing also, his eyes fastened with fast-growing incredulity on Dorcas, who was staring back, unhappily, with great embarrassment, at him. Only Lida Whipple's eyes moved; green, slightly tilted, they darted from one face to another, with quick, malicious, alcoholic inquiry. Something funny was going on here: this man knew Dorcas, and Ridge *knew* he knew her but he was determined to end the thing, to let it go no further. . . .

The man in the gray suit being a particularly quick and perceptive person was aware of all this, and being also a sensitive, civilized person, he accepted it. Lida saw him accepting it. It was as if he said, "Very well, if for some reason, unknown at the moment to me, you prefer to pretend that I don't know this girl and that she doesn't know me, I will abide by your decision; it really isn't important. . . .

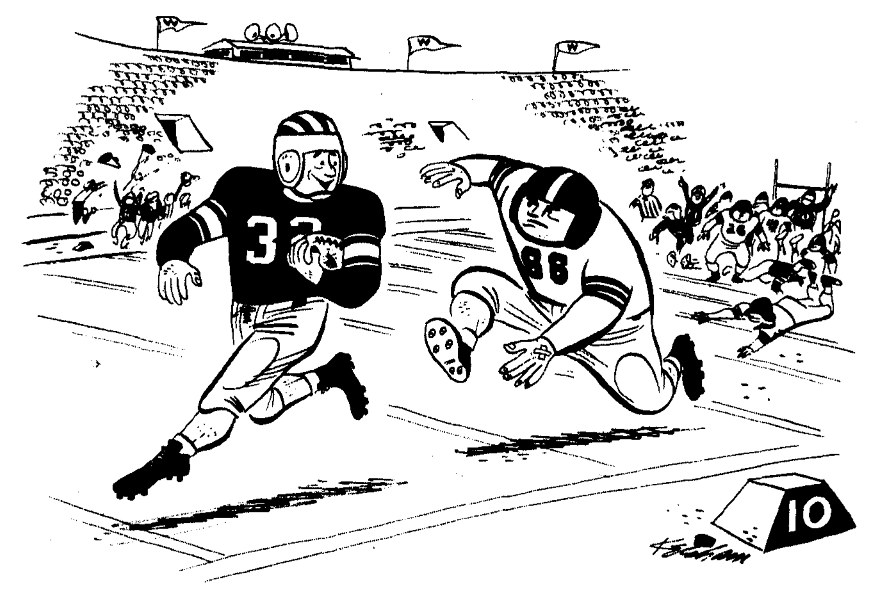
"I beg your pardon," he said, and stopped looking at Dorcas and looked at Ridge, "for a moment I thought your wife was someone I knew—but I see I was mistaken. I hope you will forgive me."

He left them then as abruptly as he had interrupted them, and Dorcas said, watching his retreating back, "He knows me, of course; it's just that I can't remember him. Perhaps we should have made some attempt to explain—"

"It's not the sort of thing," said Ridge brusquely, "that you can explain in a few well-chosen words. I thought it better just to leave it lay."

"I agree with Ridge, Dorcas," said Alec. "The whole thing is much too complicated for a casual explanation." He said then, "Let's get out of here; if we hurry we can still see the end of the news."

Ridge had been right. The man in the



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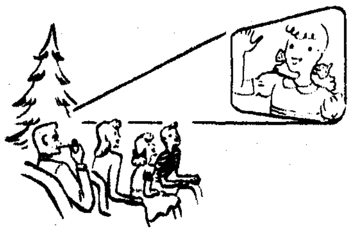

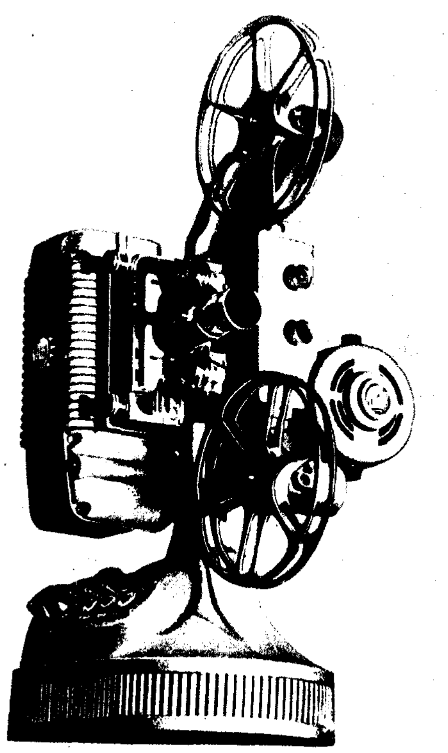

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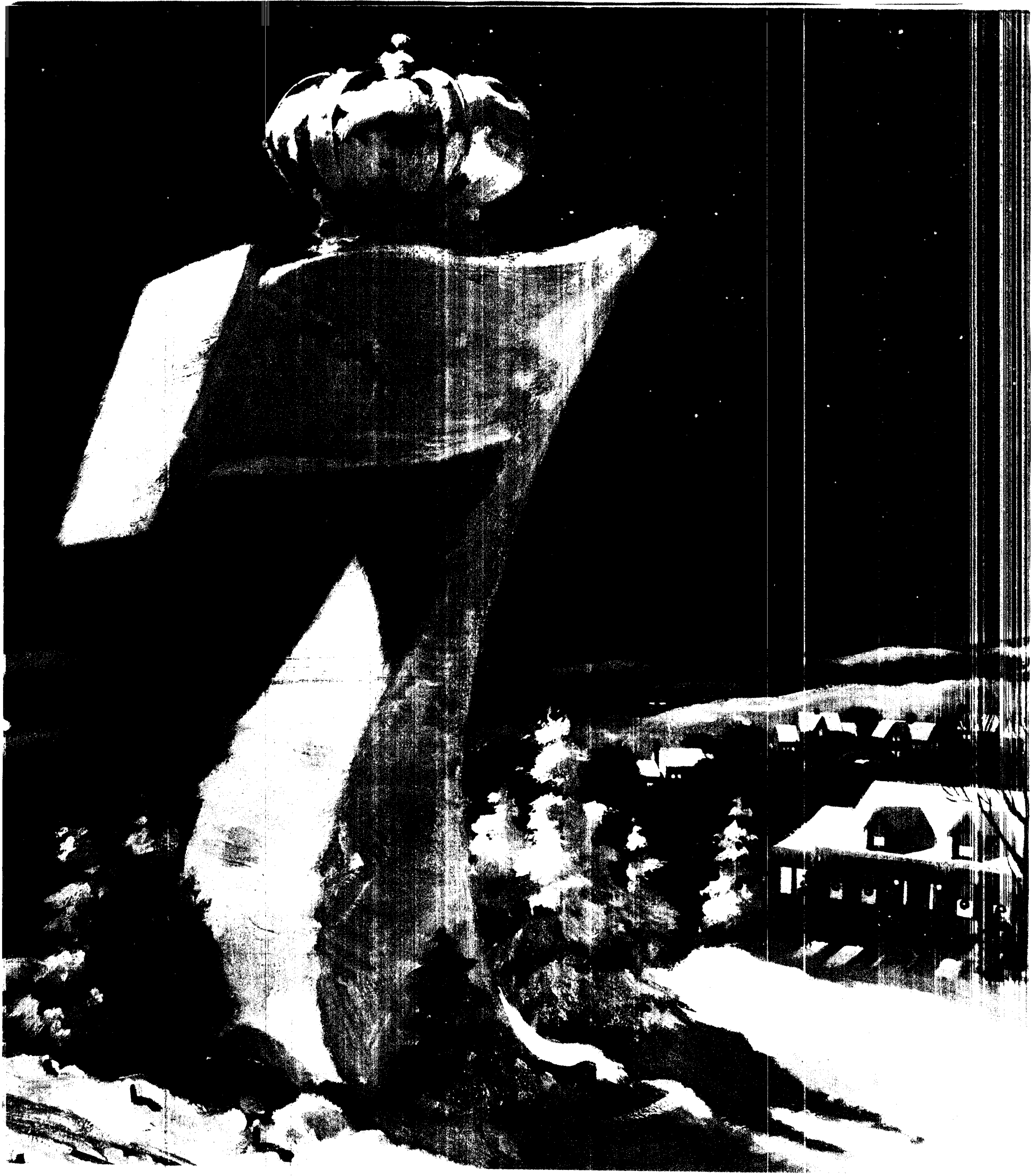
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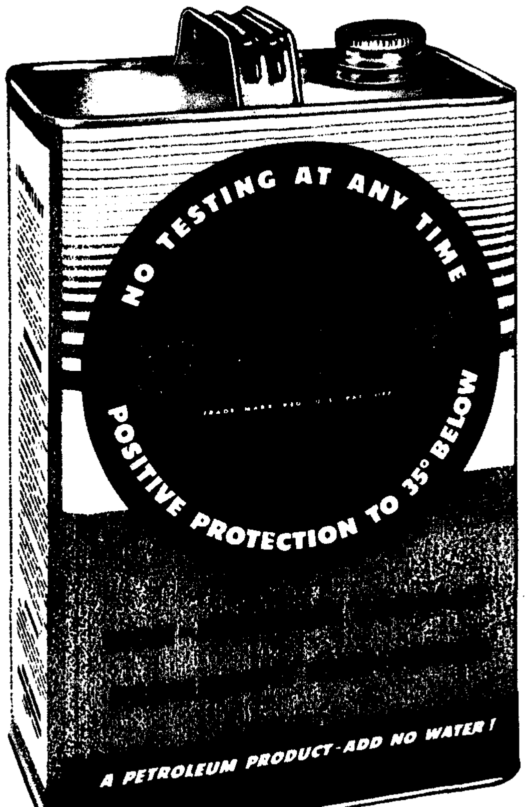
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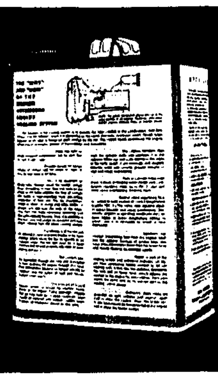


gray suit had known Dorcas, not in Boston, but in New York. He had known her extremely well. In fact he had given her a job. He had not only given her a job, he had introduced her to numerous attractive and unattached young men. Among others, Dave Holbrook.

The man in the gray suit was Dave's publisher, Ben Graves.

Driving through to Montreal to see a best-selling novelist, who for some inexplicable reason refused to come to New York, he had reached Readsville just before dinner and had decided to spend the night there and go on the following morning. He had registered, had dinner, remembered that this had been Dave Holbrook's home town and that Dave's brother Ridge still lived here, and feeling a little guilty at not having made the effort to come to Dave's funeral, had called the brother. He had never seen Ridge Holbrook, but he had written to him and from things Dave had told him, he had always thought he would like the guy. A housekeeper had answered the telephone, informed him that Ridge was out for the evening, and that had been that.

He'd come in here to have a couple of drinks before turning in with what he had every reason to believe would be a dull and overwritten script of a first novel, and who should he find sitting at a corner table, looking very pretty and glowing, in a little gray wool suit, but Dorcas Branch. . . .

That it had been Dorcas he had no slightest doubt; he was equally sure that she had been quite honest in not recognizing him. It would have taken more histrionic ability than she possessed to have put on such a convincing performance. Furthermore, and this he found quite as puzzling, the man who said he was her husband had wanted no part of him, had been anxious, *determined,* that he should not be allowed to tell her who he was or in any way attempt to identify himself. The entire episode was ridiculous and confusing. Dorcas had left New York shortly after Dave Holbrook's fatal accident, and Ben Graves had not thought of her a half-dozen times since. He shrugged now to himself and finished his first highball. He was ordering a second when Lida Whipple came into the bar, and came directly toward him.

He didn't know, of course, that she was Lida Whipple. All he knew was that there had been a second girl at Dorcas' table and that this was the girl.

"I beg your pardon," Lida said, "but I would like to talk to you a few minutes."

"In that case," he said smiling easily, "why don't you sit down and let me order you a drink."

She sat down. She said she'd like a Scotch and soda. But for the first time in weeks, months, really, she was not interested in having a drink. For the first time in weeks, liquor had ceased to be important to her. For the moment, her mind, her emotions, were too intensely occupied with something else.

She had had quite a time getting away from the others, especially Alec. She had waited until they were all seated in the darkened theater and the picture had gotten underway; then she had informed Alec that she had a terrific headache and that she was going home. He had, of course, offered, insisted, upon going with her, but she had said no, she would take a taxi, and when he still insisted, she had threatened to make a scene unless he let her go quietly and alone.

She looked at the man opposite her. Crisp, well-brushed brown hair, prematurely gray at the temples. A small, clipped mustache. Slightly under medium height. Compactly built. Fortyish. This man had known Dorcas. She meant to find out *where* he had known her. . . .

"That girl you spoke to, tonight," she said slowly. "You seemed so very sure that you knew her."

"I do know her," said Ben Graves. "In fact, she used to work for me."

"Work for you?"

"Yes. My name is Graves. I publish books—"

"Of course," said Lida. "Graves and Schyler, Incorporated. You published Dave Holbrook's stuff."

"Yes," he said, "I did."

"Then you knew Dave?"

"I knew him extremely well. So," he said, "did Dorcas."

SO THAT was it, thought Lida, her heart beating rapidly. *Dorcas and Dave.* Why hadn't she guessed? It was that business about Boston that had thrown her off so completely; she'd never connected Dave with Boston.

"How well?" she said, not looking at him, looking carefully down at her hands so that he wouldn't see how anxious she was, how beside herself with excitement and discovery—

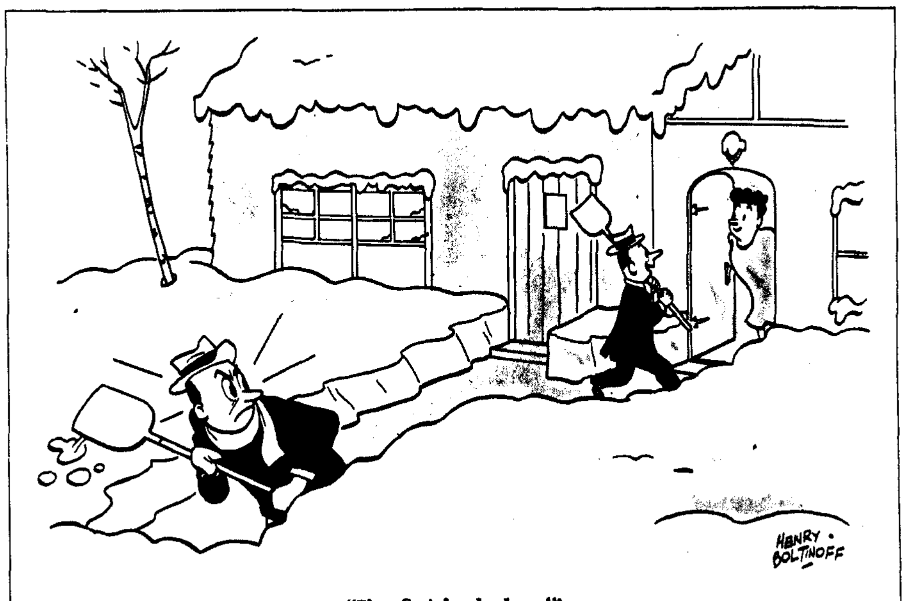
"As well as is possible, I guess," replied Ben Graves. "He was crazy about her and wanted to marry her, but for some reason none of us who knew them could figure out, she wouldn't marry him. He began to drink and—well, you know what happened, of course."

"Yes," she said, "it was very sad. Tragic. We all knew there was a girl, but none of us knew that it was Dorcas. Ridge told us some fantastic story about having met her in London—"

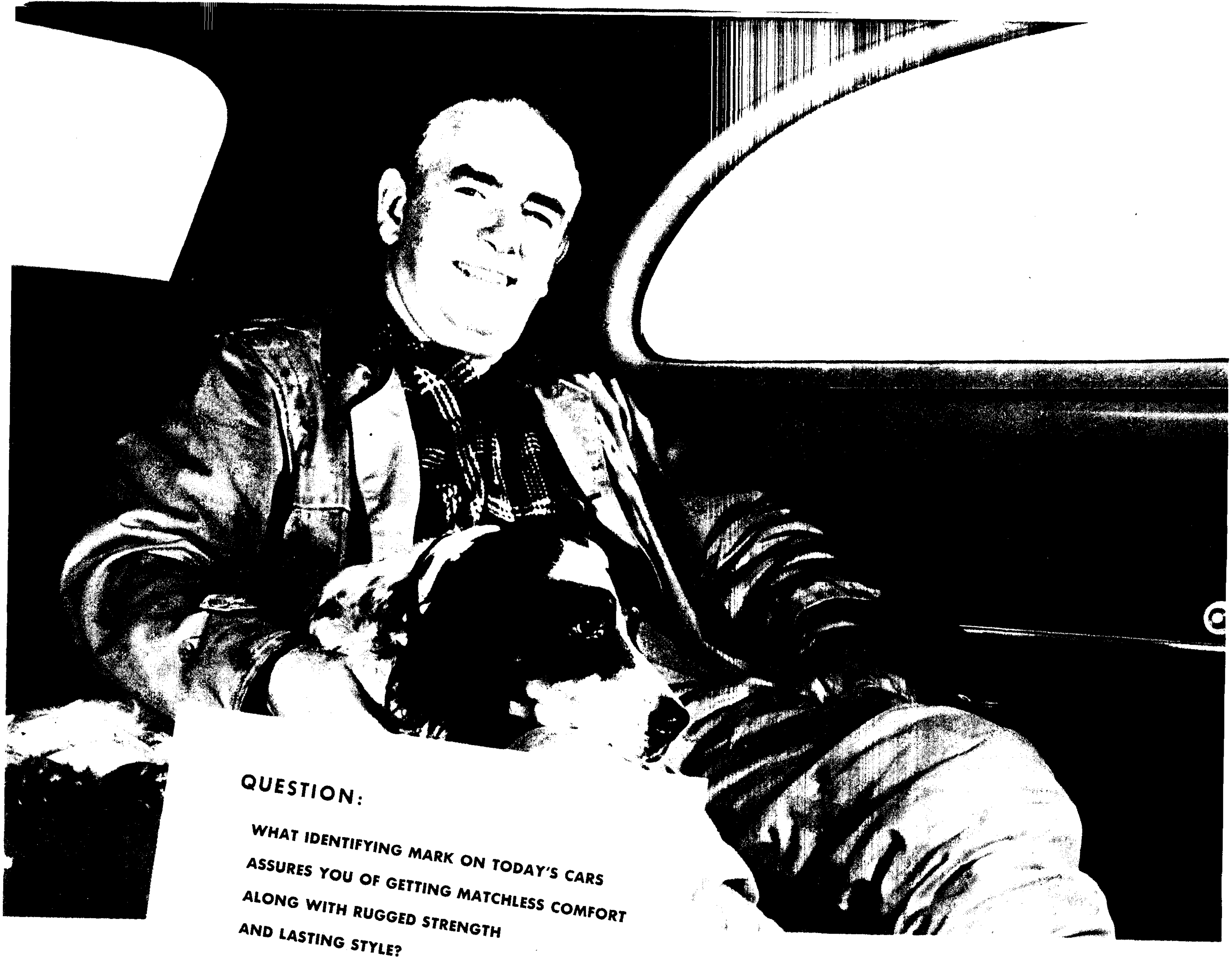
"Ridge?"

"Ridge Holbrook. She married him, you know. About five months ago."

"But *why?*" demanded Ben Graves. "Why in heaven's name should Dorcas have refused to marry Dave and then married his brother—?"



COLLIER'S "I'm finished, dear!" HENRY BOLTINOFF



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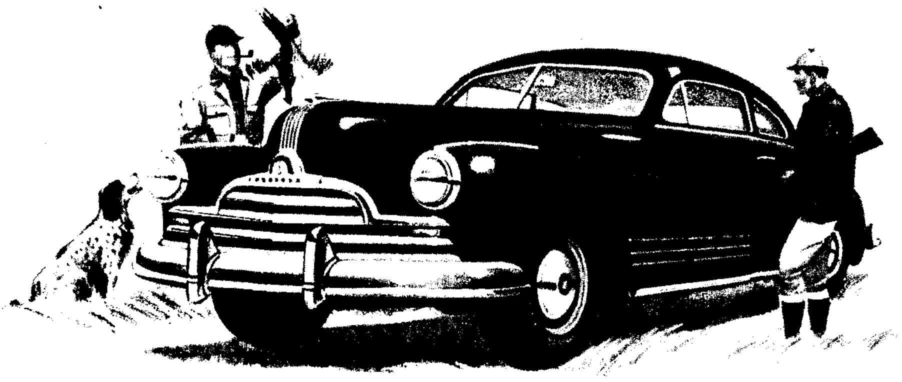

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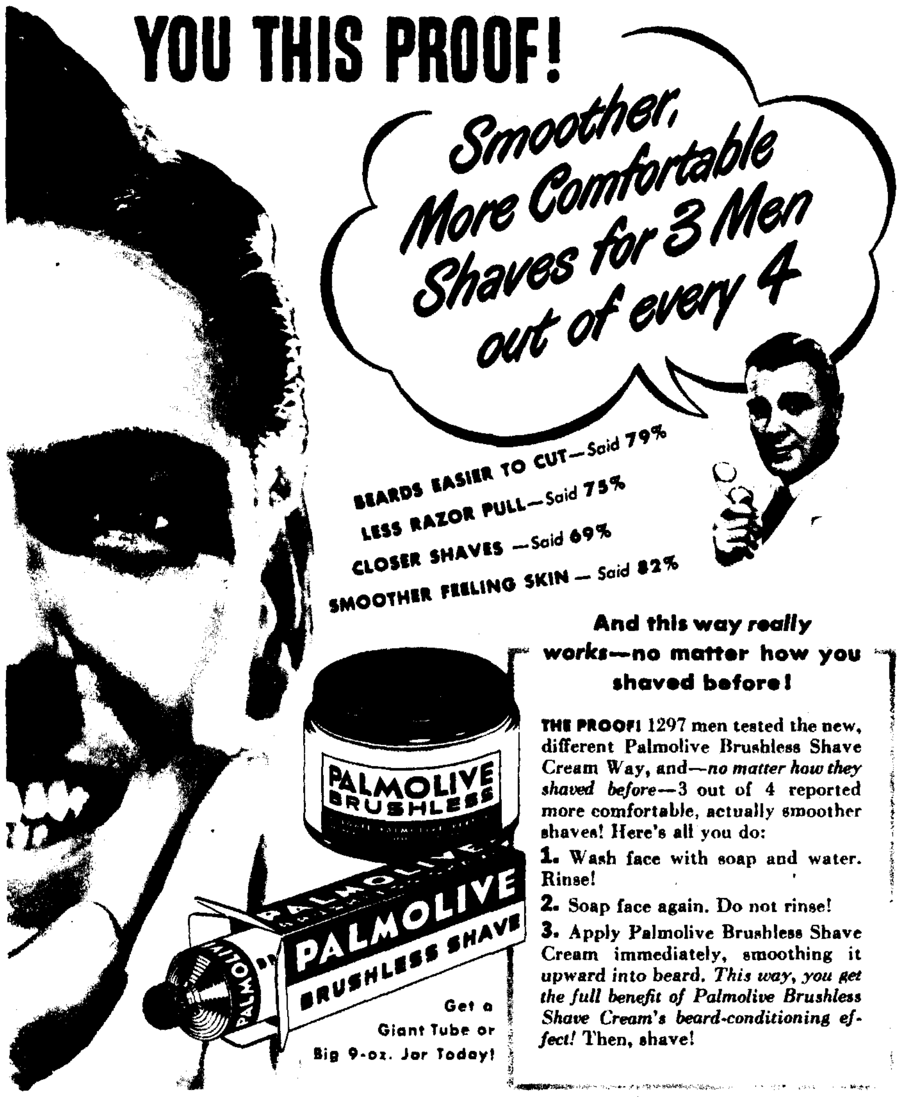

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"I don't know," said Lida, smiling sweetly. "I can't tell you why. All I know is that she did."

But she did know. She could have told him why. And the knowledge was filling her with a sweet, dark, unholy excitement. An excitement, a satisfaction, more heady than any she had ever known before in her entire life. She thought: With what I know about her now I can ruin her. She'll have to leave town, she'll never be able to face people. This isn't New York, this is Vermont; she'll never be able to live this down in a thousand years. Pregnant, carrying Dave's child, she married Ridge. . . .

For the first time since the accident she felt a quick regret that Dorcas had lost the baby. It would have made a better, juicier scandal if she hadn't. But it was sensational enough as it was. Readsville would recoil from the girl as it would recoil from a poisonous snake.

Watching her, watching her white, tense face with its brilliant green eyes, watching her hands clench and unclench themselves nervously on the polished top of the table, Ben Graves thought: I've talked too much. This girl is dangerous. I've given her a certain amount of fairly innocent information and she means to make some diabolical use of it. . . .

But it was too late now to save the situation. The damage, if any, had been done. Perhaps, she would explain why Dorcas had stared at him like that, blankly, with no recognition in her eyes.

She told him; that is, she told him about the accident. She left out the part about Dorcas being pregnant. Her drink came and she drank it and thanked him for it and left it. Watching her walk out of the bar, a slim girl in an expensive pale fur jacket, he was more convinced than ever that he had done Dorcas some irreparable harm. And suddenly, fed up with the town, with the whole situation, he decided to drive on through to Montreal that night instead of waiting until morning.

"WELL," said Lida, "why don't you say something? Why don't you ask me why I lied to you? Why I said I had a headache and walked out on that damned movie so I could go back to the Inn and find out something I had to know—"

"All right," said Alec Littlejohn, "why did you lie to me? Why did you go back to the Inn? What was it you were trying to find out?"

She had come out of the bar and started to telephone for a taxi, and he had appeared suddenly at her elbow and said quietly, "Never mind a taxi, Lida, I'll take you home."

Suspicious of her, sure she was up to some deviltry, he had followed her here to the Inn, and waited for her to finish her conversation with Ben Graves and come out of the bar.

She'd walked out of the hotel with him and he had driven her back here to the house and during the entire drive neither one of them had spoken, had said a word. It was as if they had agreed to wait until they got here, until they were alone in this room with the matching white sofas.

"I was trying to find out the truth about Dorcas and Ridge. Why he married her, I mean. Well," she said, "I found out and I assure you, Alec, the reason wasn't pretty—"

She walked over to the portable bar and got out a bottle of Scotch and poured two stiff highballs. Now that that first heady excitement had worn off a bit, her nerves had begun jumping again, a drink would fix that, and Alec certainly looked as if he could use one too. Poor Alec! He was so fond of Dorcas—well, he was in for a shock.

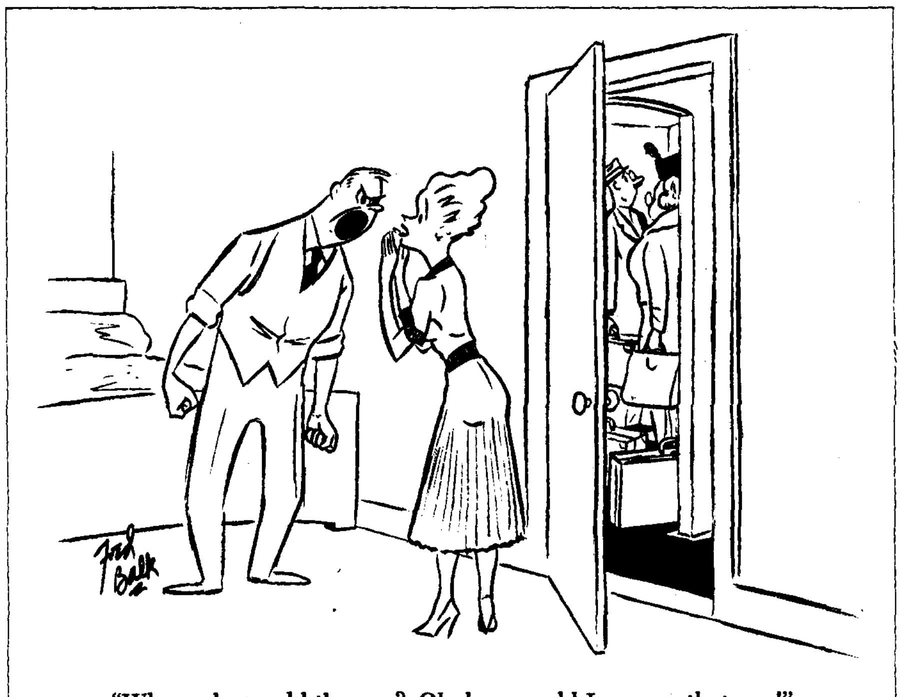
She walked over to the fireplace where Alec was standing and handed him one of the highballs and, still carrying the other, she sat down on one of the oyster-white sofas and smiled at him a slow, calm, deliberately maddening smile. This was her moment, or rather it was the first of many such moments, because she would tell this story often and each time she would enjoy it more, each time she would squeeze even more satisfaction out of each separate, shocking detail.

"Look," she said, "I may drink too much, I *do* drink too much—but I don't sleep with men to whom I'm not married—and get myself pregnant and have to marry the first person who comes along; in this case it just so happens to have been the man's *brother*—"

"Lida, what in God's name are you trying to tell me?"

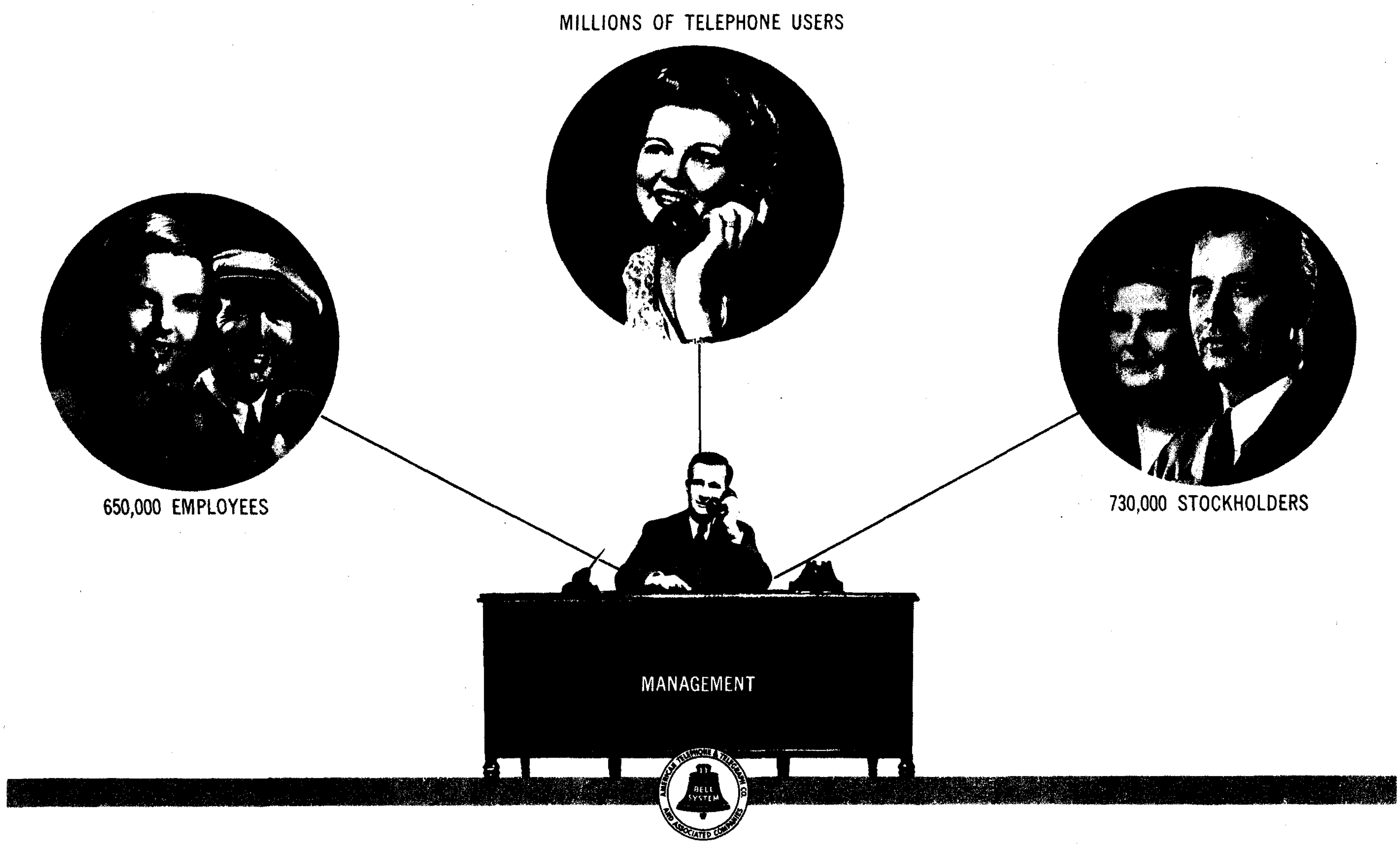
"I'm trying to tell you," said Lida, "that Dorcas had an affair with Dave Holbrook, Ridge Holbrook's brother. Dave got himself killed, she discovered she was pregnant and Ridge married her. . . . Well," she said, "why don't you say something? Why don't you say I'm crazy, or drunk—why don't you *deny* it?"

Alec thought: Why *don't* I deny it? And knew why. He couldn't stand there and deny it, because he knew it was true. He had known for a long time—since the night of Dorcas' accident, to be exact—that the child she had lost had not been Ridge Holbrook's. The only thing he



"Where *else* could they go? Oh, boy, could I answer *that* one!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MANAGEMENT IN THE BELL SYSTEM

It used to be that the owners of practically every business were themselves the managers of the business. Today, as far as large businesses are concerned, a profound change has taken place. In the Bell System, for instance, employee management, up from the ranks, and not owner management, is responsible for running the business.

This management has been trained for its job in the American ideal of respect for the individual and equal opportunity for each to develop his talents to the fullest. A little thought will bring out the important significance of these facts.

Management is, of course, vitally interested in the success of the enterprise it manages, for if it doesn't succeed, it will lose its job.

So far as the Bell System is concerned, the success of the enterprise depends upon the ability of management to carry on an essential nation-wide telephone service in the public interest.

This responsibility requires that management act as a trustee for the interest of all concerned: the millions of telephone users, the hundreds of thousands of employees, and the hundreds of thousands of stockholders. Management necessarily must do the best it can to reconcile the interests of these groups.

Of course, management is not infallible; but with its intimate knowledge of all the factors, management is in a better position than anybody else to consider intelligently and act equitably for each of these groups — and in the Bell System there is every incentive for it to wish to do so.

Certainly in the Bell System there is no reason either to underpay labor or overcharge customers in order to increase the "private profits of private employers," for its profits are limited by regulation. In fact, there is no reason whatever for management to exploit or to favor any one of the three great groups as against the others and to do so would be plain stupid on the part of management.

The business cannot succeed in the long run without well-paid employees with good working conditions, without adequate returns to investors who have put their savings in the enterprise, and without reasonable prices to the customers who buy its services. On the whole, these conditions have been well-met over the years in the Bell System.

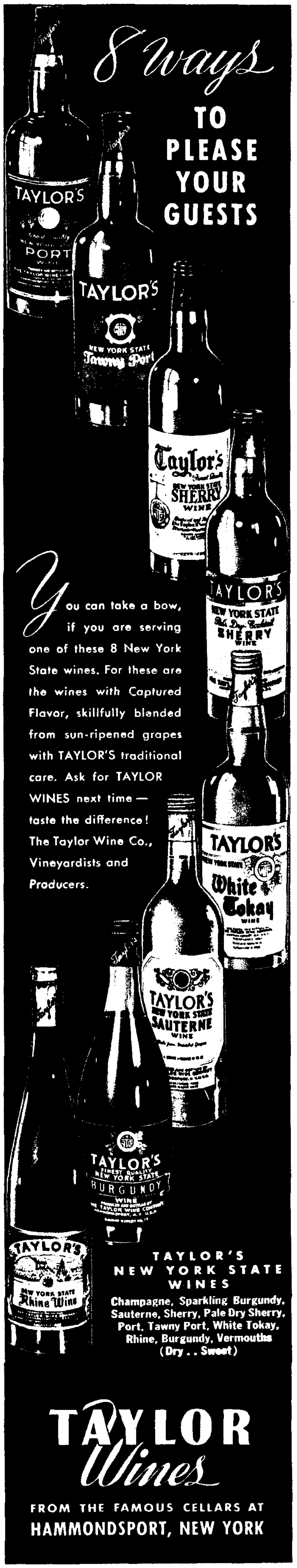
Admittedly, this has not been and is not an easy problem to solve fairly for all concerned. However, collective bargaining with labor means that labor's point of view is forcibly presented. What the investor must have is determined quite definitely by what is required to attract the needed additional capital, which can only be obtained in competition with other industries.

And in our regulated business, management has the responsibility, together with regulatory authorities, to see to it that the rates to the public are such as to assure the money, credit and plant that will give the best possible telephone service at all times.

More and better telephone service at a cost as low as fair treatment of employees and a reasonable return to stockholders will permit is the aim and responsibility of management in the Bell System.

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, *President*
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



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hadn't known was whose it had been. Ridge had tried to tell him, and he had said, quite truthfully, that he didn't want to know. But now Lida knew and the important thing was to keep her from talking. If she once started to talk, God only knew where this thing would end. Dorcas, her past a complete blank, honestly believed that Ridge had met her in London. Dave Holbrook was just a name to her. He, Alec, wouldn't want to be responsible for what the truth, forced upon her suddenly, brutally, might do to her.

Well, *neither she nor anyone else must be told the truth.* Someday she might regain her memory. When that time came she and Ridge, if allowed to do so with no outside interference, would undoubtedly be able to save the marriage from going on the rocks. But if Lida went to Dorcas with this thing now, there was no telling how much damage she might do.

"The man at the Inn," she said, her hands caressing the cold, wet sides of her highball glass, "was Ben Graves, Dave Holbrook's publisher. Dorcas worked for him. He knew her and he knew Dave and he knew what went on between them. He didn't know about her being pregnant and I didn't tell him." She smiled suddenly. That swift, flashing smile that always reminded him of someone else, someone he had known sometime, somewhere, but he could never think quite when or where. . . . "That was nice of me, don't you think?" she asked. "Not to tell?"

She's drunk, thought Alec: All this talk of hers about drinking too much but not getting drunk is rubbish. She's drunk now.

"Lida," he said, "listen to me. Everything you say may be true. Frankly, I think it is true. But I want you to promise me that you'll keep your mouth shut, that you won't talk as you have talked to me just now to another living human being. . . ."

She finished her highball and tipped her head back and began to laugh. She began to laugh, and suddenly he knew whom she reminded him of. All these months it had eluded him, all these months he had known there was someone but he hadn't been able to think who it was—and now he knew. She reminded him of a girl in Africa, in Casablanca—a dancer. Her name had been Myra and she had had that same narrow, provocative face, those same slightly tilted green eyes, that same swift, flashing, wholly enchanting smile—and when she was up to something particularly outrageous and infamous, she would tip her head back and laugh like that.

SUDDENLY Lida stopped laughing and looked at him. "Don't be a fool," she said evenly. "Naturally, I shall tell everyone—including Dorcas, herself. Look," she said, "because of her I have been living for months in an exquisite little hell. Now I'm going to plunge her into an exquisite little hell all her own."

"You hate her, don't you?" said Alec. *You hate her and you tried to kill her.* She didn't fall off that cliff—you pushed her. He had known all the time, really. She had come running down that path, those horrible screams tearing up out of her throat and he had known, even before she told them what had happened—known that Dorcas hadn't fallen, that Lida had pushed her. Yes, he told himself, wearily, *of course he had known. . . .*

"Yes," she said, "I hate her. And nothing you can say or do will stop me from talking—nothing, Alec."

"No," he said, "I can see that."

He walked out of the room then, and out of the house and afterward she could never remember exactly when he had gone. One minute he had been standing there in front of the fireplace and then, when she'd looked again, she was alone.

The highball glass in her hand was empty. She stared at it, first reproachfully and then impatiently. No matter how often she got up and walked across the room and filled it, a moment later it was always empty. It wasn't fair. Someone, she told herself, must be playing a stupid trick on her.

She stood up and started toward the portable bar, swaying lightly from side to side, a little as if she were on roller skates. Halfway across the room she fell down and for a moment she lay there, her face buried against the thick, velvety pile of the Oriental rug. For a moment it seemed too much trouble to get up. Why should she get up? She was tired and it might be nice just to lie here and sleep for a little while. But nice girls didn't sleep on the floor. Well, for that matter, nice girls didn't push other girls off cliffs. But that was ridiculous. She hadn't pushed her. Of course she hadn't. . . .

She got slowly to her feet and pulled down her skirt, smoothing it carefully, meticulously over her slim hips. She walked much better now. Much more steadily. Perhaps it would be better if she didn't drink any more. Perhaps the thing to do was go straight upstairs to bed . . . Alec must have been pretty disgusted with her to have walked out like that. Well, he'd been disgusted with her before. He'd walked out before. But he always came back. He'd come back this time. Not, she told herself, that it mattered whether he did or not. When your life had narrowed down to where it included only two other people besides yourself, what a fourth person did or didn't do was of very little importance to you. Ridge, Dorcas, herself—drunk or sober, that was her world. . . .

IT HAD been spring down below in the valley, but up here on Little Pico it was still winter. They had arrived only that morning, but already the crystal-clear air, the exercise, the sheer exhilaration of pure motion which you achieved only on skis had worked its magic. Ridge felt like a different person and, looking at Dorcas, slim and straight in her ski suit, the sun shining down on her bare head, he decided she had never looked more carefree, more relaxed, more completely desirable than she did at this moment.

What a fool he had been to think this thing might not work out. It couldn't have worked out better. Dave, the baby, none of these things mattered any more. No matter how hard he tried to reach back into his memory, reconstruct the ghosts of that old resentment he had once felt for her, he couldn't do it. He had hated her, then he had stopped hating her, and now he loved her. It was as simple, as uncomplicated as that.

Yet less than a month ago, he had hesitated, had searched desperately for a way to keep their relationship uninvolved. It had been her courage, not his, which had carried them safely over that first hurdle—and she had been brave because she had not known how high that hurdle had been, how almost insurmountable. "But I love you," she had said. For her it had been as simple as that.

And she did love him. As she had never loved Dave. As she had never loved Denny St. George.

With Ridge she was complete. But if he made her happy, if he gave her a sense of well-being, of spiritual and physical fulfillment it was nothing to what she gave him.

FUNNY how he couldn't put into words how he felt about her. What was there about this one particular girl which set her apart from all the others, made her a special girl, *his* girl, the only girl he could possibly conceive of living with, in that most intimate of relationships, marriage, day in and day out, the rest of his life? Was it that two personalities had met and fused and become one? But this wasn't true. He wanted her to be always herself—inviolate, separate, perfect—standing as she was standing right now, with the sun on her hair.

"Darling," she said, half laughing, half frowning, "what's wrong? Is my lipstick on crooked or something? You're looking at me in the most peculiar fashion."

"No," he said, "there's nothing wrong with your lipstick. There's nothing wrong with you. Nothing whatsoever."

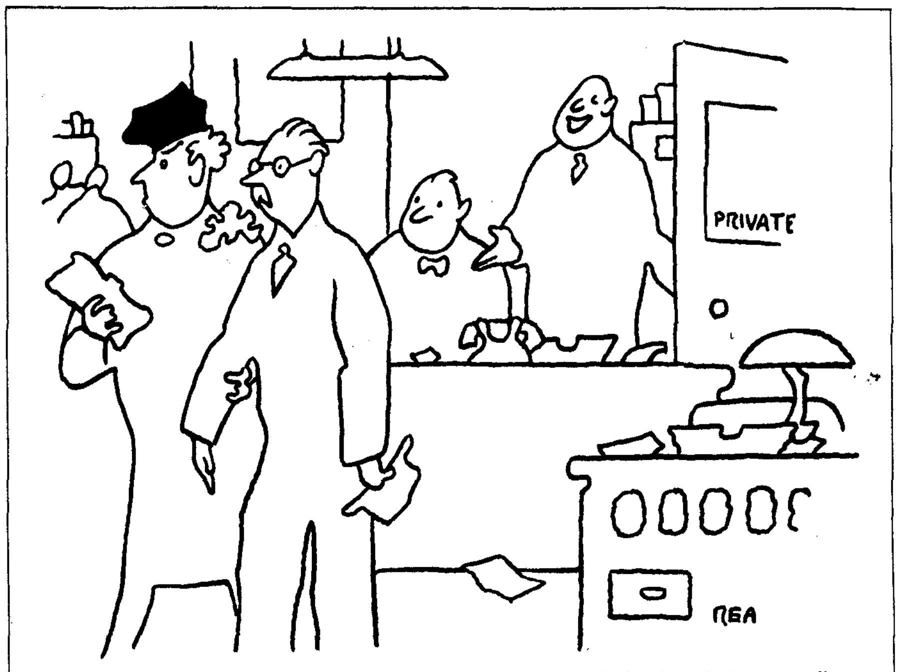
He got abruptly to his feet, adjusted his sun goggles, and said, "Let's take off, shall we? I could do with a hot shower and some food. We've been pretty strenuous for the first day."

"You mean," she corrected him quickly, "*you've* been pretty strenuous. I've taken it easy."

She had. Ridge was an excellent skier, but she was only fair. She'd played around on the lower practice slopes earlier in the afternoon, only accompanying him up here on the lift this last time. In other words, this was her first trip down anything approaching a real run and although she would have died rather than admit it, she was terrified.

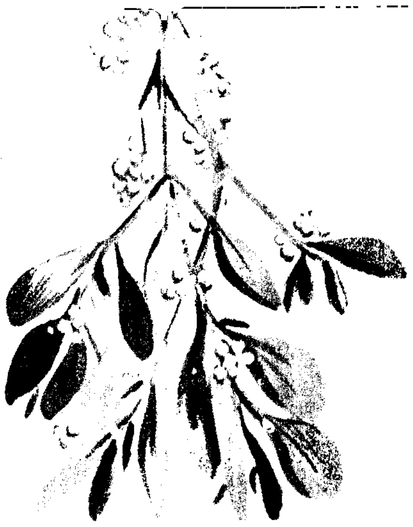
She pulled on her helmet, made sure her ski straps were secure and, with a swift, mock-brave smile at Ridge, took off . . .

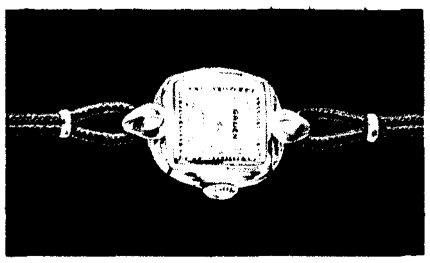
She made the first turn and some of her courage returned to her. This wasn't too bad, in fact it wasn't bad at all, the thing to do was relax and not get panicky. She took another turn and now she was practically flying through the air. And then, suddenly, she *was* flying through the air,



"Poor Esperson came up the hard way. Married the boss' daughter"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA





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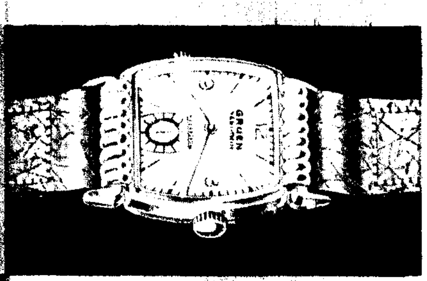

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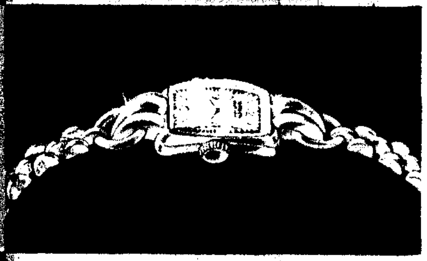

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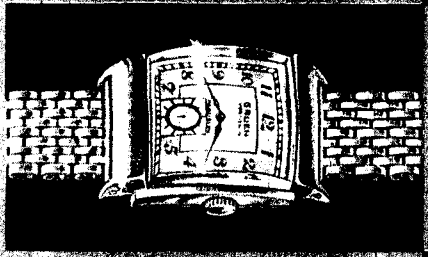

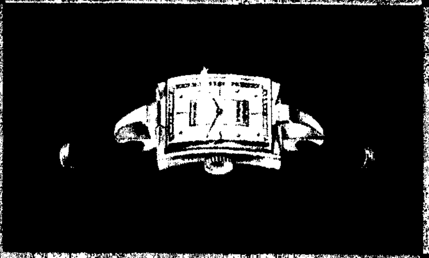

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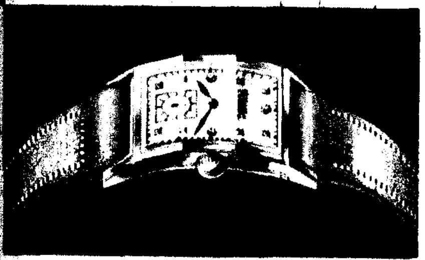

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not practically but actually—for a moment, long as eternity in its intensity, she had a crazy picture of herself, wrong end up, the polished wood of her skis creating a fantastic geometric pattern against the polished blue of the sky. Her heart seemed to grow and grow until it filled her whole body, and the noise it made, beating against her ribs, sounded like the exaggerated ticking of a cheap alarm clock. Then she plunged headfirst into a snowbank and her mind went completely blank.

After a few minutes, seconds, she never knew exactly how long, it began to fill again. Her first thought was: I must be dead, no one could fall far and still be alive. But then she opened her eyes and saw the snow and the sky and knew she couldn't be dead, that she must be alive, so then her second thought was: I'm four months pregnant. Does this mean I'll lose the baby? Her third and last thought was: *Where* is everyone? Why doesn't someone come? Alec is a doctor. He'll know what to do—why doesn't he come?

She struggled to sit up and suddenly someone was bending over her. It was Ridge. He was laughing, his teeth a flash of white in his thin, hard-bitten, sharply angled face. He was laughing and his eyes didn't look worried as they should have; after all, people didn't fall off sixty-foot cliffs every day in the week. Neither did they look angry and resentful as they often did when he looked at her and, instead of seeing her, saw Dave. They looked, incredible as it seemed, they looked as if they liked her and as if they were finding what had just happened to her extremely funny.

As a matter of fact, although it was not to seem so for long, at the moment that was exactly what he was finding it.

"Well," he said, "that was quite a spill you took, my sweet. Here," he said, "give me your hands and I'll help you up!"

THE room was low, with a sloping white ceiling and dormer windows. The walls were covered with a gay plaid wallpaper, and there were the usual maple reproductions—a spool bed with a hand-woven wool coverlet, a chest of drawers, a night table, two chairs.

Dorcas was sitting on the bed, and Ridge was sitting in one of the chairs. He had always known that sometime this would happen—that someday she would regain her memory. He had realized that she might not be able to accept the more intimate aspects of their new relationship, that it might take her some time to make the necessary emotional adjustments. In other words he had been prepared to move carefully, to let her take her time, not to force things. But he had not been prepared for this other thing, this completely monstrous, unbelievable other thing. . . .

"Look," he said now, "are you sure she pushed you—are you sure you didn't just faint—?"

His voice pleaded with her *not* to be sure—but it was no use.

"I fainted all right," she said, "but I fell first and I fell because she pushed me."

She said then, "It was my being pregnant that she couldn't take, Ridge. Once she knew about that she was desperate. She was in love with you and she saw this thing, you and me, our marriage, going on and on, and because the child was Dave's, she knew you'd never—"

"But she didn't know the child was Dave's, she had no idea it wasn't mine—"

Dorcas stared at him bewilderedly.

"You mean you didn't tell her about Dave and me?"

"No! I merely told her that you were going to have a baby. She was—well, it was a difficult situation. I thought that if I told her you were going to have a baby it would fix things once and for all."

"It fixed things all right."

"Yes," said Ridge grimly, "it certainly did."

He got up and began walking nervously up and down the small room. Finally he came and sat down beside Dorcas on the bed. He wanted to reach out and put his arms around her, hold her close and kiss her face. But he was afraid even to touch her hand. There was a pack of cigarettes on the night table and he picked it up, shook one loose, lighted it, and inhaled quickly.

"Just how much," he asked, keeping his voice deliberately impersonal and unemotional, "do you remember about the last three months?"

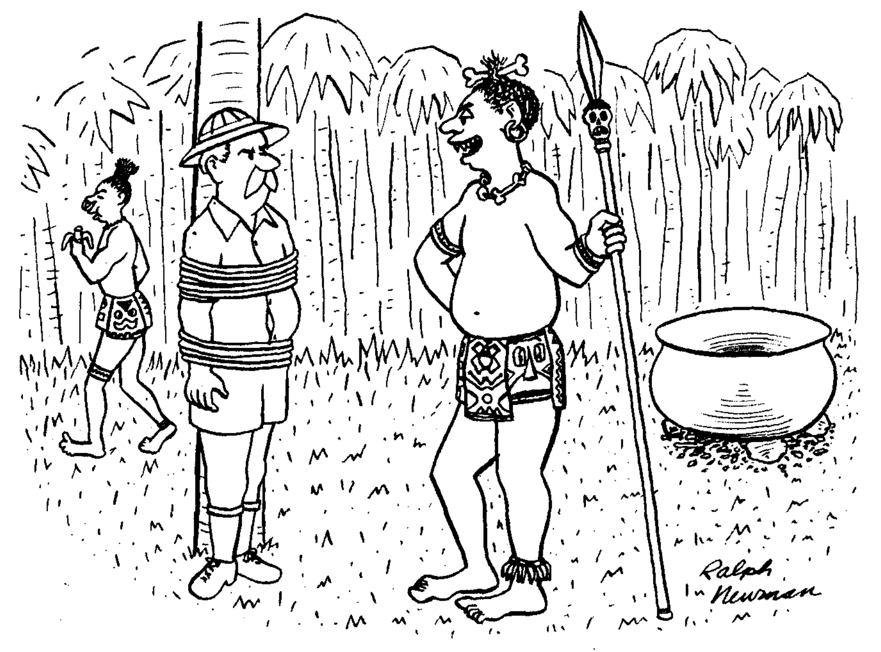
She looked at him and then looked away swiftly, her heart racing furiously. "Exactly nothing," she said. "You say it's April, so it must be April, but to me it's still January."

She got up and now she was the one who was pacing nervously up and down the room. "The whole thing is pretty ridiculous, isn't it, Ridge? All that fuss about the baby. That day in Boston. You and me shouting at each other—that absurd marriage service—by the way," she said, "do you think the powers who decide these things will consider the fact that I am no longer going to have a baby good and sufficient reason for giving us a divorce?"

"Are you sure you want a divorce?"

She was still walking nervously up and down the room.

"Well," she said, "there's not much point in going on together, is there? I



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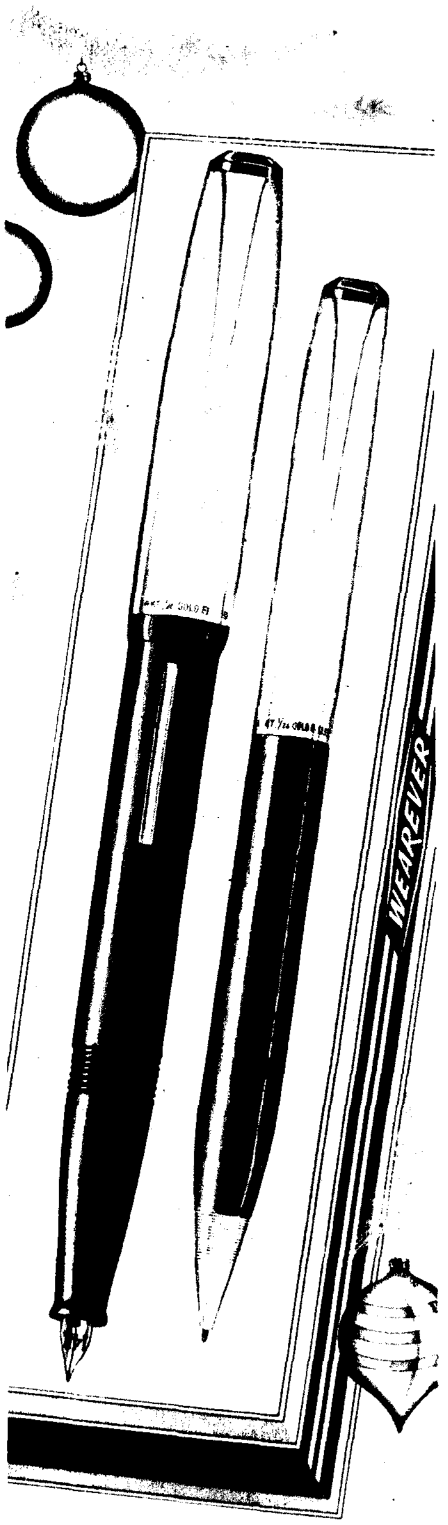

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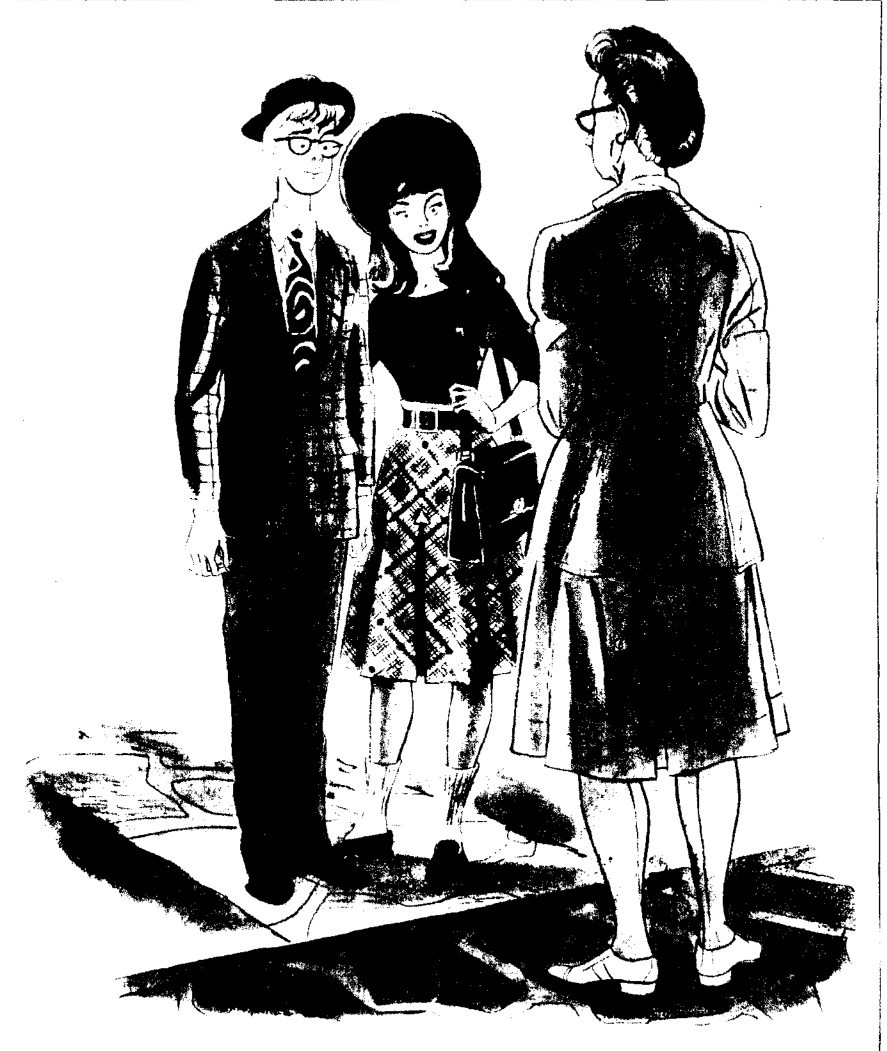

"We won't stay out late, Mother. Ralph's allowance has been cut again"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

mean—" She made a futile little gesture with her hands.

"Look," said Ridge, "this is all pretty difficult, pretty complicated. Can't you remember anything? Can't you. . . ." Good God, he thought, fear rising in him, closing coldly about his heart, she's *got* to remember, she can't just dismiss the last three months as if they had never happened. "But to me it's still January," she had said. And in January they had not even been friends. . . .

"You must remember *something*," he said desperately. "You must—"

"No," she said, "I don't. I don't remember anything, Ridge. Perhaps after a while it will come back to me, but right now it's just a—well, it's just a blank."

He leaned forward, his heart pounding violently. To hell with being careful, with being cautious—

"Then will you take my word for it that the last three months have been—Look," he said, "we started from scratch. You didn't remember anything about Dave, so it was as if Dave had never existed. We've had—damn it, Dorcas, these three months have been pretty tremendous."

NOW he'd said it. Now there was no going back.

He waited, his heart knocking against his ribs, for her to speak.

She was staring at him, her eyes wide and dark, her own heart pounding painfully. There was no mistaking what he meant, what he was trying to tell her—but feeling the way he did about her, how could a thing like this have happened? Well, he'd just told her how it had happened. "We started from scratch . . ." Not remembering, she'd expected Ridge to behave like any normal, happily married young man, and he had.

Furthermore, his eyes, his voice, everything about him was implying that, if it was all right with her, there was no reason why they couldn't continue this way. Certain things had happened between them, things that he remembered but that she didn't. Obviously so far as he was concerned these things had been pleasant, satisfactory; this being the case, he was trying to tell her that he was perfectly willing to continue the relationship—that is, if it was agreeable to her.

Her hands began to tremble and she clenched them together hard and tried desperately to say something, something casual and offhand that would not give her away, that would not betray her—something that would make him think she was taking this thing right in her stride, that none of it was proving any more shattering, any more demoralizing to her than it was, apparently, to him . . .

But try as she would, no words came.

"Dorcas," he said, "don't look like that."

Now was the time to tell her the truth. Now was the time to say to her, "Everything is all right. Everything is fine. I'm in love with you and you're in love with me and there's nothing to worry about, nothing to be upset about."

But he didn't say it, and the fact remained that she *was* upset, horribly upset. To go on now might throw her completely. Better to leave it alone. Change the subject. Talk about something else.

"Look," he said, "never mind what you can or can't remember for the moment, Dorcas. Never mind how you feel about me or how I feel about you. Or what we are going to do about this marriage. That can wait. Let's get back to Lida. Let's decide what we're going to do about her."

Lida. Dorcas repeated the name wearily, silently. But there was nothing they could do about Lida. Surely he must see that? She said, "But we're not going to do anything about her, Ridge. There's nothing we can do."

He stared at her, his face a curious mixture of impatience and incredulity.

"But good God, Dorcas, we can't let her get away with a thing like this. It's a miracle that you're even alive! She tried to—damn it, darling, she tried to murder you . . ."

Murder was an ugly word. Funny then, that it was that word "darling" that leaped out at her, which caught her by the throat. He had said it quite naturally, as if he were used to saying it. Well, he probably was used to saying it. Calling someone darling became a habit—a pleasant habit like making casual and lighthearted love to them. Oh, Lord, why did she have to care so much? Why was that dull, obscure ache in her growing and growing, why was she feeling so torn apart? Why couldn't she accept the whole thing casually the way he was accepting it? Oh, *stop it!* she told herself hysterically, stop it before you lose control of yourself.

She deliberately wrenched her mind back to Lida.

"I know she did," she said evenly. "But what can we do about it? She's bound to deny it, and in that case it would be my word against hers. We couldn't *prove* anything."

Ridge stared at her. She was right, of course. They couldn't prove anything.

He said, "But it burns me up to think she's going to get away with a thing like this and not be punished for it."

"Perhaps she is being punished," said Dorcas. "After all, she has to live with herself; it can't be pleasant."

"It's so unpleasant," he said grimly, "that she's rapidly drinking herself to death. Alec is worried sick about it."

He got abruptly to his feet.

"We've talked long enough," he said, "you look absolutely exhausted. Climb into bed and I'll have them send up some food. Then the thing to do is try to get a good night's sleep." He walked over to the chest of drawers and began gathering up his toilet articles. "I'll ask them to give me another room and we'll have breakfast together in the morning." . . .

Walking into the lounge the next morning he was surprised to find Dorcas waiting for him.

She was sitting in front of the fire, dressed in a gray skirt and a pale wool pull-over sweater, and when she saw him, she got quickly to her feet and walked toward him. They met halfway across the room and Ridge thought: It's like that day in Boston, the day she stepped out of the elevator and came toward me—only that day I wasn't in love with her and now I am. He took her arm, and they went on into the dining room.

RIDGE waited until the waitress had taken their order and gone away and then he said, "How did you sleep?"

"Not too well—but then I didn't expect to."

As a matter of fact, she had lain awake for hours and just before dawn she had finally reached a decision about her marriage. She had decided to let things drift, at least for a while. To stay on with Ridge, feeling the way she did about him would be agony—but to leave him, to go away by herself, would be even greater agony. Lying there in the dark, she had tried to imagine herself returning to Boston or New York, attempting to make a new life for herself, a life in which he had no part, and she had known suddenly that she simply couldn't do it, that she had neither the strength of character nor the moral courage necessary to cut herself off from him completely as long as he was willing for her to stay.

She smiled at him now and said, "How about you?"

"After I left you last night I called Alec. I wanted to find out how long it would be before you started remembering things."

Dorcas moved her glass of water a fraction of an inch to the right. "Well, what did he say? Did he know? Did he have any idea?"

"No idea at all. He said things might start coming back to you gradually—or then again they might not. But that

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wasn't what kept me awake most of the night."

The waitress came back with their orange juice, and Ridge picked his up and drank it quickly. Putting the glass back down, he said, "Lida has finally managed to find out about us, Dorcas, about why we got married the way we did. She's not only found out, she intends to talk—spread it all over town."

"Oh, *no,* Ridge!" All the color had drained out of Dorcas' face and she was staring at him, her eyes wide and dark and horribly shocked. "But how did she find out? Who told her?"

"The man you used to work for in New York—Ben Graves."

"Ben Graves!"

"Yes. It happened the night before we came down here. We were sitting in the bar at the Inn—Alec and Lida and you and I. Graves came in. He recognized you immediately and came up and spoke to you. You didn't know him, of course, and I got rid of him. But Lida was suspicious and later she went back and talked to him."

"Just what did he tell her?"

"Enough," said Ridge, "so that it didn't take much imagination on her part to fill in the details. The only thing she isn't absolutely positive about, I imagine, is why you called me from Boston that day instead of from New York."

"How did he happen to be in Readsville? Ben, I mean?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. I imagine he was driving through and stopped at the Inn for dinner."

ONE night, thought Dorcas bitterly, and I had to be there. He could just as well have stopped the night before or the night after. And I had to be there with Lida. Poor Alec. Alec likes me. He likes Ridge. He'd do anything to save us from this but there is nothing he can do. There is nothing anyone can do.

"What a field day she'll have batting this around," said Ridge. "It's made to order for her! She'll tell one or two people first, swearing them to secrecy—then she'll tell one or two more."

"But surely," said Dorcas, "there must be some way we can stop her? Can't you, can't Alec, appeal to her sense of honor, her sense of decency?"

"What makes you think that she has either? After all, where you're concerned, Dorcas, she's shown very little evidence of either. No," he said, "she's been determined to liquidate you from the beginning. I can see that now. All that talk of hers about being a good loser—it was just talk. All the time she's meant to get you out of the picture. If not by fair means, well then, by foul. She tried to kill you but that didn't work. She thinks this will."

"You mean—"

"I mean that knowing Lida the way I do, knowing the way her mind works, that I think she will come to you and make you a proposition. If you leave, she won't talk, she'll keep her mouth shut."

"I see," said Dorcas.

So this was the answer. Last night, lying awake, utterly unable to sleep, or even relax, she had thought she had a choice. She could go or she could stay. But it seemed she didn't have a choice. Suddenly the whole thing had been taken out of her hands, decided for her. If Ridge loved her it might, it *would* be different. But she had caused him enough trouble as it was; she couldn't drag him through any more.

"Well," she said, forcing a bright, ghastly little smile to her lips, "it's very *simple then, isn't it? I mean, we haven't* anything, really, to worry about. All I have to do is leave—go back to Boston or New York."

Ridge was staring at her oddly, a little pulse beating hard in his jaw.

"That's a very neat solution," he agreed bitterly, "except for one thing, one minor detail. You see," he said, his mouth setting grimly, "I happen to be very much in love with you. Furthermore, and although this will be even harder for you to believe—for two, nearly three months, you have been very much in love with me."

"I know," she said.

At first he thought he couldn't have heard right—that he'd just imagined that she'd said those two short words—but he wasn't imagining the way her face looked, the way it had suddenly come alive. Neither was he imagining those shining gray eyes, those softly parted lips, that little pulse pounding hard at the base of her slim throat. This girl, sitting there opposite him, was absolutely glowing with happiness. . . .

"You *know?"* he said softly, unsteadily, "you mean you can *remember?"*

She shook her head, smiled at him tremulously. "If you mean do I remember the last three months, no, I don't remember them. But I loved you long before that."

"You mean—" Ridge was staring at her incredulously.

"That day in New York, that day in Boston—oh, I don't know when it began, it doesn't matter; it just seems as if there never was a time when I didn't love you. . . ." She said then, "But why did you wait so long to tell me all this? *Why didn't you tell me last night?"*

"I wanted to tell you last night," he said, "I started to tell you but then I—well, then I lost my nerve. I was afraid. Damn it, darling, I thought that if I waited, didn't rush you—"

"So you tell me at eight o'clock in the morning in a public dining room."

"This place is pretty public, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Shall we leave?"

"Won't the waitress think it funny—if we just get up and walk out, I mean?"

"Do you care a little damn what the waitress thinks?"

"No."

"Well then. . . ."

They got up and walked out of the dining room. . . .

"Cigarette?"

"Thank you."

"This room is a little chilly. Perhaps I'd better light the fire."

"No, don't bother. I'm only going to stay a few minutes." Just long enough to put this marriage of yours on the skids, Dorcas, send it slipping and sliding down the chute. . . .

It was eleven o'clock on Monday morning. Dorcas was sitting on the flowered linen sofa and Lida was sitting in the blue wing chair at the right of the fireplace. Thanks to Ella Wells the room was in perfect order. On the coffee table a pot of African violets picked up and repeated the clear, springlike color of Dorcas' thin cashmere sweater.

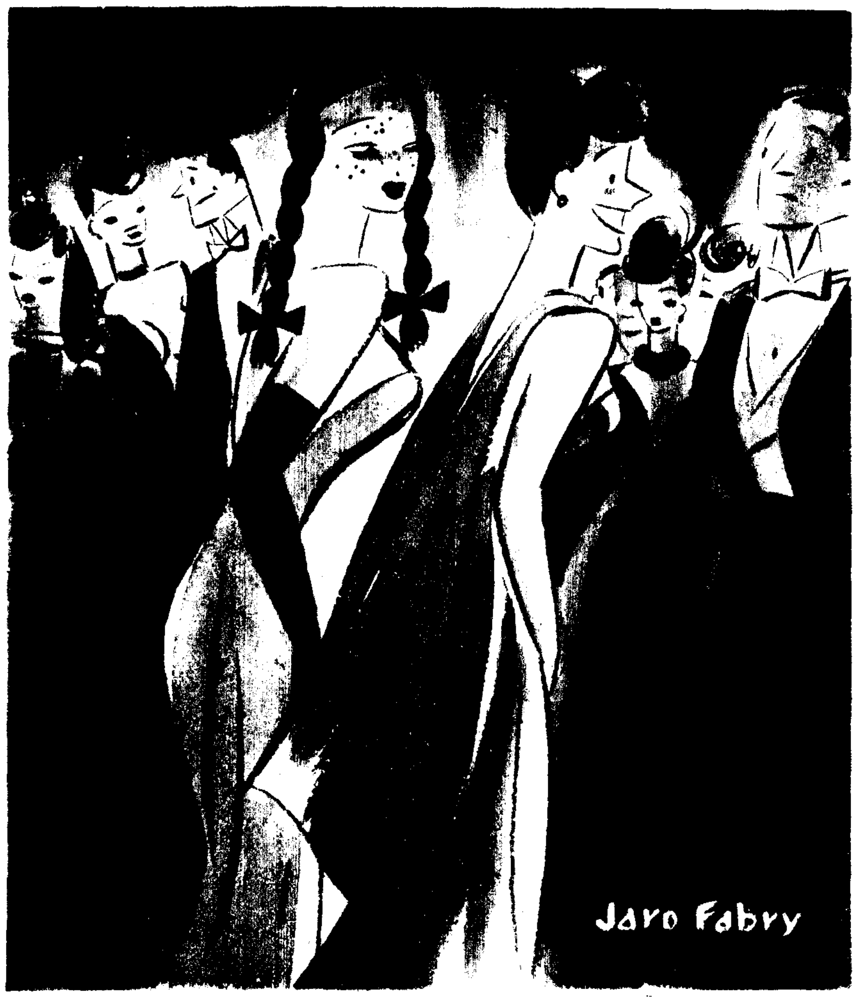
Funny how sure Ridge had been that Lida would strike and strike quickly. But even he would be surprised that she had lost so little time getting out here. Last night he had said, "Remember, darling, when she does come, all you have to do is sit tight and let her talk herself out."

Striking a match, Lida thought: Alec would be proud of me. For the first time in months my hands aren't shaking.

He hated that most of all. "You have beautiful hands, Lida," he had said once, "but when they shake so badly you can hardly light a cigarette with them, one gets the impression not of beauty but of decadence."

Decadence. A disturbing word. A definitely unpleasant word. Well, to hell with Alec and his twenty-five-cent words. And his always trying to save her from herself. "You're always trying to save someone from their baser instincts," she'd told him once, "you ought to join the Salvation Army and wear a uniform; you'd look very touching wearing a uniform and standing on a street corner trying to save people from themselves . . ."

She'd said that and a lot of other things to Alec and he'd always come right back for more. Funny he hadn't called her once over the week end or tried to see her. Funny that at last he'd simply walked out on her and not come back—funny and a little disconcerting. He meant



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nothing to her; he annoyed, and at times, infuriated her. Still, it would seem odd not to have him around . . .

She stopped thinking about Alec and brought her mind back to Dorcas.

"Well," she said, "how was the week end? Did you have a good time? Did you do a lot of skiing?"

Dorcas said, truthfully, that she had had a wonderful time. She said she had done quite a little skiing. She said, "As a matter of fact, I got a little too ambitious the first afternoon and landed headfirst in a snowbank; but fortunately, all I did was get my eyes and ears full of snow . . ." Well, I got my memory back, of course, but we'll let that ride for the moment.

You may have enjoyed your week end, thought Lida bitterly, but I sure as hell didn't enjoy mine.

She hadn't. Tapering off on her drinking had been sheer agony. But she hadn't wanted to come out here today tight or with a hang-over. She'd wanted to be clear-eyed and clearheaded and, thanks to the fact that she had had very little to drink during the past forty-eight hours, she was both.

She rubbed out her cigarette in a silver ash tray, lighted another, filled her lungs with smoke and exhaled slowly. Then she said, "Dorcas, doesn't it ever bother you that you can't remember anything about your past?"

"Of course," said Dorcas. "At times it has bothered me terribly." Well, that was true. At times it had bothered her terribly—but it never would again.

"Hasn't it also bothered you that there is a possibility that what you do know about it, that is, what you have been told about it, isn't true?"

"What, exactly," asked Dorcas, her heart beating rapidly, "do you mean?"

"Well, that business about you and Ridge meeting in London for instance."

"You mean we didn't meet in London?"

"No," said Lida, "you didn't meet in London." She took a deep breath, and now her eyes, fastened relentlessly on Dorcas' face, were shining exultantly. "You met him in Boston or possibly in New York. I'm not quite sure. At any rate, last fall, last October, you were living in New York, working for a man named Ben Graves. You had been having an affair with Ridge's younger brother, Dave Holbrook. But Dave had managed to get himself killed, and suddenly you found yourself in a jam. To put it simply, Dave was dead and you were going to have a baby. You called Ridge from Boston. Just why you called him from Boston and not from New York, I'm sure I don't know—"

"I'll tell you why I called him from Boston," Dorcas said, speaking very clearly, very distinctly. "I called him from Boston because I have an aunt who lives in Boston. I had gone to her, thinking she would help me."

Lida stared at her with narrowed eyes. "*So that's it,*" she said slowly, the color draining out of her face, leaving it a queer ashen hue, "you landed headfirst in that snowbank and suddenly you remembered everything."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "everything." She placed a subtle emphasis on that last word.

FOR a moment they continued to sit there, staring at each other, their faces oddly still, oddly impassive. Then Lida forced herself to lean back in her chair, to relax.

"The day of the accident," she said, speaking very fast in a nervous, high-pitched, unnatural voice, "I told you not to go so near the edge, I *warned* you—"

"You warned me," said Dorcas, "and then you pushed me."

"What in God's name are you talking about? You must be mad! You know very well I didn't push you—you kept walking closer and closer to the edge. For a moment I even had the crazy idea you might be going to jump. I called out to you, I—"

"I expected you to deny it, of course," said Dorcas. "I told Ridge you would deny it. I told him we had to expect that."

Ridge. So she had told Ridge. Who else had she told? How many other people? *How many other people did she intend to tell?* Well, ask her—find out the worst.

Lida asked her. She said, "Who else have you told this fantastic story to besides Ridge?"

"No one else," said Dorcas. "I don't intend to tell anyone else."

Lida felt her whole body go limp with relief. If she hadn't been sitting down, her knees would certainly have been much too weak to have held her upright.

She took a deep breath. Color flowed back into her cheeks, her lips. "Well, you're smart, of course. It would just be your word against mine. You couldn't prove anything. Even if I had done it, you could never prove anything."

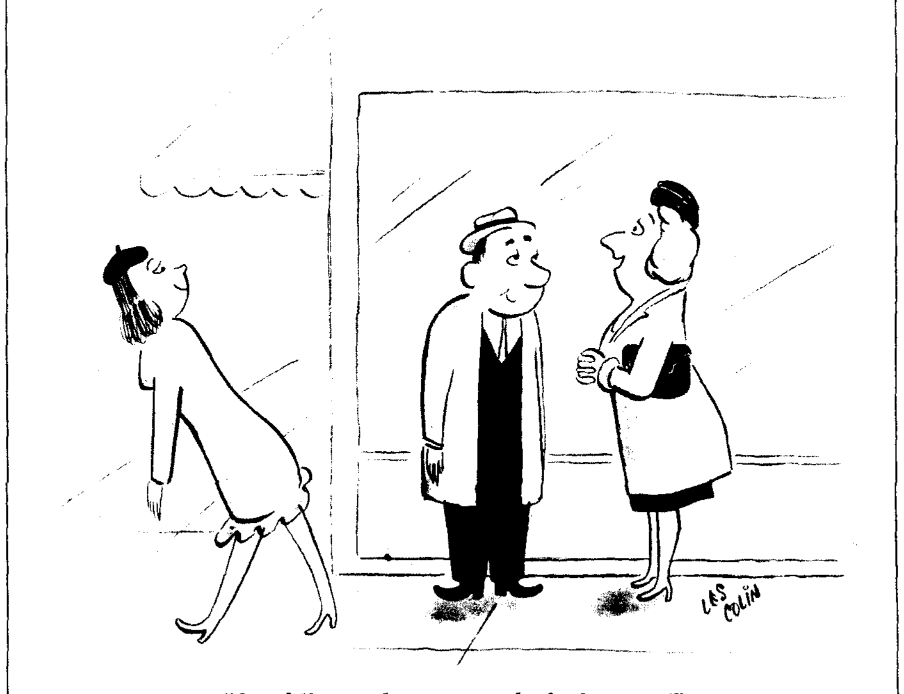
"No."

Lida laughed shortly, a harsh, uncontrolled little laugh.

"For a moment I thought you were going to try to bargain with me."

"Bargain with you?"

"Yes. If I wouldn't talk, spread this story about you and Dave all over town, you wouldn't tell this fantastic lie about



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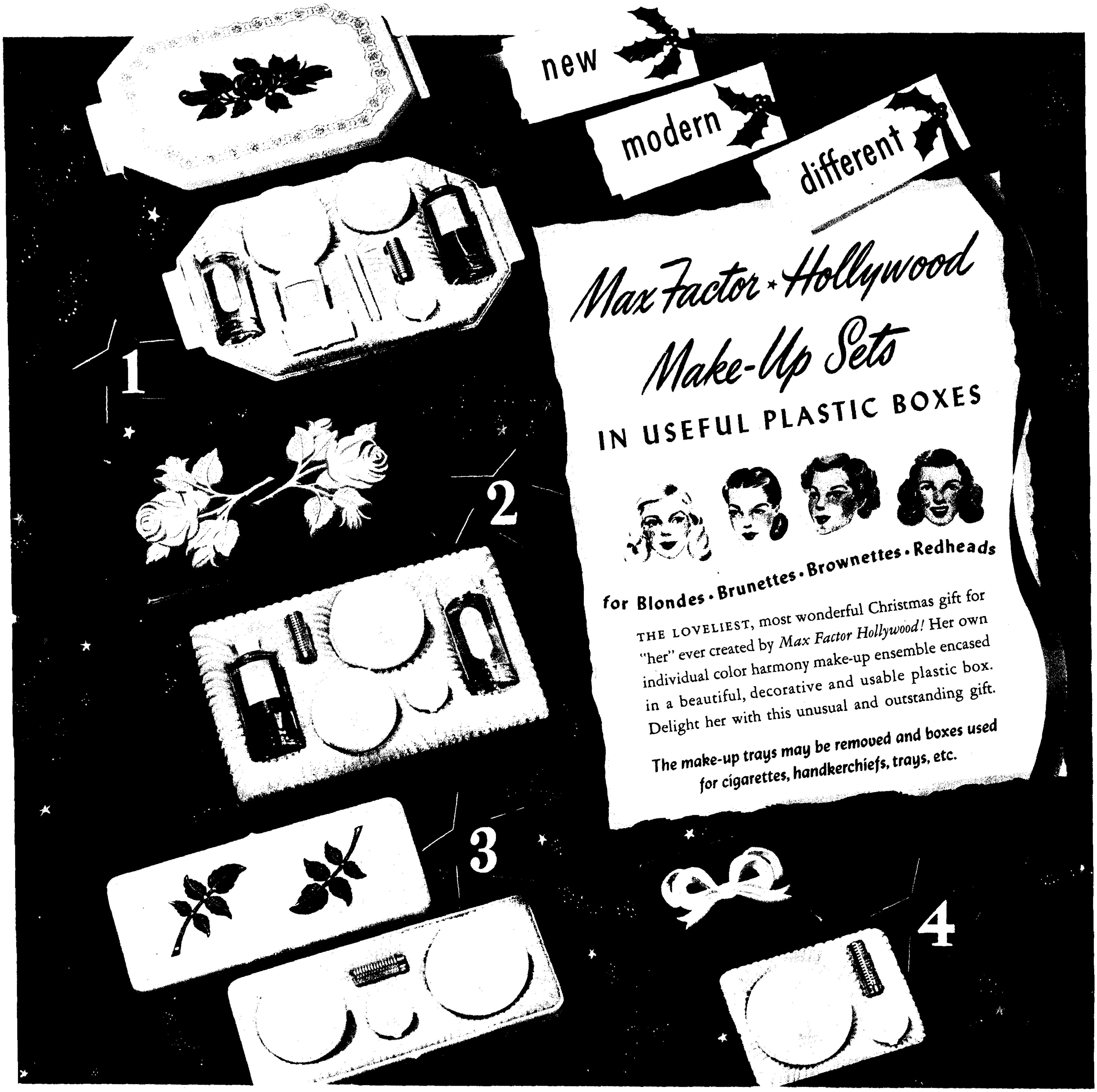

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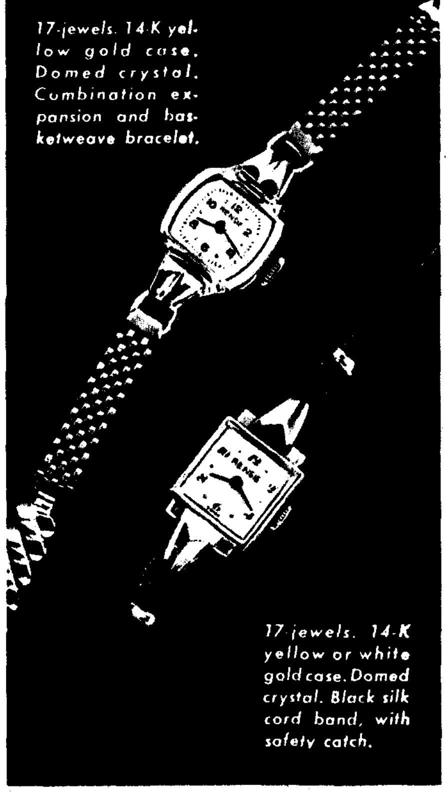

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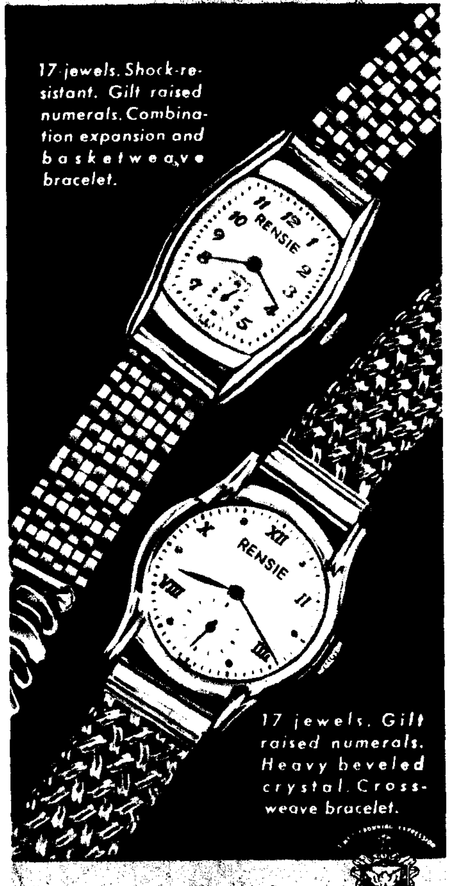

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my pushing you. For a moment I thought that was what you had up your sleeve. But it wouldn't work, you know. I can prove my story and you can't prove yours."

"I realize that. It would never occur to me to bargain with you."

"On the other hand," said Lida, "I *am* in a position to bargain with you."

"I'm afraid I don't understand." Play stupid, make her say it, make her say it in so many words. And then watch her face when she realizes that once more she has tried to liquidate you and failed.

Suddenly Lida leaned forward. "Listen to me," she said. "All my life I have wanted something I couldn't have. All my life I have wanted one man, Ridge Holbrook. Well, I can't have him. But I've made up my mind to one thing. If I can't have him, you can't have him, either."

"You seem to forget," said Dorcas, her voice clear and light and sure, "that I *do* have him—regardless of how he happened to marry me, I *am* married to him." And, she thought, her heart racing furiously, exultantly, regardless of you and anything you may do or say, Lida, I am going to *stay* married to him.

"I know," said Lida, "you're not only married to him, you're in love with him. Nevertheless, you are going to leave him, you are going to give him up. You are going to do this because if you do go, if you promise me to walk out of here and never come back, I'll keep still about you and Dave. I'll keep my mouth shut. If you don't, I'll talk. And if I talk what chance will you two have of being happy? You might ride along for a while but in the end it would spoil everything for you. This isn't New York, remember: this is Vermont. This is a small town. A small town can be cruel. If you don't believe it just wait until they start kicking this thing around. It will be tough for you but it will be even worse for Ridge. Because this is *his* town and Dave was *his* brother. It's going to be hell for him having this scandal dragged out into the open, discussed in every bar and barbershop and at every Rotary Club luncheon and bridge party and church social. You and Ridge will grow to hate each other. You'll try not to but you will." She paused for breath. "Well," she said, "there it is. In a nutshell. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Dorcas.

"Nothing?"

"That's right."

"You mean," said Lida, "that you're going to stay?"

"Yes," said Dorcas, "I'm going to stay."

FOR a moment Lida's face looked just the way Dorcas had wanted it to look, had expected it would look—but only for a moment. Almost at once the dismay, the utter disbelief slid out of it and it became composed and smiling and sure of itself again.

"No," she said, "you're not. You're going to go. You don't think so now. You honestly think you are going to stay. But that's because you're thinking with your heart, your emotions and not with your head. Right at the moment it seems very brave of you, very courageous to take this purely romantic attitude. But that's because you aren't thinking straight. Once you have a chance to think this thing through you'll change your mind. Three days," said Lida. "I'll give you three days to decide."

She got up and walked across the room. When she reached the door she paused and leaned against the painted doorjamb just as she had that first day.

"Three days," she repeated softly. "In three days you'll see this differently, you'll realize it would never work, and you'll go. You don't think so now but you will."

She went then, leaving Dorcas quite alone in that room in which a fire had been carefully laid but not lighted.

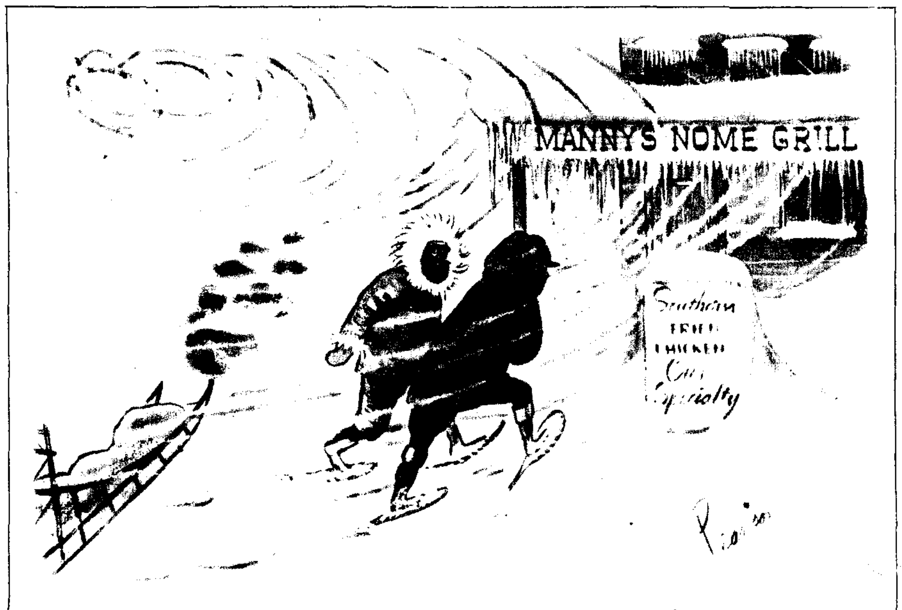
Shivering suddenly, Dorcas walked across the room and touched a match to it. It blazed up reassuringly and she knelt before it in her gray skirt and pale, soft sweater, holding out her hands to its warmth. But no matter how close she held her hands to those leaping, scarlet-tongued flames, she couldn't seem to get them warm. It was as if now that Lida had left her, now that she was alone, the blood in her veins had turned suddenly to liquid ice.

She wished suddenly that Ridge would hurry back from wherever he had gone. Perhaps when he came back everything would be all right; perhaps, once she saw him, once she looked at him, she would be reassured . . . She hoped so, she hoped desperately that she would be. . . .

"DARLING, you're being very quiet; you've hardly spoken a word all evening."

"I'm sorry—I don't mean to be such bad company," said Dorcas.

"Look, you're not letting this Lida business throw you, are you? Because you mustn't."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"I'm not letting it throw me exactly. But I'm afraid I have been thinking about it."

"Well, stop thinking about it and start thinking about something else. Me, for instance—"

They had finished dinner and were having their coffee in the living room. She had changed into a simple silvery green dress with a high, round neckline and long, full sleeves. She had brushed her hair for a long time and turned the ends under and she was wearing the ring he had given her at Christmastime—that fragile, blazing hoop of emeralds and diamonds that had once been his mother's.

He spoke again, his voice changing ever so slightly. "Whatever happens, darling, you musn't let yourself get morbid about this situation."

"I know," she said, "and I don't intend to get morbid about it. On the other hand," she said, "there's no use closing our eyes and sticking our fingers in our ears and pretending we have nothing to be upset, to be concerned about."

She had thought, she had hoped that when she saw him again all her fears and uncertainties would vanish—but it hadn't worked out that way. It hadn't worked out that way at all. Now that she was with him, all she could think of was whatever happened, she mustn't hurt him, humiliate him, destroy him. . . .

"The only thing I'm concerned about," said Ridge, "is how we feel about each other. Now that we've got that ironed out, I refuse to worry about Lida or anything else."

"But that," said Dorcas, "is because you aren't thinking straight, Ridge. That's because you're thinking with your heart, your emotions and not your head."

"Okay," said Ridge, "so I'm thinking with my heart and not my head. Well, I'm going right on thinking with my heart. It's nicer this way, less complicated."

"The thing you don't understand," said Dorcas, and now a definite note of desperation had crept into her voice, "is that the situation *is* complicated, horribly so."

Her hand had begun to shake and she set her own coffee cup down on the table in front of her.

"Okay," agreed Ridge, "so it's complicated. It's also ugly. I'm going to hate having everyone know that I had never seen you but once in my life when you called me that day from Boston and that the only reason I married you was because you were going to have Dave's baby. And before she gets through, everyone in town *will* know. I'm not going to like it—neither are you going to like it. But that doesn't mean we can't survive it."

"We can survive it," said Dorcas, "but don't think it won't do something to us, something frightening and dismal, because it will. You will change and so will I. We won't want to, we won't mean to, but we will."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Ridge quickly, uneasily, "and I don't think you know either."

"Yes," she said, "I do know. I know perfectly. And it isn't what it's going to do to me that's worrying me so much; it's what it's going to do to you."

"And just what," said Ridge, his mouth setting in a hard line, "do you think it's going to do to me?"

"For one thing," said Dorcas, sitting up very straight, very tensely on the sofa, "it's going to make you suspicious. Of everyone. Even your best friends. *Particularly* of your best friends. Each time you go into a room and a conversation breaks off abruptly you're going to be sure they were talking about us, about you and me and Dave. You're going to get so you dread to go into the bank on business or into the barbershop to get your hair cut. You'll try not to feel this way, you'll try to laugh it off, but people *will* be pointing you out, whispering about you, and you won't be able to laugh it off. You'll withdraw more and more into yourself, you'll develop a to-hell-with-everyone attitude—and when people are nice to you, you'll think they're doing it not because they like you but because they're sorry for you. And you'll hate their being sorry for you,

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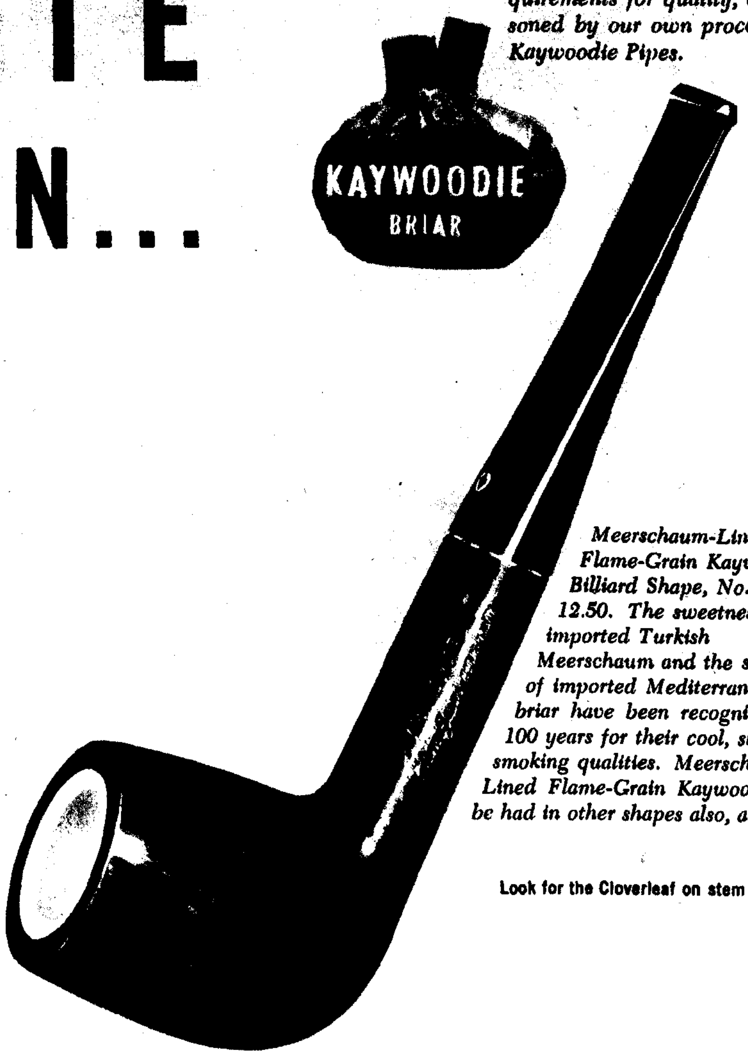

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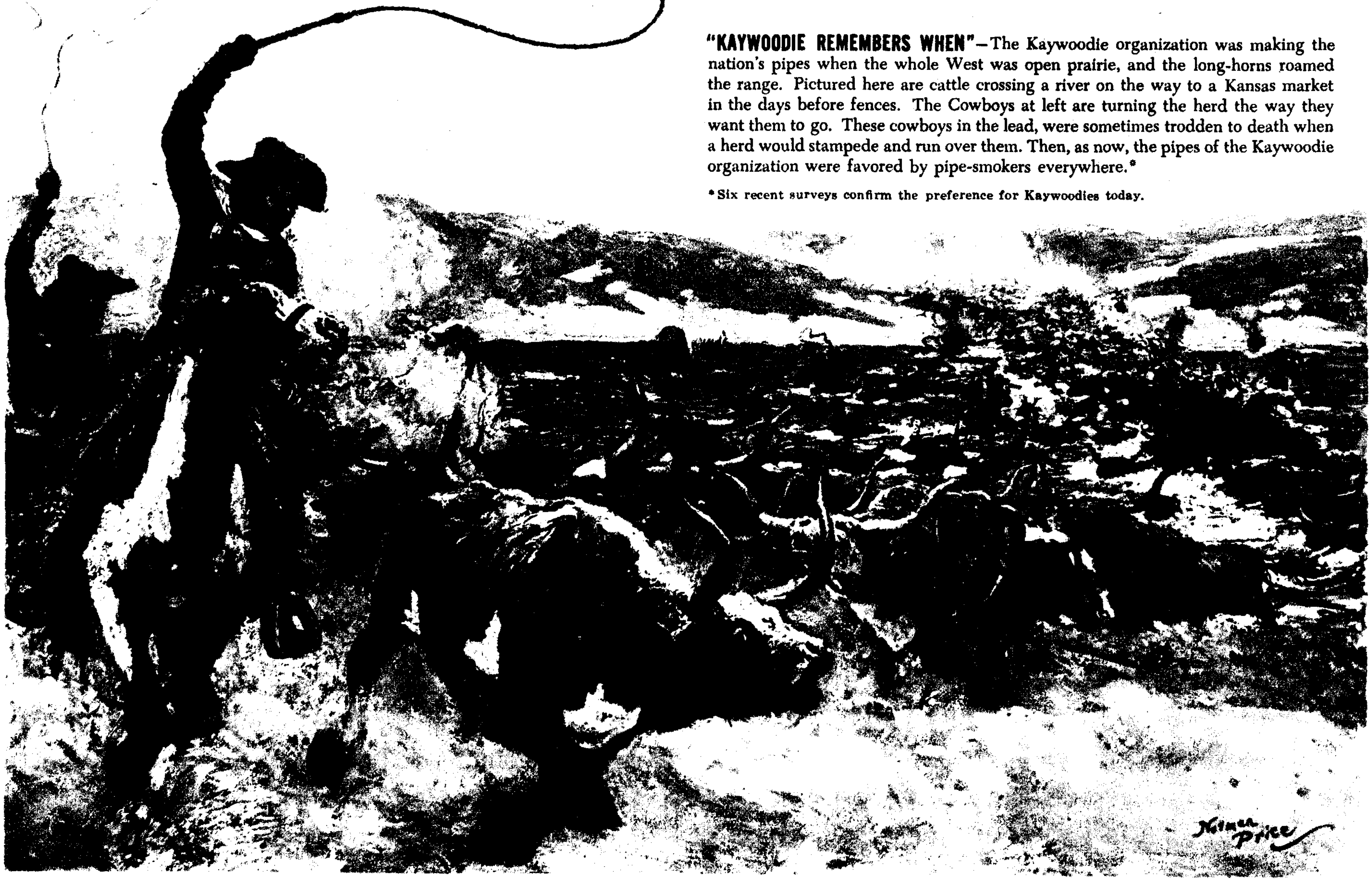

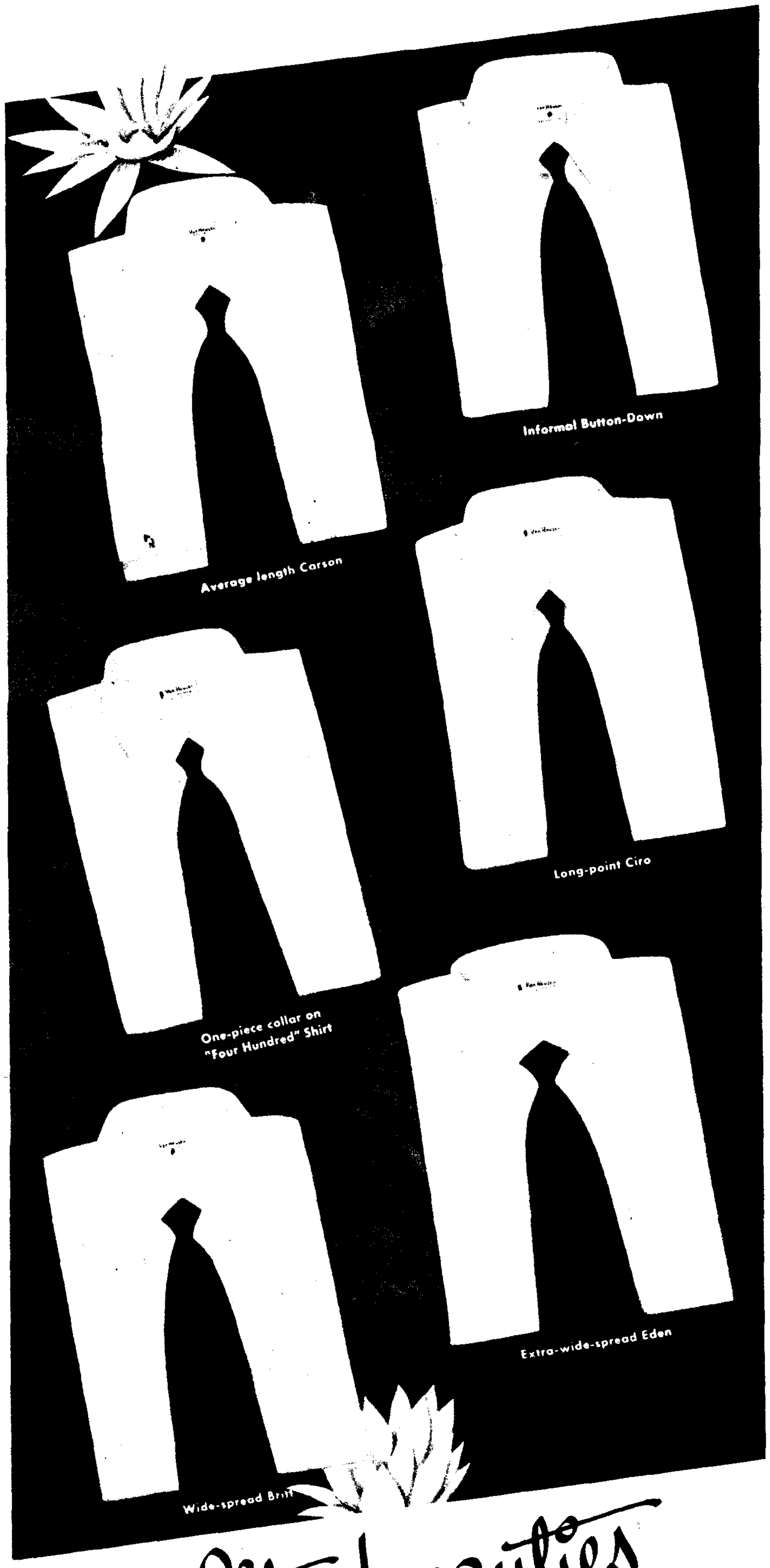

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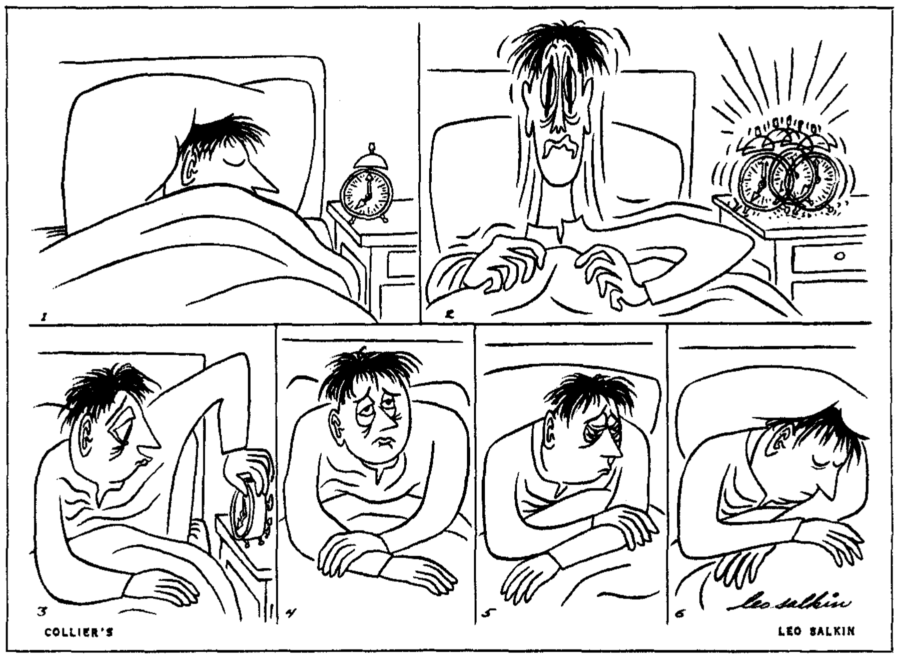


Ridge, you'll hate that most of all . . .

"And that," she said, "isn't the worst of it. There's what it will do to us. To you and me, darling. You won't blame me for any of this, but I'll blame myself. I'll blame myself bitterly and that, in turn, will do something to me, something unpleasant and grim."

"What are you trying to do—talk yourself, talk *me*, into believing this thing can lick us?"

"It's quite possible," said Dorcas slowly, painfully, "that it can lick us. In fact, it's very possible that it can."

"And you're the girl," said Ridge, "that I thought had courage, guts. That day in Boston, telling me you were going to go ahead and have Dave's baby and to hell with me, to hell with everyone—that night we went dancing at the Red Barn and quarreled about Alec, telling me you didn't want this thing to be easy, that you wanted it to be hard. And now suddenly it *is* hard and what happens? Instead of standing your ground and taking your beating you want to start running like a scared rabbit for cover—even when it means leaving me, busting up our marriage."

"The thing you don't understand," said Dorcas, "is that, loving you the way I do, it would take far more courage, far more guts to go, to leave you, than it would to stay."

He stared at her and a cold little wind danced across his heart and something happened to his breathing. He hadn't seen where all this was leading but suddenly he did see—and what he saw filled him with terror. All her life she had been the sort of girl who had done things the hard way, the different way. If she were once to become convinced that it would be better for him if she were to walk out and leave him, she would go, and nothing he could say or do would stop her. She would go, not because she was weak, but because she was strong; not because she lacked courage but because she had too much of it.

He thrust his shaking hands into his pockets, and for the first time that evening, he didn't answer her. He didn't answer her, because suddenly he was afraid that anything he might say would only send her rushing headlong in the wrong direction—and God knows, she had traveled much too far along that lost and desolate road already. Another step or two and she would be absolutely out of sight, completely lost to him forever.

ALEC LITTLEJOHN shared a suite of offices maintained by his chief, Charles Norton, on the second floor of the Medical Building on Center Street.

The nurse on duty in the outside office admitted he was in, but it was late, it was after office hours, and she wasn't sure whether or not he could see anyone more that evening.

Lida smiled at her. "He'll see me," she said, and she walked past the nurse, opened the door of Alec's private office, closed it behind her and leaned against it.

Alec was sitting at his desk. He looked up but he didn't get up. He merely stopped doing whatever it was he was doing and fastened his eyes on her.

LIDA waited for him to speak, to say something. But he didn't speak. He simply sat there and continued to look at her with no particular expression in his eyes. She was there, his eyes accepted the fact, but for the moment he was unwilling to do anything more about it, one way or the other.

"Well," she said, straightening her shoulders defensively, "I have seen Dorcas and told her what you said I wasn't to tell her—what you said I wasn't to tell anyone."

"I know," said Alec.

"You mean you've seen her? Talked to her?"

"No. But I've talked to Ridge."

"Then you know what happened while she was away? You know about her getting her damned memory back?"

"I knew about that two nights ago. Ridge called me from Pico the night it happened."

"You knew," said Lida, "but you didn't tell me. Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me go out there not knowing—"

"I hoped," said Alec, "that you wouldn't go there at all. If you will remember, I begged you not to go."

"And I laughed at you. And today I went and she sat there and let me spill all that stuff about herself and Dave and she never batted an eye—and then she told me. That is, she said something which gave the whole thing away. I don't mind telling you it was pretty much of a shock."

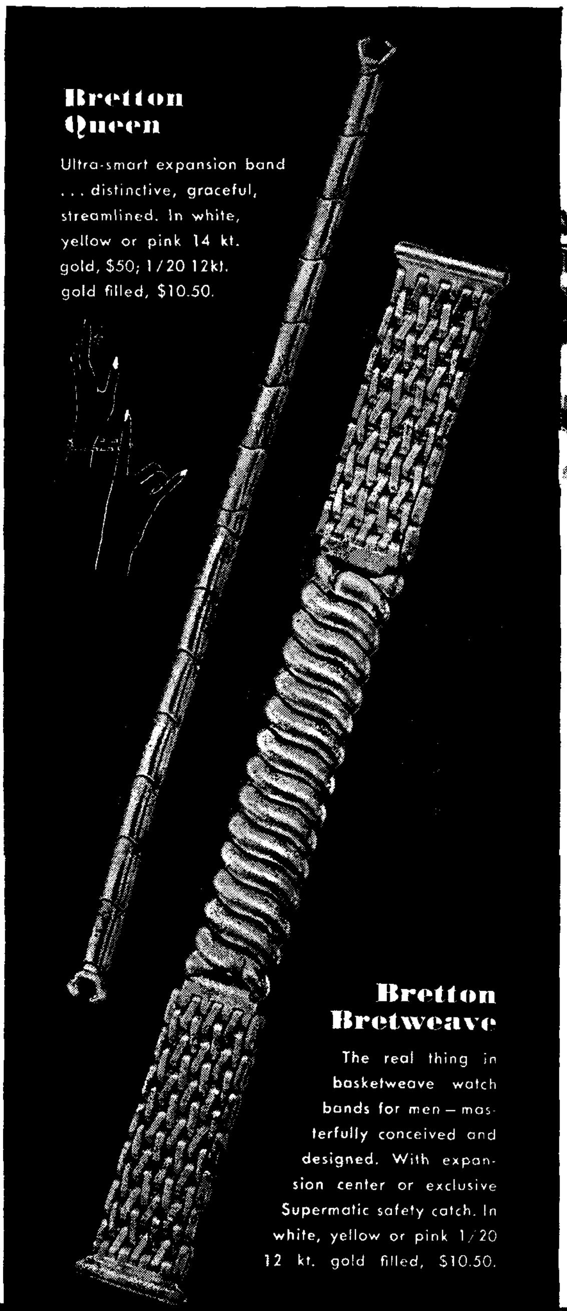
"It must have been."

"But wait until you hear this, Alec." Lida braced herself against the door, the planes of her face taut, her eyes unnaturally large and brilliant in the pale oval of her face. "She's regained her memory only to lose her mind. Would you believe it, Alec, she's got some crazy, insane idea that I pushed her off that cliff. She actually sat there and *accused* me of pushing her—"

"Well," said Alec, in a completely even tone of voice, "you did, of course."

She stared at him. First her mother, then Dorcas, now Alec. She thrust her hands into the pockets of her camel's-hair coat and sunk her fingernails deep into her soft, trembling palms. A little pulse began throbbing painfully in her right temple and her knees were shaking. But they can't prove it, she thought

Among Fine Christmas Gifts None Surpasses Bretton Bands



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Ultra-smart expansion band . . . distinctive, graceful, streamlined. In white, yellow or pink 14 kt. gold, $50; 1/20 12kt. gold filled, $10.50.

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Bretton

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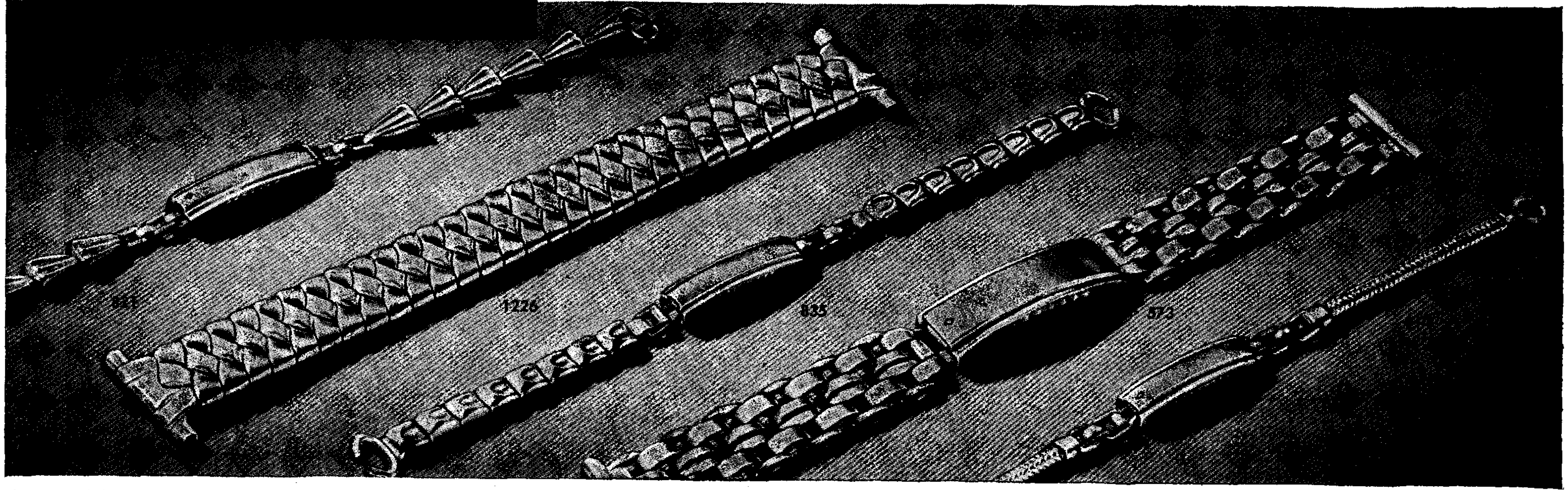

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Kirsten Radiator Pipe

THIS CHRISTMAS, give the preferred gift—a Kirsten Radiator Pipe—a Kirsten Cigarette Holder. Both will give many years of extra-pleasant smoking enjoyment, a cool, clean smoke.

Prices: Pipes $6.00 to $12.50
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wildly, none of them can prove it. . . .

None of them can prove it but they know you did it—you know you did it. For weeks you have tried to deny it, for weeks you have refused to admit it, you have told yourself, "I wanted to do it, but I didn't do it; she fainted and then she fell . . ." But she didn't faint; you pushed her—you put your hand out to pull her back but you didn't pull her back; you hated her, you wanted her to die. Now you can't run away from it any longer, you're caught, trapped, the truth is closing in on you and no matter which way you turn, you can't escape it . . .

ALEC was talking. He was looking at her and he was telling her exactly what she was thinking precisely as if he could look right into her mind and read her every thought.

He was saying, "You didn't mean to do it, you didn't *plan* to do it, you just did it. And afterward you refused to admit you had done it—you refused to admit it, Lida, even to yourself. Even before you knew that Dorcas wasn't going to be able to accuse you of attempted murder, you had closed your mind to the fact that it *was* attempted murder. In other words you had sold yourself a bill of goods and your very sanity depended upon your believing something that wasn't true. Once you faced the truth, once you admitted it to yourself, you were finished, you were done for."

Lida pressed her shoulder blades harder against the smooth, dark paneling of the door. There was a funny rushing noise in her ears, and her breath was coming in quick, shallow little gasps. But she *was* admitting it to herself, she *was* facing it. I pushed her; I, Lida Whipple, tried to kill someone—but I'm not done for. I've faced other things, I can face this.

"It must be wonderful," she said, speaking above that noise in her ears, the painful racing of her heart, "sitting there behind that desk getting me confused with someone else."

"No," said Alec, "I'm not. Mentally, Lida, you're a desperately sick girl. Your mind is completely twisted, warped; your entire emotional approach to life is confused, hysterical and potentially dangerous."

"This is a funny time to be telling me all this—I mean, why have you waited, why haven't you said all this before—?"

"Because," said Alec wearily, "it wouldn't have done any good to have said it before. No good at all."

"And you think it will do some good now?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. Tell me one thing—you told Dorcas about your conversation with Ben Graves. Did you also threaten to spread the story all over town unless—?"

"Unless she left, yes."

"And did she agree to leave?"

"No. In fact she said she wouldn't leave. But don't worry, she'll leave all right. Once she's had time really to think about it, realize what she's letting herself in for, what she's letting Ridge in for—once this happens, she'll go. You wait and see—"

"Months ago," said Alec, "you made up your mind to get rid of Dorcas. You tried once and due to a crazy combination of circumstances, you failed. This time you're going to succeed." He said then, "So in the end everything is working out just as you wanted it to, isn't it, Lida?"

"Yes," she said, "everything is working out just as I wanted it to."

"Then why," said Alec, striking swiftly, unexpectedly, *"are* you so miserable? You should be happy, you know. You should be exultant. You should be standing there with stars in your eyes."

"I am happy," said Lida. "I am exultant. I am—"

"No," said Alec, "you're not. You're wretchedly unhappy. You're more unhappy, more confused, more lost than you have ever been before in your life. If you weren't, *you wouldn't even be here."*

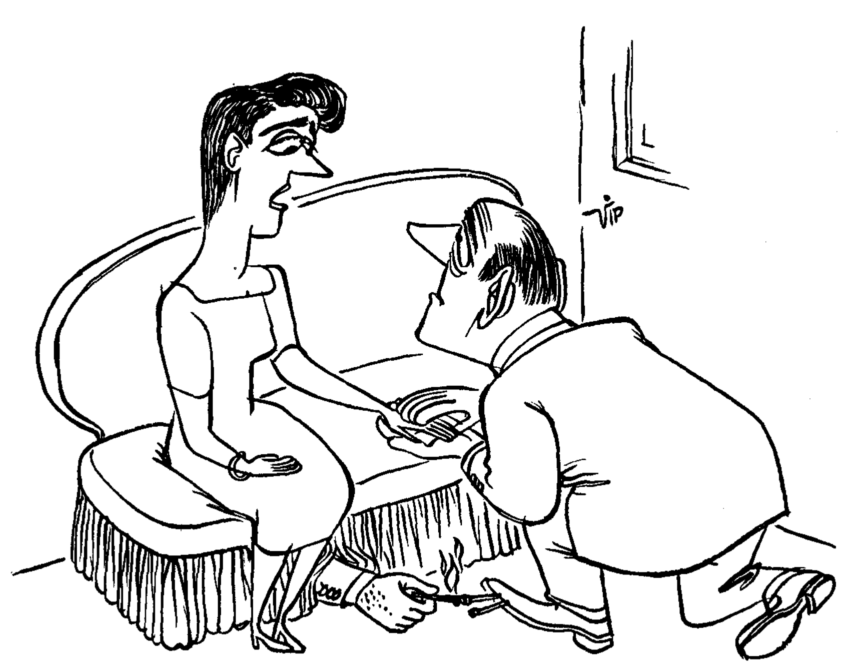
"Damn you!" said Lida, "that's not true! I'm not ill, I'm not unhappy, I'm not confused, I'm not lost—"

"Yes," said Alec, "you are. And you can stand there and deny it until hell freezes over and it won't help any, it won't change anything. You've reached the end of your rope, Lida, and you know it."

The end of her rope—a rope was something you hanged yourself with, wasn't it? People were always saying, "Give him enough rope and he will hang himself . . ."

Was Alec telling her that that was what she should do? Or was he telling her that *that was what she had already done?* Was he telling her that as far as he was concerned, as far as she, herself, was concerned, she was already hanging, swinging, from that rope—a grotesque figure in a hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit and sheer nylon stockings and forty-dollar shoes—hanging from a rope.

She found a crumpled package of cigarettes in her coat pocket, extracted one and put it between her lips. She found a folder of matches and tore one loose and tried to light the cigarette, but it was no use. Her hands were shaking too violently, she was shaking all over; she dropped the cigarettes, the folder of matches; she covered her face with her



COLLIER'S "Yes, Jerry, there is another" VIRGIL PARTCH

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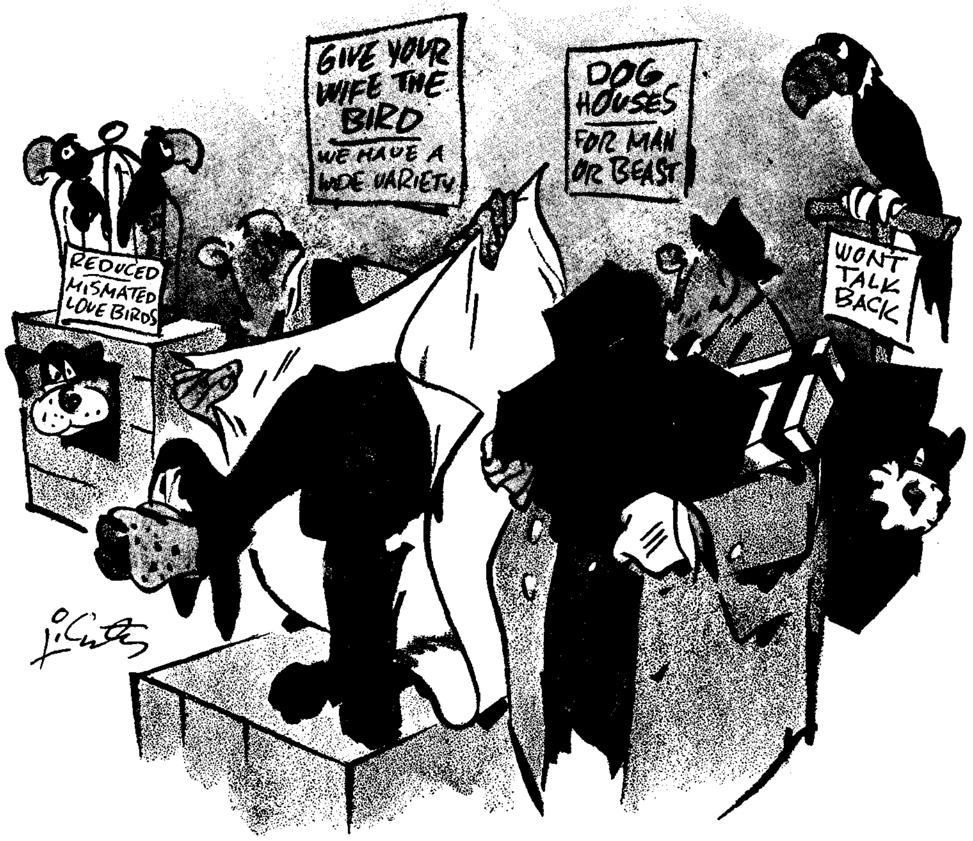
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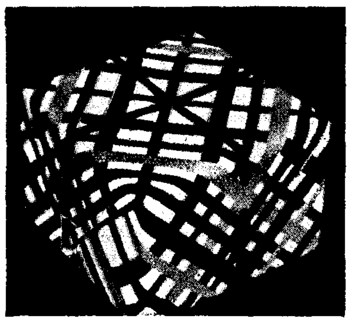
Lichty

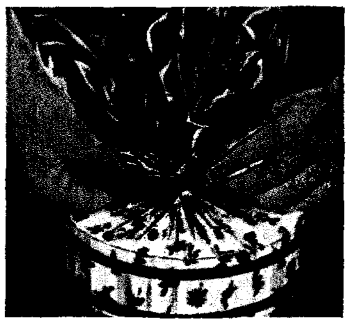
"Bring me the 'Scotch' Tape, Al, he wants the pooch wrapped as a gift."

1 FIRST, seal wrapping paper with transparent "Scotch" Tape. Then letter names on packages in color with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.

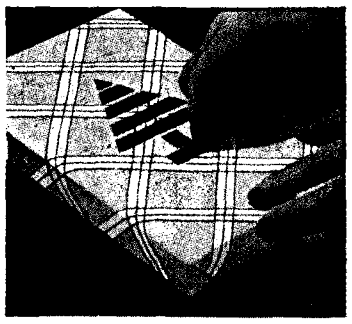
2 EDGE your fancy gift paper with bright strip of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape. Gives brilliant effect and added strength.



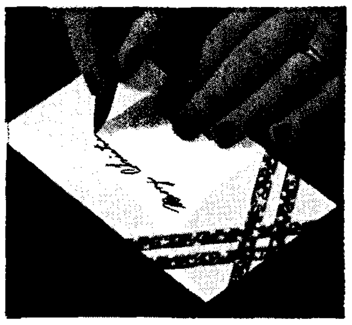
3 DESIGN an unusual all-over pattern on plain paper with multi-colored strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape. Many novel effects.



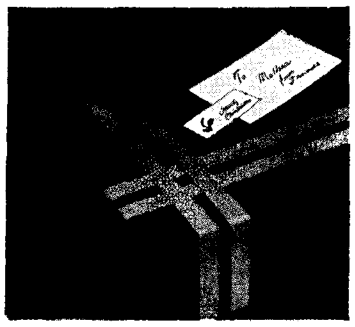
4 MAKE this frivolous looking package with colored cellophane bound firmly at the top with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.



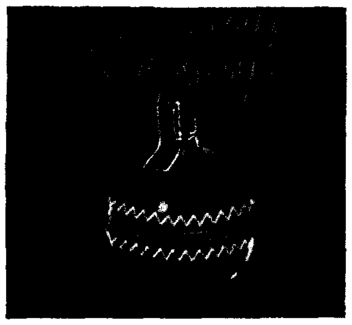
5 CUT designs out of tape strips and fasten to package for unusual effects. Try Christmas trees, stars, candles, sailboats.



6 PENNY postal cards make clever Christmas greetings if you liven them up with a couple of strips of "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape.

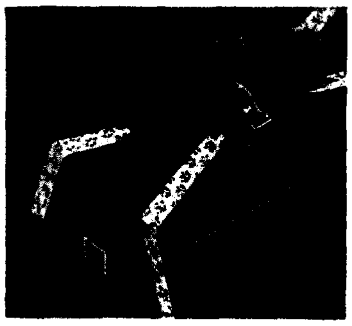


7 ACCENT a package with this simple attractive corner treatment. Attach name cards with "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals.



8 TREE ornaments that have lost their fasteners are easy to hold to twigs with a loop of transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape.

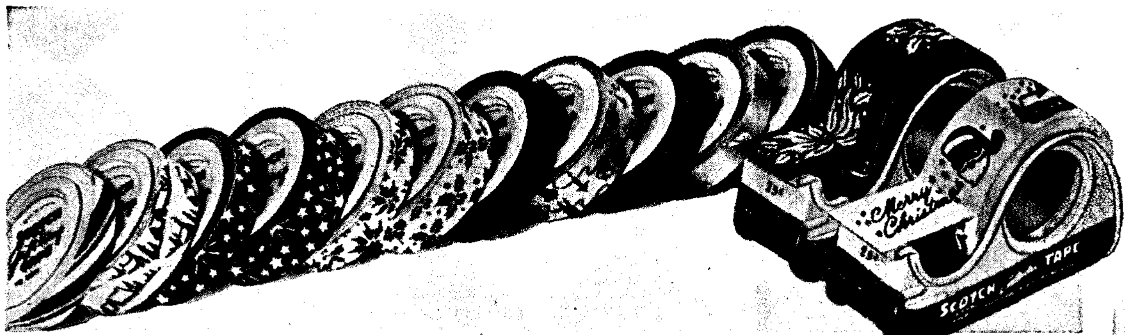
9 HANG a bright sheet of paper from wall moulding, then as Christmas cards arrive, stick them up with transparent "Scotch" Tape.



10 FOR an unusual decoration, hold spruce and holly twigs or miniature bells to packages with transparent "Scotch" Brand Tape.

SCOTCH TAPE

11 MAKE your gift wrapping easy and neat by sealing the wrapping paper firmly with transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape before decorating. It's almost invisible and sticks at a touch without moistening. Especially useful when wrapping odd-shaped, bulky gifts.



BUY a roll of each of these "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape designs. You'll find that half the fun of Christmas is in working out clever packages for your friends to admire. You'll want "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals, too. Choose any of four bright colors—each dispenser holds 108 seals in seven different designs. "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape 10¢ per roll. "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals and transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape 25¢. You'll find these gift wrapping helps at all drug, department, variety, stationery and hardware stores.

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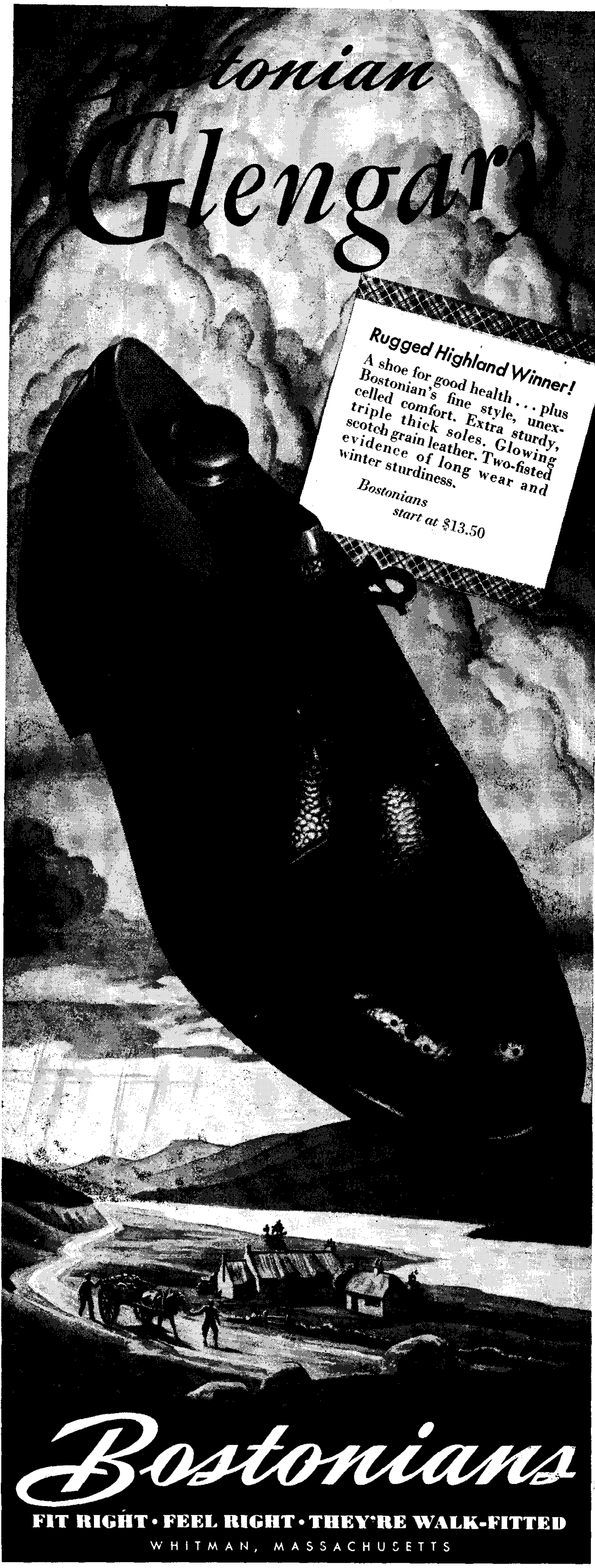

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Bostonians

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

shaking hands, and then in that split second before that scream that had been building up in her throat tore across her lips, Alec Littlejohn moved swiftly across the room and put his arms around her.

At first he didn't say anything. At first he simply held her and waited. Waited for those cruel, punishing sobs to wear themselves out. Waited for her to speak, to say something. Finally she did. Finally she said, "This is awful, Alec. I want to die and I'm afraid to die—but I'm even more afraid to live. What am I going to do?" she said. *"What is going to become of me?"*

"You're going to be all right," said Alec. "You're going to be fine now. You've been ill, terribly ill, but now you're going to start getting well and I'm going to help you."

SHE stopped sobbing and began to laugh hysterically, her slim body crumpled against him limply like the boneless, bloodless body of a rag doll. "Poor Alec. Always helping people. Always standing around on street corners trying to save people from themselves. Dear Alec. I'm not worth it. I'm no good. I've never been any good. So why should you bother, Alec? Why should you *care?*"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know why I should care, but I do care. Maybe," he said, "it's simply that I'm fool enough to think, to believe, that you *are* worth saving."

For a moment, her face, flung back against his shoulder, continued to be the scoffing, bitter, disbelieving face of a frightened, terror-stricken child. Then somewhere in the depths of her eyes something warm and young and hopeful flickered and caught fire. In her moment of greatest need, of greatest extremity, he had thrown her a life line. At the moment it was a frail one and her clutch on it was even frailer but she wasn't like her mother, she wasn't weak; she was strong, and little by little, that life line would strengthen and her grasp on it would tighten, and she would pull herself, inch by painful inch, up and out of that black hell of despair in which she was now floundering. And he would be there to help her do it.

Taking a handkerchief out of his breast pocket, he began systematically wiping away her tears. . . .

You were afraid to say the wrong thing, so you sat and said nothing and listened to the sound of your own heart beating and it was a terrifying sound, a lonely sound . . . and then there was another sound, the sound of a telephone ringing. You got up and answered it, not because you gave a damn who it was but because if you didn't answer it, it would keep on ringing until it drove you crazy.

You picked up the receiver and said hello and it was Alec; it was Alec and at first what he said didn't make sense because you were a big boy now and you didn't believe in miracles—but Alec kept on talking and after a while you did believe him.

You believed him and you went back into that room where Dorcas was sitting on that flowered linen sofa. You didn't say anything at first. You simply stood and looked at her. The way you had that first day in New York. You remembered how nothing about her that day had fitted your preconceived idea of her—you hadn't known she would be so young nor had you been prepared for the clear, unsullied gray of her eyes, nor the fact that her hair, cut neither long nor short, would be such an innocent shade of brown.

You had waited and in the end she had broken the silence between you; she had spoken first. "How do you do?" she had said. "Won't you come in, please?"

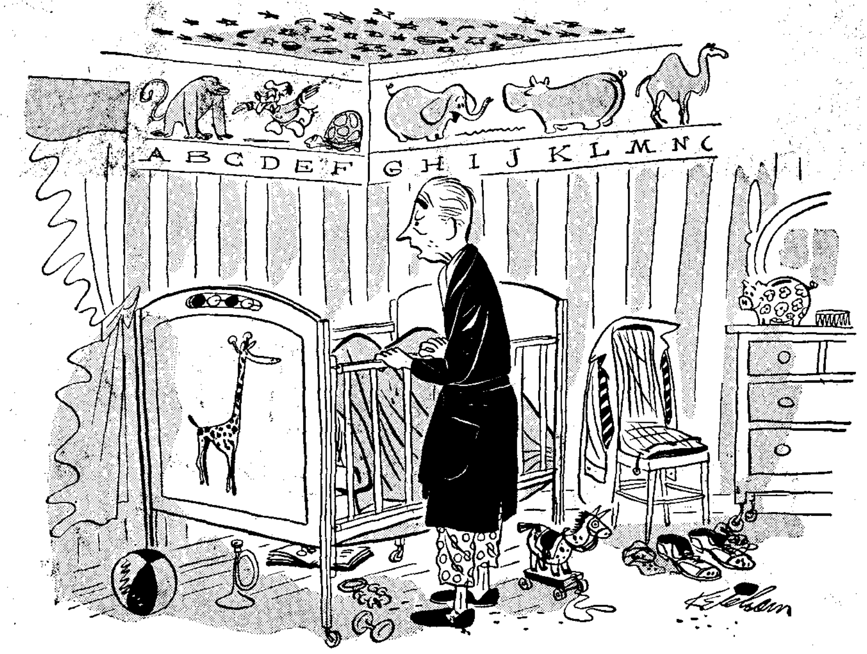
Had he loved her in that very first moment of seeing her, of hearing her speak? And because of Dave had he had to translate that love quickly into hate? Was the dividing line between these two emotions so small, sometimes, so infinitesimal, that the human heart could be betrayed into mistaking the one for the other? Not that it mattered now—no that anything mattered now except that facing a death sentence, he had been given a reprieve, a full pardon.

"Don't worry," Alec had said. "Lida won't talk—now or at any other time." You said, "How can you be sure of that?" and Alec said, "These things are like a bad case of pneumonia—the patient either survives the crisis or she doesn't survive it. Lida has survived it; from now on she will begin to get well . . ."

It didn't make any sense to you but it seemed to make perfect sense to Alec, and if it made sense to him, well then, that was good enough for you . . .

Dorcas was looking at you and you couldn't go on standing here indefinitely—so you crossed the room and took her in your arms and told her; and then you reached around behind you and turned off the light on the table and after that, there was just firelight in the room and it was nice—it was wonderful—and neither one of you would ever forget it, because this was the beginning, really, of things being right between you, of things being perfect. . . .

THE END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"Awfully sorry we couldn't dig up something more comfortable for you, Tom"

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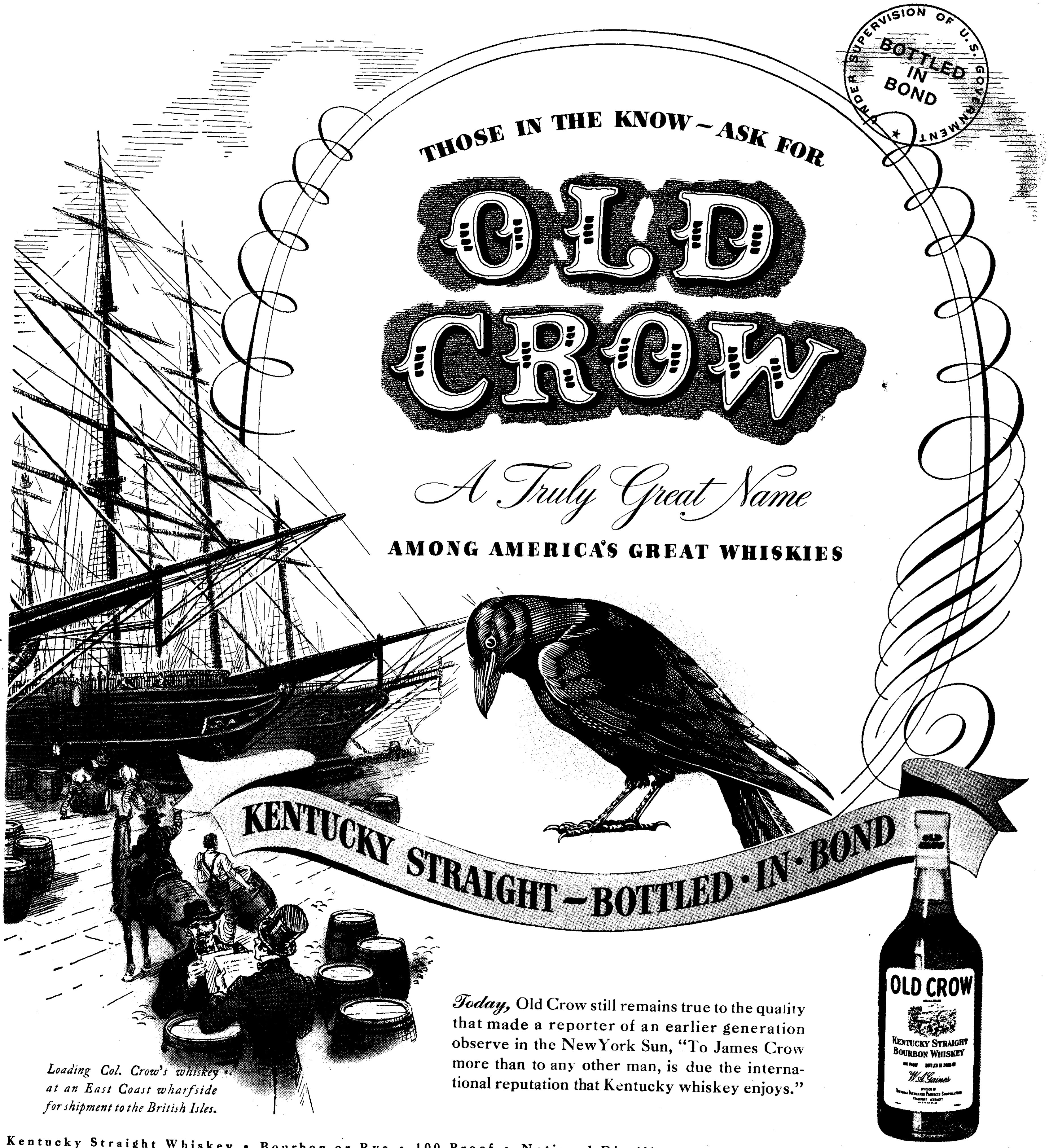
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AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

Continued from page 13

proclaim: Win the war. Due to the war and to enemy activity, the great problem at that time was how to get the message abroad. Now that hostilities have ceased, the transmission of messages has become quite easy. The difficult task now is devising, for world-wide publication, a continuing message which will effectively meet the needs of changing situations.

For example, during hostilities the people in France would listen eagerly to the foreign short-wave broadcasts because they supplied their only means of keeping in touch with patriotic French activities. But now that the shooting war is over, the people listen to their own broadcasts. Why should they bother with short-wave?

Our problem is not to find a broadcasting station to which they will listen. Our problem is rather to think out our message and then get it into those mediums—whatever they may be—which the French people normally use.

Mistrust "Official" Broadcasts

In the case of the French, all information which has its source in an embassy or government bureau is automatically suspect. For years the German embassy in France used to issue so-called "information" and the French instinctively remember that. Imagine, for example, the result if the situation were reversed and the French or the Dutch or the Italian consul in Boston or Detroit set up a library of information, issued press releases and statements to the newspapers and tried to get people to listen to short-wave broadcasts from Paris or Amsterdam or Rome. How much of an impression would it make on a sheep rancher in Idaho, a steelworker in Pennsylvania or a wheat grower in Kansas?

The true voice of America in the eyes of the world is the President of the United States and, only to a slightly lesser degree, the Secretary of State. The President does not need to have his own private American broadcasting station. The world radio and the world press are open to him. In fact, the representative of the President of the United States abroad, the American ambassador, can get his views into the foreign press quite often if he is energetic and active and goes around the country saying things and doing things.

Our government information services are all right as far as they go, but we must face the fact that they are limited in their appeal and reach chiefly a minority of intellectuals. Our motion pictures get into schools and local chambers of commerce, but there again the mass mind, where public opinion is made, is not reached at all.

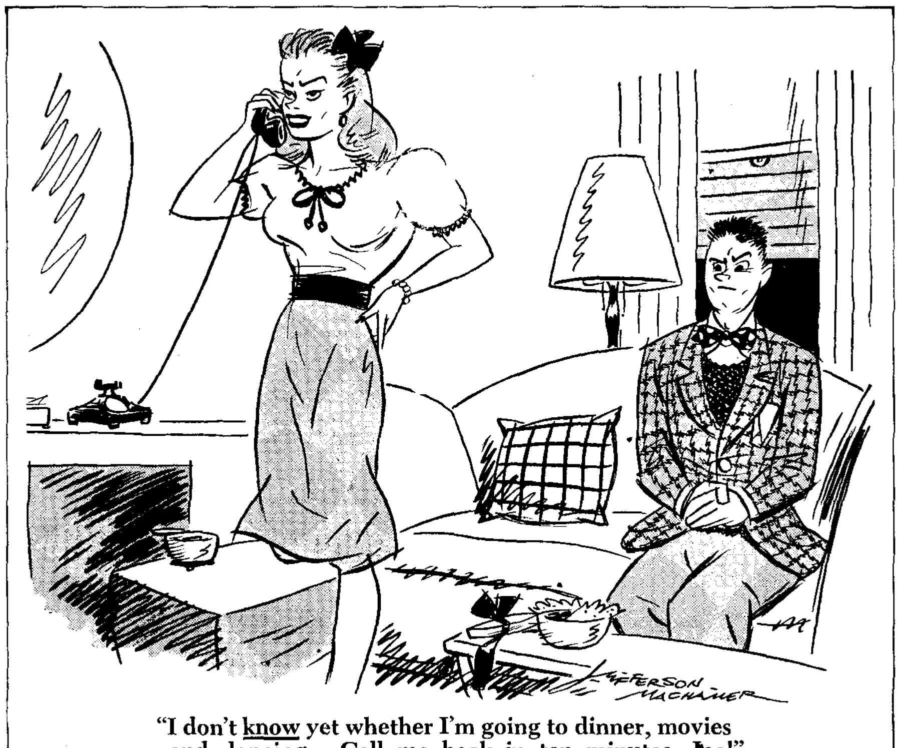
To assert that our information program can be left in the hands of press agents is completely to misunderstand its nature and importance. Would a candidate for senator or governor or President leave the basic strategy of his campaign in the hands of a public-relations man? This is certainly not to say that press agents and public-relations men do not perform very useful functions indeed, but they are not and do not pretend to be policy makers, and it is not fair to them to treat them as such.

Here are some specific recommendations of a few steps which should receive careful consideration:

(1) The President of the United States and the Secretary of State should coordinate their public pronouncements and activities. I am informed by veteran newsmen that on the day when Secretary Marshall made his speech at Harvard outlining the Marshall Plan, President Truman gave out an interview denouncing the Russian "outrages" in Hungary. He therefore took the front page away from the Secretary of State.

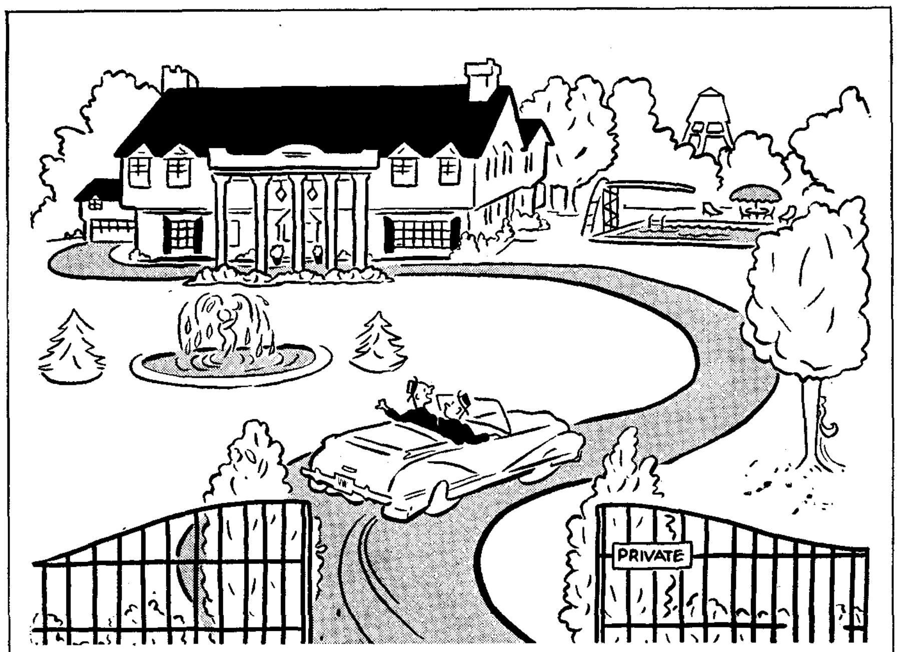
(2) Instead of having the government directly distribute educational movies, why not have Hollywood block-book ou government films along with their own. This would get our films into the big theaters before the mass audiences.

(3) We should not try to beat the Russians at their own game of lying. Each time they tell a lie, we ought to counter it with a truth. We must recognize that there is a world debate going on, and, whether we like it or not, we are the spokesman for one of the two sides. We should take part in the debate. I realize that in the conduct of our foreign affairs we have few men who have had experience in the art of debate or who have had any real political experience, although luckily we have officials who are experienced and informed in other fields which are of great importance. We have, however, learned a great many new things in the past few



"I don't know yet whether I'm going to dinner, movies and dancing. Call me back in ten minutes, Joe!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



"I never even dreamed of having the money to own a place like this. Then in the fall we decided to follow the President's request to start eating less and . . ."

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

years and we had better start developing some system for getting Americans who are skilled in debate and in politics into the day-to-day conduct of our foreign relations.

(4) Every possible encouragement should be given to those American activities abroad which are of a benevolent nature, such as medical or educational missions. The good which American doctors and nurses have done to our prestige abroad is tremendous. That same is true, I am sure, in the case of an educational institution like Roberts College in the Near East.

(5) Foreign-born American citizens might be carefully selected with a view to having them tell the people, via transcribed radio interviews in the countries of their origin, about America, what it stands for and what it means to them.

(6) Funds should be made available to enable the United States to use foreign radio and press for the publication of our messages, our music, our news broadcasts and all our radio features.

(7) Washington news items which are of primary interest abroad ought to be released abroad. For example, if we are giving thirty old ships to Italy, the story should be released in Rome where it will have a real punch, instead of in Washington. When a story like that is released in Washington, the wire services simply send a few hundred words to the local papers in Italy. Of course, this will require overcoming some bureaucratic prejudices in Washington, but it should be done and would cost nothing.

(8) Earnest consideration should be given to the proposition of translating the Paris Herald into French or the Rome American into Italian. Very few Europeans have seen a real newspaper. All they ever see are the little sheets of political opinion. If the Paris Herald were printed in French, it might well have a circulation of about 200,000. To be sure, it would be read by many who are pro-American anyway, but it would be worth doing if it could be done without violating the principle of keeping the United States press free and independent of the United States government.

(9) If newsprint could be made available to the French press, much of its anti-American tone could be weakened. I was told that at the present time there is a government body which allocates newsprint and which is not generous to those French newspapers which fail to hew to the anti-American line. This has the rather extraordinary result that Communist doctrine is found in newspapers which are not Communist papers at all. The French reader is caught off guard.

(10) We should appropriate sufficient funds to enable American officials abroad to get the news firsthand. An American consul or vice-consul cannot be expected to afford to subscribe out of his own pocket to the Paris Herald and our well-known magazines.

(11) Our people abroad should be "on the ball" and get the United States into as many fairs and expositions as possible.

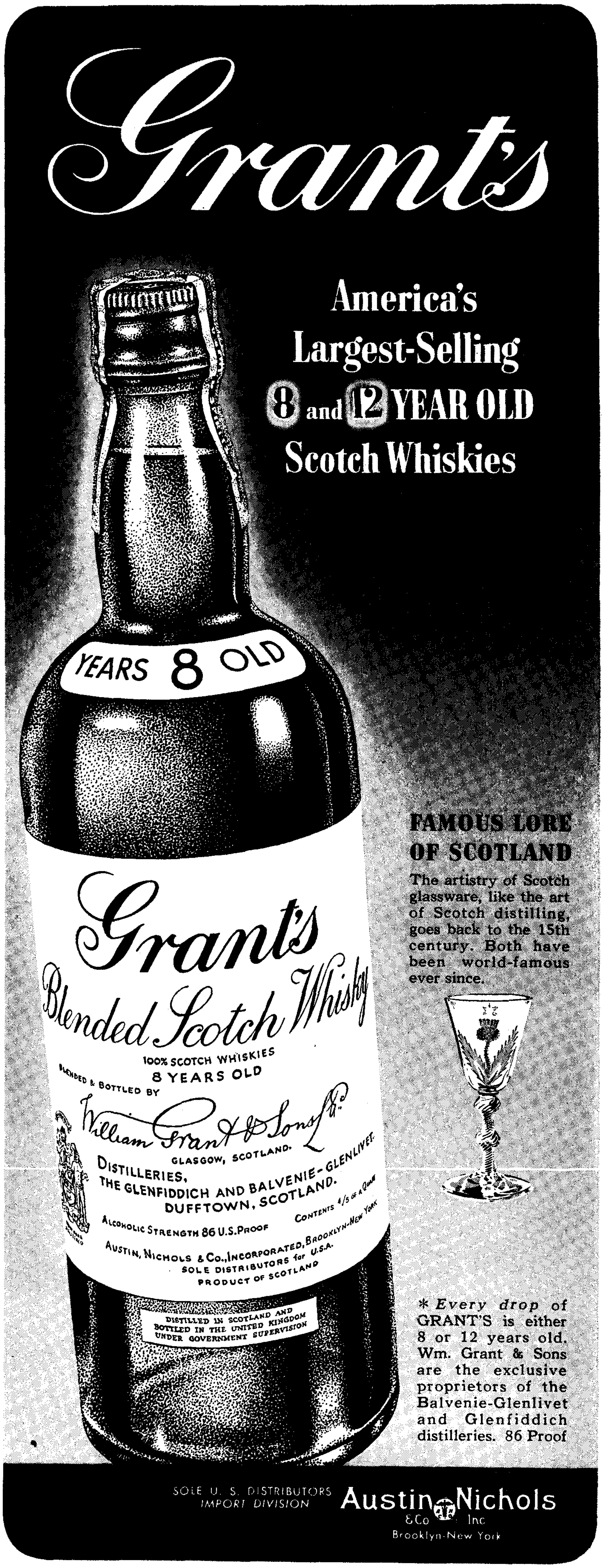
(12) There certainly must be some co-ordination of speeches by American officials. It is not enough to co-ordinate the remarks of American diplomats. All statements made by admirals, generals or other appointed officials should be carefully co-ordinated. One prominent American official in country A is making speeches which are doing incalculable harm to the American position in country B. I do not doubt that what he says is well suited to the situation in the country where he is stationed, but there is no reason why our diplomacy cannot be intelligent enough to achieve its ends in both country A and country B. One should not be required to exclude the other.

(13) The United States is being very well served in the conduct of its foreign relations by men of real ability whose experience in the fields of military science, economics and orthodox diplomacy are of the very greatest value to us in these stormy days. We are, however, also suffering from a lack of men whose experience has been in the field of public opinion, i.e., journalism, politics, etc. Now that we are fighting the battle for people's minds, we especially need men who are really political-minded—men whose lives have been spent in the exercise of the arts of persuasion in the field of public affairs and who, of course, have some real familiarity with conditions abroad, with mastery of a foreign language a most desirable added tribute.

A few such men would be more effective than a host of so-called "information programs," useful as such programs undoubtedly are in a limited sense. I am, of course, referring primarily to Western Europe, although I am quite prepared to believe that some really political-minded men could get a great deal accomplished behind the Iron Curtain, often without benefit of publicity.

We Americans have a great story to tell—a story of accomplishment and of constructive endeavor. To be sure, we make mistakes, but they are never sinister mistakes and our belief in a competitive economy, representative government and the right of the individual hold out the "last best hope" of rescuing man from his misery.

THE END


Grant's
America's Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies
YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ld.
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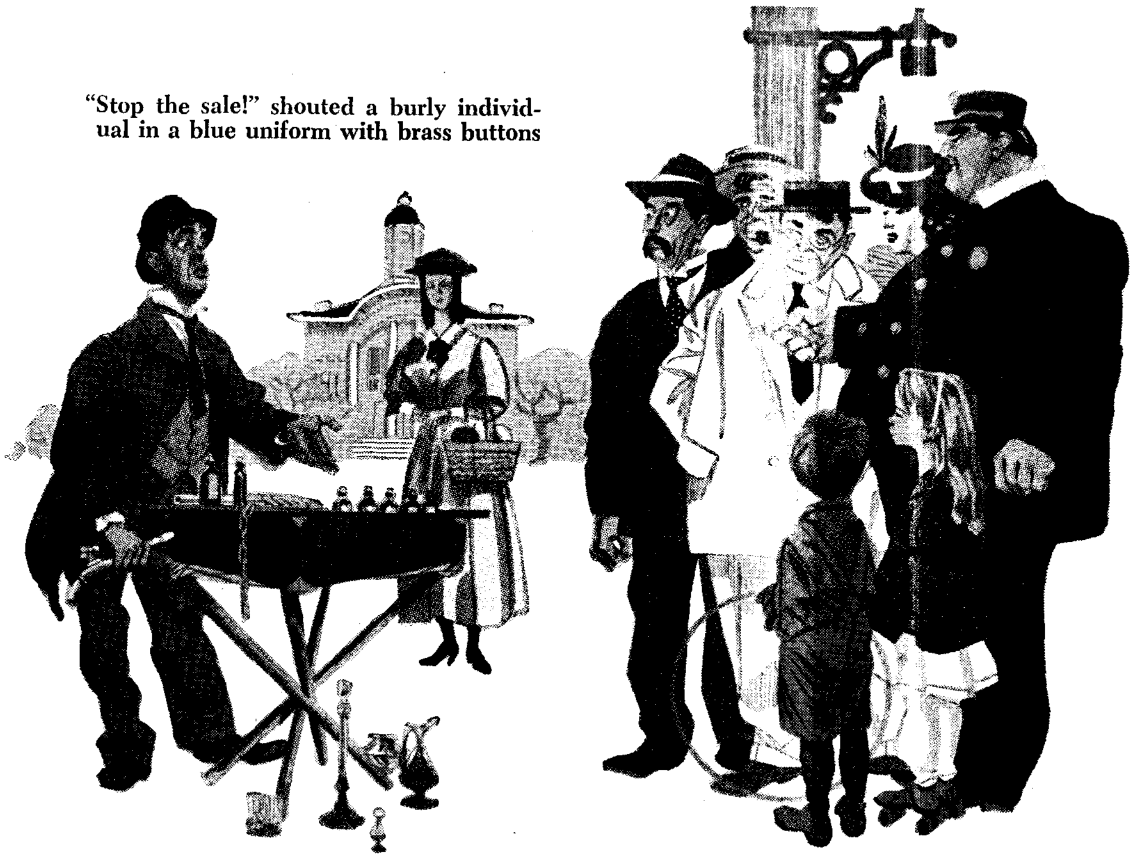
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S.PROOF
CONTENTS 4/5 of a Quart
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN-NEW YORK SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND
The artistry of Scotch glassware, like the art of Scotch distilling, goes back to the 15th century. Both have been world-famous ever since.

*Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS IMPORT DIVISION Austin, Nichols & Co Inc Brooklyn-New York

"Stop the sale!" shouted a burly individual in a blue uniform with brass buttons



THE PITCHMAN'S LINGO

Gummy: bottled glue
Sniffer: cure for colds
Corn punk: paste for corns and bunions
Glim paste: preparation for cleaning eyeglasses
Med: patent medicine
Flookum: nickel-plating fluid
Pipes: letters or communications from other pitchmen
Passouts: actual sales (*red* passouts are good; *blue* ones bad)
Hermans: dollars
Reader: license to peddle
Tripes: folding easel, set up to hold the
Keister: satchel of merchandise
Tip: crowd
Mooches: customers, suckers
Larry: merchandise
Slum: cheap merchandise

HERE COME THE PITCHMEN

Smallest of all small businessmen, these vendors of "miracle" merchandise use the sidewalk as a salesroom and human susceptibility as their chief capital. And they're doing very nicely, thank you

BY SAMUEL MC COY

BOUGHT any gummy or med, lately? Have you recently purchased a sniffer? Have you paid out any cash in the last week or two for corn punk, glim paste, slum or flookum?

No need to be ashamed of yourself, if you have. A million other good citizens, young and old, from Maine to California, have done the same thing. You're in good company.

Therefore the pipes are encouraging. The passouts are red. The hermans have been rolling in. Get your reader, make your pitch, set up the tripes, open the keister, make the flash, turn your tip—and the mooches fairly fight one another to get at the larry. In short, business was never better, and there isn't a blue spot between N'Awleens and the Canada border.

Which is to say, the smallest of all small businessmen—the pitchman—has not vanished from the North American continent like his contemporary, the dinosaur, but on the contrary is still going strong. The pitchman seems to be headed for the most prosperous year in a decade. Last year he is estimated to have grossed a couple of million dollars. Chicken feed, but still—

Just what is a pitchman? You've seen him, of course, time and time again, for there isn't a city or town in the United States into which his wanderings have not led him. But perhaps you never heard him called by his proper title of pitchman, a title of which he is inordinately proud. Broadly speaking, he's the fellow who takes up his stand on the sidewalk to sell cheap merchandise to passers-by.

But your true pitchman will resent any such classification. He thinks of himself as no mere peddler, but as an artist. He is not just a huckster, peddling shoddy goods, factory leftovers. He is a profound student of human nature, a supersalesman, a comedian, a manufacturer, an artist, philosopher and businessman all rolled into one. His hands and his brain must both work like lightning, or he's no true pitchman.

The word itself simply means a street vendor who works at a "pitch"; and the word "pitch" here means merely the spot at which the man takes up his stand. It derives, of course, from the expression "to pitch a tent," but in the pitchman's case he hasn't any tent, or even an umbrella. All that he carries is his tripes and his keister. The tripes (slang for "tripod") is the folding easel on which he sets up his keister (pronounced "keester") or satchelful of merchandise. The tripes, originally three-legged, is now generally made with four legs, the better to support the suitcase or keister.

The antiquity of the profession is indicated by the word, which comes from the Greek word *kistè*, meaning a chest, or container for merchandise. "Tripes and keister" go back 3,000 years.

The pitchman, having set up his tripes on the sidewalk, catches the attention of passers-by by means of a few card tricks or handkerchief tricks. On a busy street, the crowd, or "tip" will form almost immediately. Then, opening his keister, he "makes the flash," or, in other words, displays his merchandise.

Old-time pitchmen referred to their stock as a "joint." One who made his own merchandise was said to "frame his own joint." Those who order merchandise to be sent them by mail from the jobber or wholesale distributor are known to the old-timer as "lifters," because the shipment comes to the post office C.O.D. and the pitchman must produce the cash called for, before he can "lift" it.

Sad to say, the old-time pitchman who framed his own joint often concocted merchandise which could never meet the standards of a Better Business Bureau, and which usually made it imperative for the pitchman to get out of town before his customers discovered its shortcomings. There were a half dozen or more of these joints which were easily framed and were great favorites—gummy, corn punk, and the rest—and every old-timer knew the formula for each one of them. He didn't even have to carry them from town to town. All he needed was a few cents' worth of merchandise from the village drugstore, and the seclusion of his boarding-house bedroom.

Magic Spot Remover or Miracle Ink Eradicator is an old stand-by with the pitchman. Having made his pitch and called in his tip, he demonstrates the magic cleaner. It will positively remove, he declares, fruit stains, ink spots, dirt, grease, paint or any other stain. "Why, it will even remove iodine, one of the hardest stains in the world to remove, as you know, and remove it instantly, and without injuring the garment in the least!"

He puts a drop of iodine on his shirt sleeve and holds it up for the crowd to see. "After you have rubbed the spot with the Magic Remover, all you have to do is to rinse it out with water," he shouts.

He lifts a pint flask of water from his keister. "Clear, pure water," he says, holding it up for all to see. "And I need a drink of it right now!"

He takes a swig from the flask and puts it back in the keister.

"Now," he says, "I rub on the Magic Spot Remover."

From one of the hundreds of little pillboxes with which his keister is filled—each one labeled Magic Spot Remover—he takes a tiny cube of something

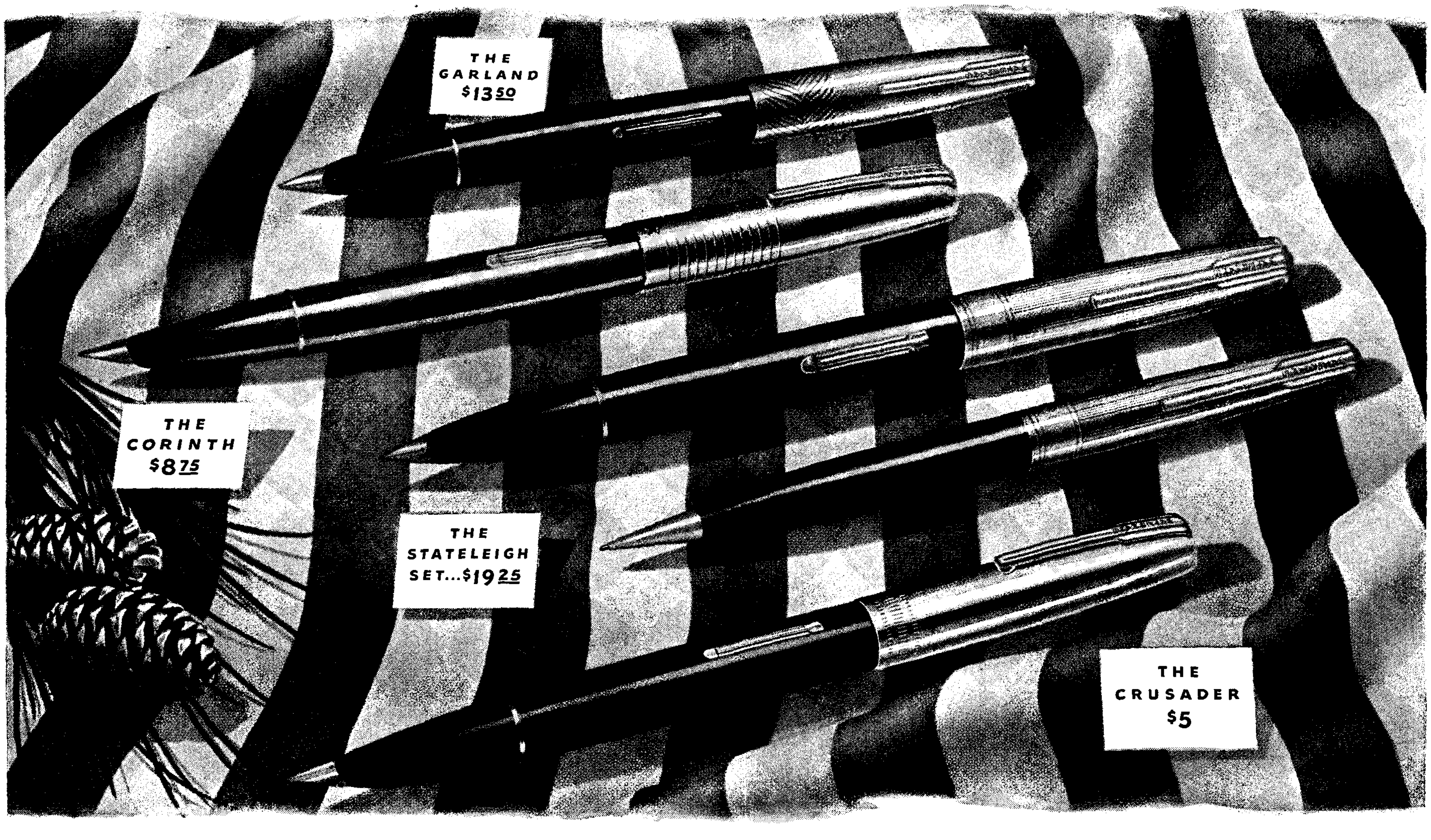
The "magic" fluid transfers pictures to cloth

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

For the gift most likely to please the person you most want to please, give Waterman's. Exciting new styles on display at your dealer's now! Finest of all the famous Waterman's—each has a 14 kt. gold point, *ground by hand* for writing smoothness, plus other important style and performance features found in no other pens! Pens $3.50 to $90. Sets to $125.

Smart people know...

...the smartest gift's a Waterman's!



The Garland...for the lady whose good taste is reflected in the perfection of her personal possessions. Excitingly feminine styling from graceful hooded point to exquisite 14 kt. gold-filled Lock Slip Cap, $13.50.

The Corinth... a luxury pen with no luxury tax. Beauty winner with its cap of shimmering Astralite. A wonderful pen—a most impressive gift—yet the price is only $8.75. Pencil to match, $4.25.

The Stateleigh Set... One of the smartest pen and pencil sets you can give or own. Slim beautiful lines. Choice of sparkling colors. 14 kt. gold-filled Lock Slip Caps. The Set, $19.25—Pen only, $13.50.

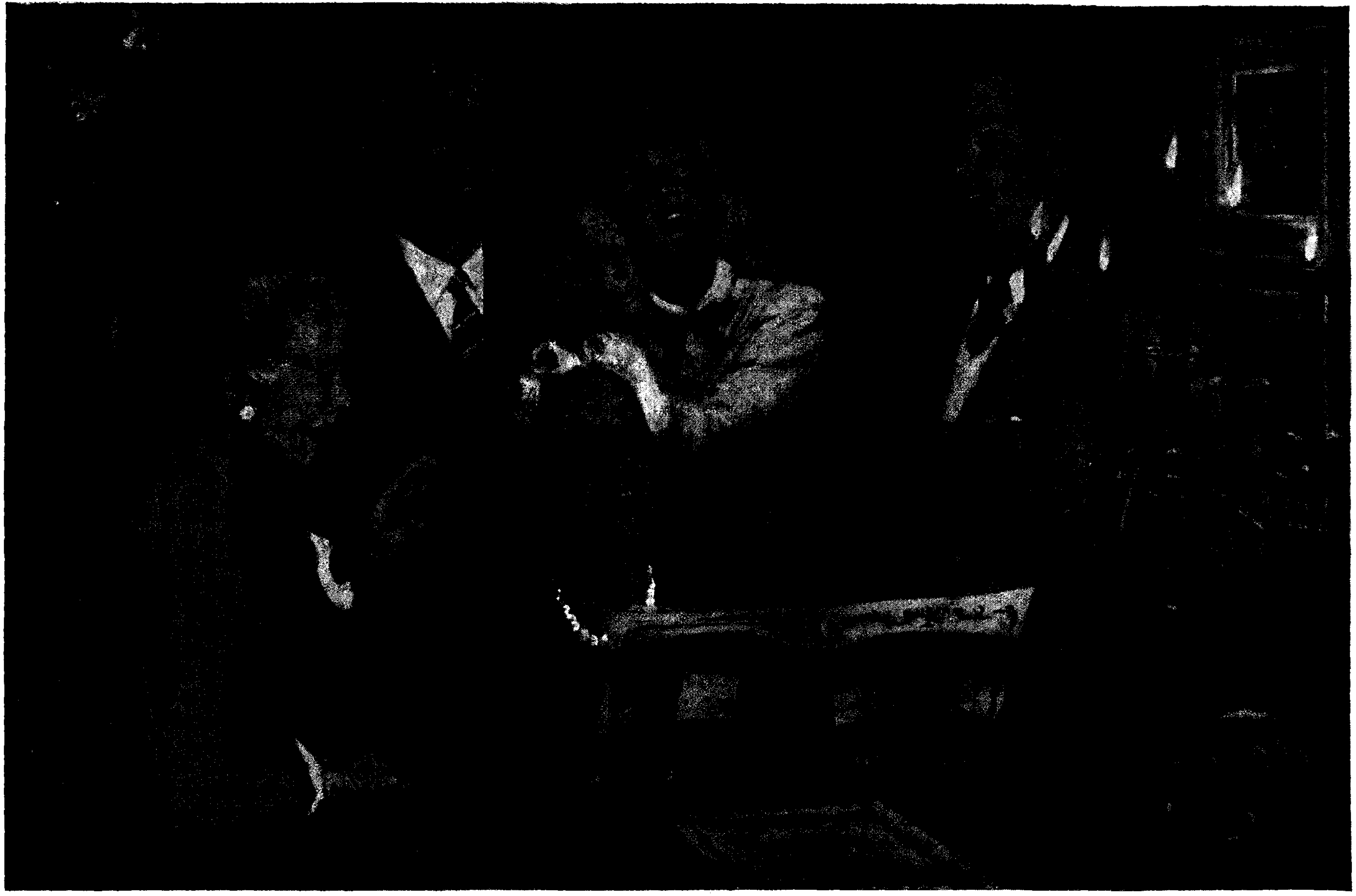
The Crusader... Waterman's newest Taperite. Many "expensive pen" features, including hand-ground hooded point and tarnish-proof Lumalloy Cap. 4 colors. Styles for men or women. Pen, $5; Set, $8.

No other pen writes like a **Waterman's**

Tune in Gang Busters Saturday nights,
ABC, 9 E. T., 8 C. T., 7 M. T., 9 P. T.
L. E. Waterman Co., N. Y. 13, N. Y. UNION MADE

Make this an extra-special Christmas

(Below are some extra-special people in your life who deserve an extra-special gift this Christmas—a fine, accurate Hamilton Watch)



MOTHER. Does she always think of everyone at Christmas—except herself? Take her breath away this Christmas with an exquisitely designed, amazingly accurate Hamilton Watch. The CLARA (below) has 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case.............. **$60.50.**

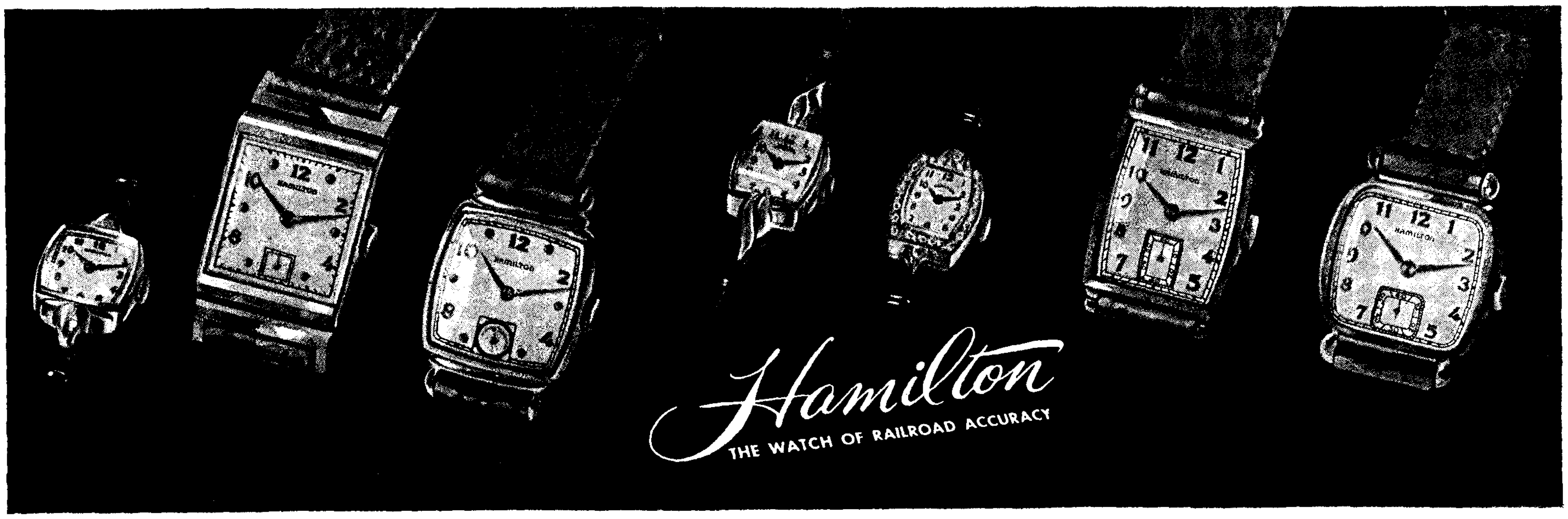
FATHER. Want to tell him how thrilled you are about his promotion? Give him a Hamilton—the Fine American Watch. Below (left), the WESLEY—19 jewels, 14K gold case, *Medallion* movement... **$180.** Below (right), the NORMAN—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case. **$66.**

DAUGHTER. Did she make the Honor Roll her very first term at college? She deserves something super special this Christmas—a precious Hamilton Watch. The lovely LANA (shown below) is a suggestion—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case...... **$71.50.**

GRANDMOTHER. Ever since you can remember, has she had a way of picking the one gift your heart was set on? Give her the gift *her* heart is set on—a beautiful Hamilton. "Diamond set" Hamiltons such as the one below are priced from **$120** to **$5,000.**

SON. Is he making good in his first job? Show him how proud you are by putting a good-looking Hamilton in his stocking. Below (left), the MYRON—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case... **$55.** Below (right), the MARTIN—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case.............. **$52.25.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from $52.25 up. Prices include Fed. Tax.



The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—anti-magnetic, rust-resisting, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton war timepieces, *it* now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-8, Lancaster, Penna.

that looks like brown soap. With it he rubs the spot on his sleeve. Every eye in the tip is on him.

"And now," he shouts, "we rinse it out with the pure water!"

Again he lifts the flask from the keister. Again he uncaps it. But this time, instead of taking a swig, he douses some of it on the iodine spot.

Presto, the spot has disappeared!

There are gasps from those who have seen the miracle with their very own eyes. Now is the time to turn the tip—to size up the spectators ready to buy, and to begin making the passout, handing out the merchandise.

"Yes, sir, ladeez and gentlemen, only twenty-five cents for a box of this mir-ac-ulous spot remover. Don't push, don't crowd, pul-lease! One for you, madam? Thank you! Take one home to your wife, mister? Thank you! Here's yours, lady!"

A Trade Secret Exposed

As the tip begins to melt away, the pitchman moves on to another pitch and begins all over again. If he is lucky, by the end of the day he has sold a hundred or more of the pillboxes full of Magic Spot Remover, and has $25 in coins and folding money weighting down his pants pockets. The whole lot hasn't cost him more than five. The contents of the pillboxes, the stuff that looked like a cube of brown soap, was exactly that—a cube of brown soap, which he himself had sliced from a bigger bar. The water that he drank from the flask was actually water. But the liquid in the second flask which looked exactly like the first, and which he doused on the iodine, was water in which he had previously dissolved a spoonful or two of hyposulphite crystals.

Then why not explain the gimmick to the customer, give him the formula, and let him make the stuff himself? What's the matter with you, are you crazy, or something? Where would the pitchman's profits be then? The late W. C. Fields knew better than that. It is not good business, he pointed out, ever to give the sucker an even break.

One of the oldest of all joints in the pitchman's repertoire is a liquid known as transferene. The first transferene worker must have begun his benevolent labors shortly after the invention of printer's ink. Transferene is so easy to make that it is a favorite joint with the novice pitchman, the Johnny-come-lately. Furthermore, it has a wide appeal to women and children.

The transferene worker carries in his keister, in addition to the hundreds of little bottles of the stuff, a sheaf of pictures from newspapers and Sunday supplements—pictures both in black and in colored inks. Some squares of white cloth, an ordinary spoon, and a bit of flat, smooth board complete his equipment.

"Now, folks," he cries, when his tip has gathered, "this magic fluid that I have here in this little bottle enables you to become the owner of any beautiful picture you see in the papers, in permanent form! With this magic fluid you can transfer any picture you like, to wood, cloth, cardboard or leather, in its original colors! Girls, you can make sofa pillows on which you can have a picture of Van Johnson, Frankie Sinatra or your favorite movie star! Boys, with this magic fluid you can make your own collection of comics, in permanent form, remember! Now, folks, just watch me and I'll show you how it works!"

He holds up one of the newspaper pictures for all to see. Then, placing it on the board, face up, he applies a few drops of the fluid to it evenly, and removes the excess moisture with a blotter. Over it he spreads the white cloth, and then, with the teaspoon or any other hard, smooth object, carefully rubs the back of the cloth.

"And there you have it!" he cries, holding the cloth up with all the pride of an artist. "Lo and behold, folks, an exact reproduction of any picture you want, color and all! Only twenty-five cents, folks, for a bottle that will give you a hundred dollars' worth of beautiful pictures!"

It really works. The gimmick is that it costs the pitchman practically nothing to frame, the magic fluid consisting merely of soap and water with a few cents' worth of pure gum spirits of turpentine. The mixture, rubbed into the newspaper, loosens and softens the printing ink so that it adheres to the material to which it is to be transferred. Old pitchmen confide that occasionally a spectator in the crowd becomes so interested that he will draw the pitchman aside after the tip is turned and offer him fifty dollars for the secret formula. The pitchman, of course, refuses to take his money . . .

In recent years, chain stores and novelty stores have more or less undermined the transferene worker's business by putting out a picture-copying outfit in the form of waxed paper. But the old pitchman insists that the "magic fluid" produced better results.

In the winter months, when head colds are prevalent, the pitchman often turns his talents to working "sniffers." The sniffer is another easy joint to frame. It consists of a small glass bottle or cardboard tube stripped with absorbent cotton which has been saturated with a few drops of oil of eucalyptus and liquefied menthol crystals. Making his pitch, the sniffer worker gathers in a crowd by performing a few card tricks, then lays aside the cards and confides that he is there to bestow upon his listeners an infallible remedy for head colds, sinus colds, asthma and any other ailments of the throat and chest.

"You don't have to take my word for it, gentlemen," he shouts. "Before I ask you for a single penny, I'm going to give you a free sample of this marvelous remedy, and let you see for yourself! Just hold out your hands and it's yours!"

Into each outstretched palm he pours a few drops from a bottle which contains, not eucalyptus oil or menthol, but oil of mustard.

"Now, when I count three, folks," he continues, "I want you all to cup your hands like this and hold them up to your nostrils, and when I give the word I want you all to take a big deep breath of this wonderful oil, Nature's gift to mankind, taken from the eucalyptus trees of far-off Australia and blended with herbs picked by the Yaqui Indians of Arizona! One! Two! Three! Sniff!"

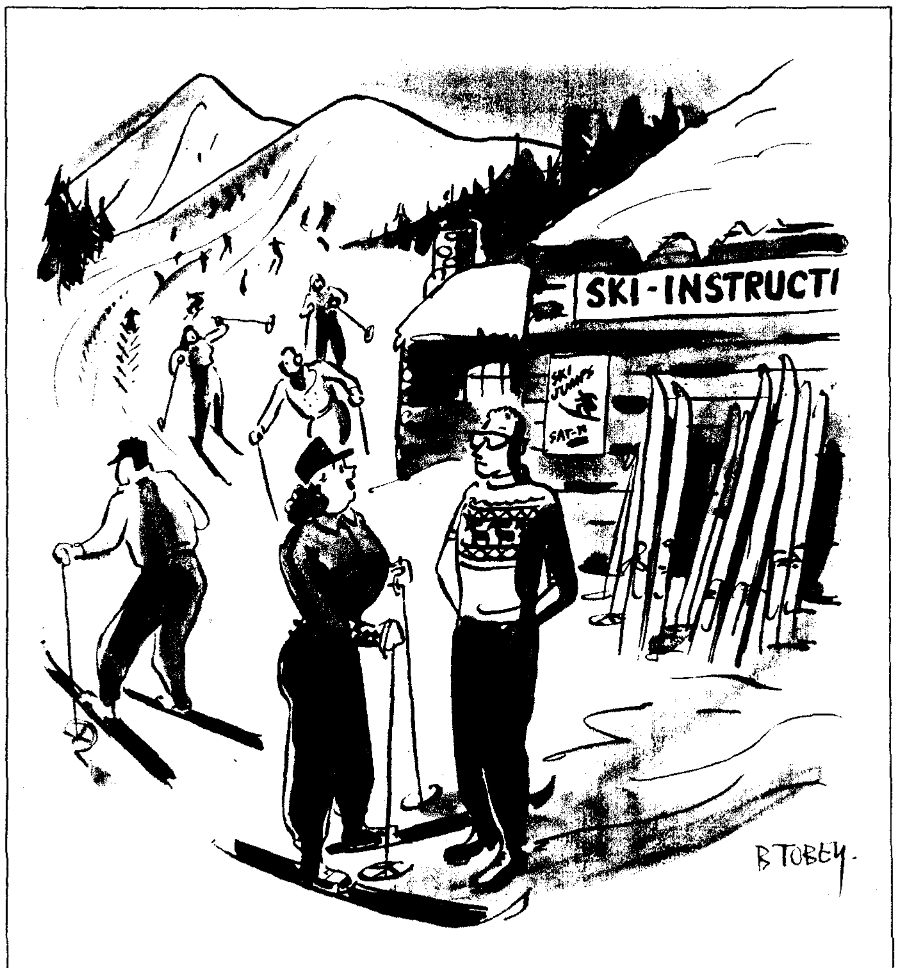
Curing a Cold—the Sneezy Way

The resulting burst of sneezes will make the explosion of a two-ton bomb sound like a whisper. By the time his victims have assured themselves that the tops of their heads haven't blown off and have wiped the tears streaming from their eyes, the pitchman is yelling exultantly, "Now, how do you feel, folks? Tell me the truth—hasn't that cleared your head, don't you feel fine?"

The violent sneeze has, in fact, driven out that stuffy feeling—momentarily. And in that golden moment the pitchman finds eager takers for his innocent sniffers.

Oil of mustard is also the pitchman's friend when he is working corn punk, the name by which he disrespectfully refers (in private) to his magical paste for the instant relief of aching corns and bunions. Oil of mustard doesn't even have to be put directly on the corn—just drop a little on the shoe and it will work right through the leather and make the sufferer think his toe has been suddenly set on fire by a blow torch. He forgets all about the aching corn. But when he buys a packet of the Miracle Korn Kure, on the assurance that it contains the same powerful ingredient, he will discover eventually that he has bought nothing but a small cube of laundry soap.

Gummy, or gummy gahoo, is the pitchman's word for bottled household glue. The old pitchman makes it himself. He buys a pound or two of the solidified fish-flake glue sold in hard-



"I suppose you ski people just hibernate all summer long—"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

Give the gift he'll really use...
PLYMOUTH
WEATHERPROOF

Here's a gift that *every* man will appreciate! For he'll wear his Plymouth Weatherproof throughout the year . . . because it doubles handsomely both as raincoat or topcoat.

And what an impression a smart Plymouth makes! Its *extra touches* in skilled tailoring spell *top quality* to every man. Yes, give him the gift he'll really use — Plymouth Weatherproof for Christmas!

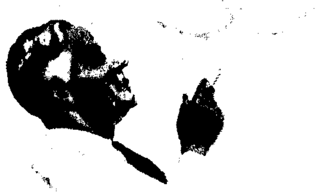
Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS

PLYMOUTH
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
[illegible] Boston, Mass.

Three rings wherever you go...

one ring for **purity**

a second for **body**



a third for **flavor**

Next time try

BALLANTINE ALE

America's largest selling Ale

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

ware stores and takes it to the seclusion of his room, where, with the help of an alcohol burner, he melts the flake glue in boiling water, lets the slab cool, cuts it up into little cubes, and wraps each cube in tin foil, for sale. Making his pitch at some favorable spot on the street, he takes from his keister the portable heater and warms up a sample of the glue. Holding up a cheap china saucer or plate, he deliberately breaks it with a hammer.

"Don't worry, folks," he says jovially, "this saucer will be stronger than new, soon as I fix it with this Miracle Mender of mine." He smears a little of the gummy on the broken edges of the saucer, presses the two edges together, and almost instantly the glue has hardened and he holds the mended plate up to view.

"Now," he continues, "when you've mended a plate with this marvelous preparation, the place that's been mended is stronger than all the rest of it! If the plate should happen to fall off the table and break again, the break wouldn't be at the place where it broke before, but at some new spot. Throw it on the sidewalk if you want to. You'll see I'm telling you the truth!"

Dramatically, he breaks the mended plate—and, sure enough, the crack is at a new spot, and not at the edges that have been glued together!

There is only one point that the pitchman has felt it unnecessary to mention to the purchaser of the miracle glue—in rainy or humid weather the glue gathers up the moisture in the air, and the mended plate falls apart.

A more or less innocent joint, the glim cleaner, otherwise eyeglass cleansing paste, is not a phony or harmful article, but enables the pitchman to profit by his customers' ignorance of a simple scientific fact. Having assembled his crowd, the pitchman proclaims that he has a sure-fire preparation (miraculous, of course) which will keep eyeglasses free from moisture even on a rainy day or when the wearer's face is bathed in perspiration, and asks one of his audience to lend him his eyeglasses for an immediate demonstration.

Exhibiting a small cube of what seems to be a hardened and semitransparent gumdrop, the pitchman avers that this is the "magical" preparation. He rubs it on one of the two lenses, leaving the other untouched, and then carefully rubs the first one clean with a soft handkerchief. He then breathes on both lenses in turn and hands the pair back to its owner. "You will notice that the one that I rubbed with the Magic Cleaner is perfectly clear," he says triumphantly, "while the other one is so misted up that you can't see through it!"

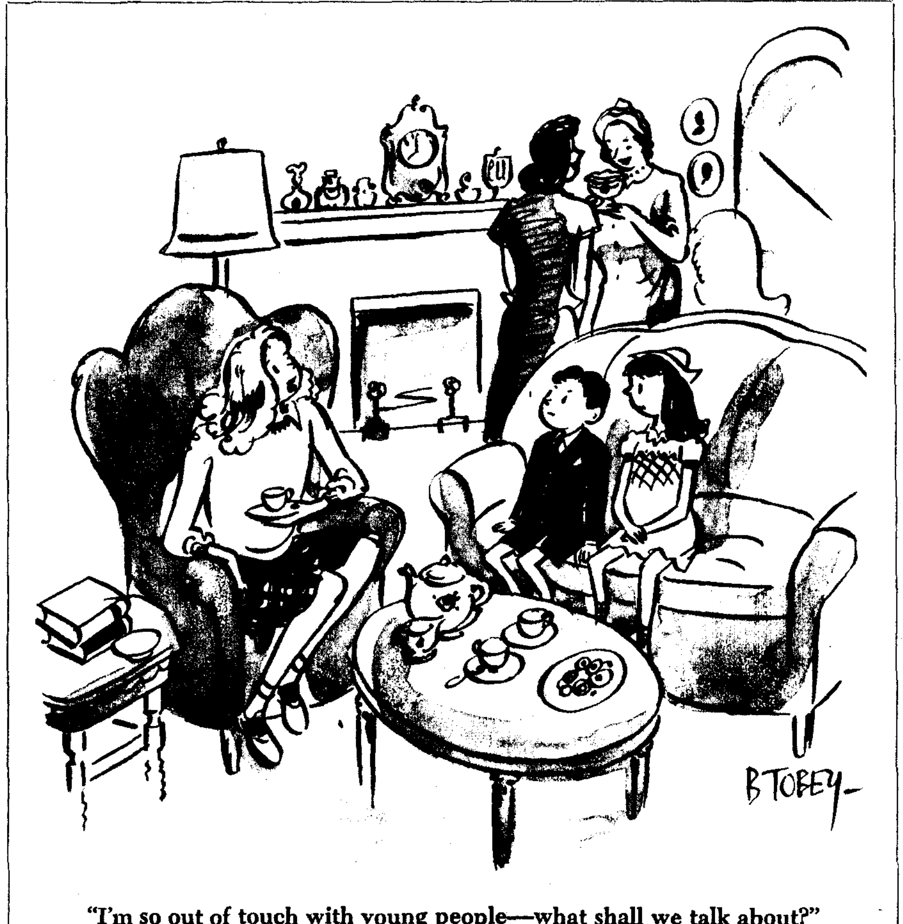
Rich Return from Small Outlay

Simple as it is, the demonstration has resulted in numberless sales. The magic preparation is, of course, nothing but clear glycerine soap, cut up into cubes that bring a dime or even a quarter apiece. Any motorist knows that if his windshield wiper isn't working in rainy weather, a little glycerine will help, if put on the glass and then wiped dry with a clean rag. But lots of people don't know it, and this simple bit of information has started many a pitchman up in business. The only capital needed is a ten-cent bar of soap, a handkerchief—and a glib tongue.

Razor-blade sharpening paste is quite another matter. There is out-and-out deception here. The pitchman holds up a safety-razor blade, announces that he will dull its cutting edges, and then, by using the miracle (again that word "miracle") paste on the strop, will sharpen them until they can split hairs. He proceeds to dull one edge by hacking it against a chunk of hard wood, or even against a piece of lead pipe.

"And now, gentlemen, as you can plainly see, I turn the blade over and dull the other side, too. What your eyes see, the heart is bound to believe." He continues to hack at the wood or the lead pipe, and soon announces that both edges of the blade are now so dull that they wouldn't cut butter. He demonstrates this by drawing one of the edges against a hair that he yanks from his own head. It won't cut.

Now he puts some of his magic paste on the strop and strops the blade briskly. "Just rubbing a little of it on the strop will do the trick!" he shouts. "A little of this magic dressing goes a long way, and just one stick of it will last you a lifetime,



"I'm so out of touch with young people—what shall we talk about?"

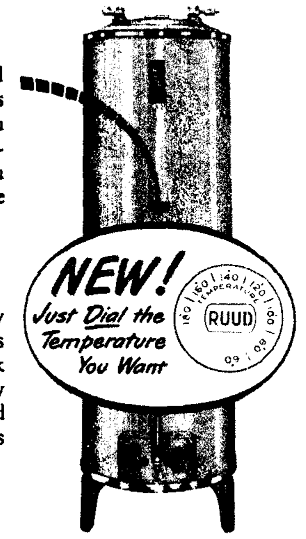
COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

How Husband Bert Got a Whiter Shirt
The HOTTER the Water...
...the WHITER the Wash

Research says "Hotter!" Tests by recognized laundering authorities show you the quick, easy way to whiter wash.

"*The hotter the water*," say these authorities, "*The whiter the wash.*"

New Temperature Dial Control Sends It Hotter. Ruud, the Gas water-heater with the Monel* tank, introduces the amazing new Ruud Temperature Dial Control. Ruud, Gas and Monel, plus Dial Temperature Control give you *hotter* water—*faster*, *cleaner* and *cheaper!* They add up to perfect hot water service, 24 hours a day, year after year after year.


NEW!
Just Dial the Temperature You Want
RUUD

1. HOTTER! The new Ruud Temperature Dial Control lets you "dial" the *hotter* water you need for whiter wash; then delivers *all* you need, *fast* as you need it! Just set the dial for the temperatures you need.

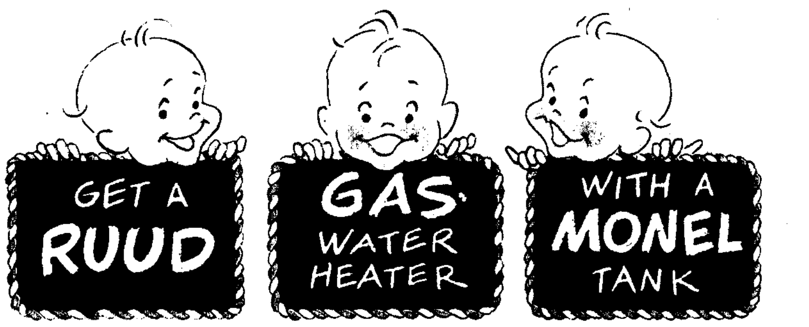
2. FASTER! You needn't try to "save" the water! Or waste time watching and waiting. *Gas* heats fast . . . quickly replaces the hot water you use.

3. CLEANER! No dirty, rusty water, no ugly, brown streaks on linens from the Monel tank of your Ruud. It's completely *rustproof* because it's solid Monel. It sends you water that's crystal-clear and clean!

4. CHEAPER! From basement to attic, Ruud-Gas-Monel delivers hot water cheaper. You get Ruud Thrift-design and the new Ruud Temperature Dial Control. You heat with *Gas*, the economy fuel. And your solid Monel tank lasts longer, costs less per year.

HOT NEWS! The new automatic washing machines are designed to give you the full benefit of *hotter* water. And Ruud, Gas and Monel work together to deliver this hotter water.

In a national survey 99 out of 100 of our customers say they would recommend Ruud-Gas-Monel to their friends. Built for all types of gas including LP-gas. See your Gas Company, Plumber or Dealer today. Write for free literature now!



RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Pittsburgh 1, Pa.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHE: A dozen rehearsals for every take! Why do I have to work for a perfectionist?

HE: Perfection makes stars . . . or did I read that somewhere?

SHE: And my clothes! . . . I probably look as glamorous as a ragbag by now.

HE: You look mighty good to me, sweetie pie.

SHE: You know, your suit seems to take it okay.

HE: Does it? There really must be something in this Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: *Balanced Tailoring . . . ?*

HE: That's what it says in the Timely Clothes ads. "Balanced Tailoring is a scientific blending of fine needlework for supple softness — machine sewing for stamina." How's *that for remembering lines?*

SHE: Sold! Say, maybe *I* ought to do a male role!

"One more rehearsal and I quit!"

TIMELY CLOTHES
longer

TIMELY CLOTHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED, TOO . . . AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

gentlemen, if you don't lose it! There! Now this blade is even better than a new one. It's so sharp now that it would shave the eyebrows off a New Jersey *mosquito!* Let's just watch and see!"

Sure enough, the hair that he blows gently against the blade is snicked off as clean as a whistle. He sells the paste hand over fist. And he's gone with the wind. . . .

There's no virtue in the paste. It's only petroleum jelly or plain soap. The gimmick is in the pitchman's sleight of hand. He has not dulled both edges of the blade, but only one, dulling that edge *twice*. The other edge has been left with its original sharpness. Simple, huh? Try and do it!

Most sadly reprehensible of all the joints is flookum, or, as some spell it, flukem.

Flookum is a harmless-looking concoction, blended by the old pitchman in the dark of the moon, whose chief ingredients are metallic mercury, nitric acid and water. Bottled and flashily labeled, it sold for whatever the traffic would bear. It was supposed to nickel-plate any tarnished metal surface, and was sometimes known as Plato. In this case it was the customer who had to be a philosopher.

Promises of What Plato Will Do

Listen to the chant of the pitchman: "Plato, the magic worker, nickel-plates your tarnished kitchen faucets, your doorknobs, your bathroom fixtures, the headlamps of your automobile, so that they gleam like polished silver! It will nickel-plate anything whatever, that is made of brass or copper! And it takes no time or trouble whatsoever! All you have to do is to apply a small amount of Plato to the article you wish to turn into gleaming silver, then take a dry rag and rub it off! And not *almost* instantly, but *instantly* you have a bright new shiny object that can't be told from pure silver, in place of the thing that just a half minute ago was nothing but a rusty, ugly piece of tarnished junk metal!

"You don't have to take my word for it! You, there, and you—just lend me a copper penny for a second and I'll hand it back to you looking like a silver dime! Is there any gentleman here with a brass key ring, or a brass chain, that he would like to have turned into solid silver? Ah, thank you, sir! And you, too, sir! Here I have a penny, a brass key ring, a brass chain! Now, just one second!"

And he is as good as his word. No sooner has he put the magical stuff on the tarnished metal and rubbed it for a moment than the tarnished article has been transformed into gleaming silver. Is it any wonder that the flookum sells as rapidly as he can hand out the bottles and take in the real silver?

But there is one cardinal rule which the flookum worker must never forget, if he values his future at all: He must get out of that town that night, and put as much geography between that town and his next stopping place as he possibly can.

Old pitchmen tell a mournful tale of one of their number, a gentleman known as One-Eye Willie, who forgot this essential procedure. One-Eye arrived one bright morning in a little California town, his keister bulging with bottles of flookum, set up his tripes on a promising spot, and began his spiel. The crowd that gathered was fascinated by the demonstration which One-Eye made. Gasps of admiration came from all sides as Willie held up to view one glistening example after another of his nickel-plating. Just as he was on the point of turning the tip and making the passout, a voice from the fringe of the crowd bellowed:

"Stop the sale!"

A burly individual pushed his way through the crowd, and One-Eye noted with dismay that he was wearing a blue uniform with brass buttons. In his agitation, One-Eye mistook the man for the town's chief of police.

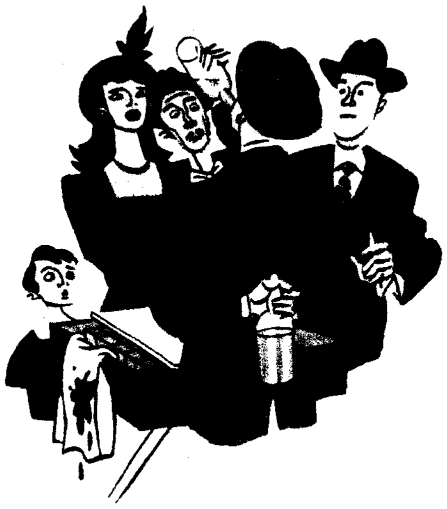
"How many bottles of that stuff have you got there?" the big man bellowed. "And what do you git fer them?"

"One gross," quavered One-Eye. "A hun'erd and forty-four bottles. Fifty cents a bottle is what I usually asks, but I ain't sold a single one yet, Chief, honest I ain't!"

"That's fine!" boomed the big man. "Here's your seventy-two bucks, gimme the lot! I'm the chief of the fire department of this here town and I'm goin' to have every piece of apparatus in the department shined up with this stuff o' yours if it takes the boys all day! That's the most wonderful stuff I ever laid an eye on! Doggone if we don't have us the only silver-plated outfit in the hull U-nited States!"

He held out a roll of bills. One-Eye Willie took it and collapsed in a faint.

When he came to, with the money still clutched in his hand, he headed straight for the nearest saloon. When he woke up on Monday morning, two days later, he was in the city jail.



One bottle contains water, the other chemicals

On the previous Saturday, the firemen had nickel-plated every square inch of brass that the fire department owned—fire engines, hose carts, hose nozzles, even the brass buttons and brass badges. By Saturday evening every inch of metal was gleaming silver and the chief went to bed that night in blissful pride.

By Sunday morning, everything plated with the flookum had turned black. That's the only trouble with flookum, it turns things black within twenty-four hours. One-Eye Willie had overlooked that point.

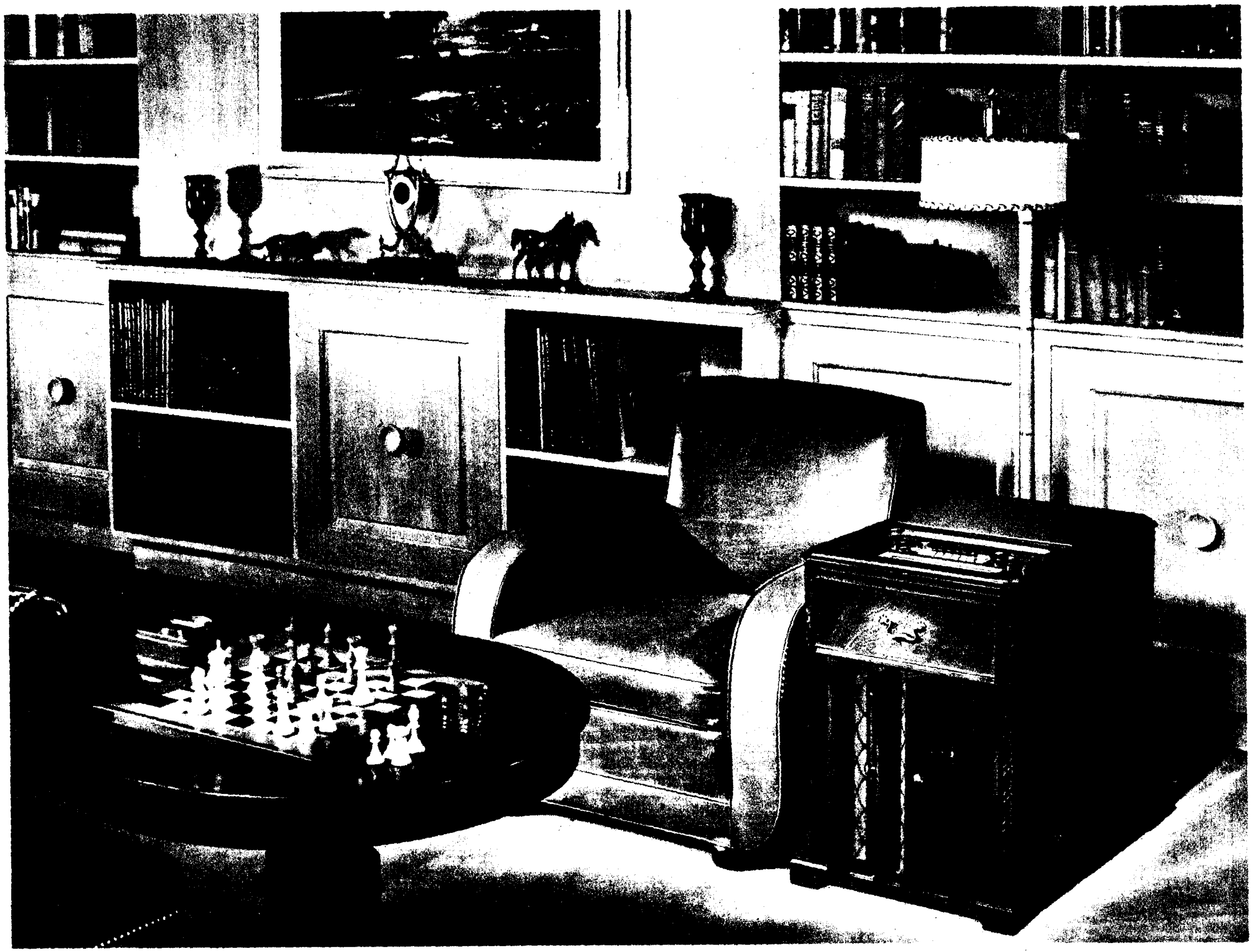
They gave him thirty days in the clink. . . .

But the pitchman, the pitcheroo, is coming back, and is manfully doing his share in warding off inflation by cajoling the public into spending money. It is estimated by old-timers that there are now fully 2,000 pitchmen scattered over the continent. Wherever crowds gather with money in their pockets—at circuses, carnivals, and county fairs—the pitcheroo is to be seen. If he can buy his reader—the license issued by the town's police department—he operates openly. If pitching is banned, as it is in New York City, the pitcheroo takes a chance anyway, but must be ready to fold up his tripes and keister in the twinkling of an eye, and like the Arabs, "silently steal away" when he sees the law approaching. He follows the sun—North in the summer, South in the winter. And, like the sun, or like the chirp of the first robin of the spring, his voice warms the heart:

"Step up closer, ladeez and gentlemen, so that you can carefully examine this marvelous and miraculous—"

Who that hears him can resist being a mooch?

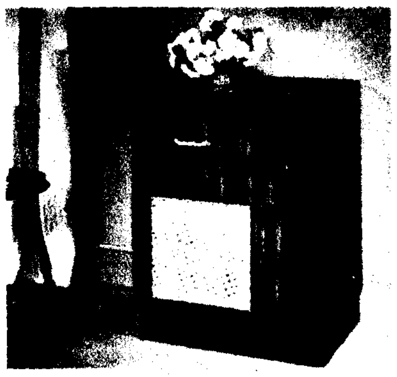
THE END



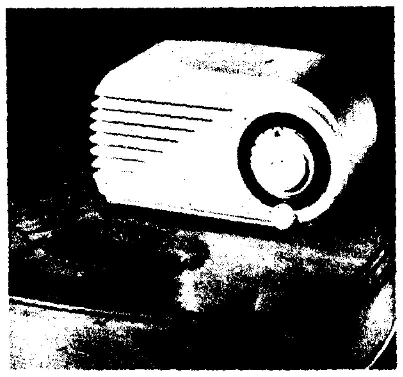
THE FARNSWORTH CHIPPENDALE CHAIRSIDE • Relax next to this superbly styled phonograph-radio and enjoy hours of broadcast entertainment or recorded music without moving from your easy chair. All controls at your finger-tips. Cabinet also provides ample record storage space. Richly finished in mahogany.

Farnsworth Fidelity

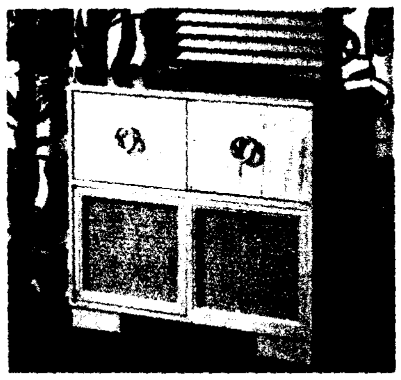
To brighten your Holidays and the years ahead



MODEL GK-266 • Small-home owners will find this compact new Farnsworth phonograph-radio perfectly suited to space requirements. Offering rich, high-fidelity tone from records and wide-ranging radio reception, this superb console is finished in mahogany or blonde prima vera.



MODEL GT-051 • A handsome table radio to entertain the children in their own room, or to brighten Mother's kitchen or Dad's den. Built-in antenna. Automatic volume control. Sturdy, thoroughly dependable in operation. Large airplane-type dial assures easy, accurate tuning.



MODEL GK-086 • *Exquisitely proportioned*—fits neatly under a window, along a wall, wherever desired—ideal for today's modern apartment. AM-FM radio. Precision-built changer stops automatically after last record. Finished in rich walnut or blonde prima vera.

Let a Farnsworth fill your home with festive Holiday music—now and throughout the coming years. For this brilliant new phonograph-radio—with the exclusive Farnsworth Tone Clarifier—is your lasting guarantee of musical pleasure. The Tone Clarifier at last makes possible the *unblemished* reproduction of recorded music. Surface noise and needle scratch disappear. Even scratched records reproduce flawlessly, musically complete. Farnsworth phonograph-radios are available in a wide choice of period and modern cabinets. Luxurious AM-FM consoles with the celebrated Farnsworth automatic record-changer and Tone Clarifier . . . compact table models for your individual use. When you see a Farnsworth—hear its tonal beauty—compare its cost, you will agree that it truly represents musical perfection, modestly priced ($24.95 to $425). See your Farnsworth dealer today. He has been chosen for his integrity and will arrange for Holiday delivery of the Farnsworth you select.

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE 1, INDIANA

“tha[illegible]s [illegible], po[illegible]”

Gift Certificate

on't try it on for size, Pop! It's only a smart idea—a ticket to style and comfort in a hat. You can do the picking yourself. There's a real expert way to fit you with the right hat—right style, right color, right shape for the head man. You always did go for a successful appearance. Now go to a Recognized Hatter, and choose the hat that fits your head and makes the most of your personality!

give him a hat
this delightful easy way

Give your favorite man a double thrill this Christmas. First, he gets this handsome certificate in a miniature hat box that's virtually a gift in itself. Later, when he uses the certificate at a Recognized Hatter's—wherever the plaque at the right is featured—he gets the hat that's right for him!

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
HATTER

this plaque identifies
a Recognized Hatter

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

nobody will be able to tell by their clothes whether they're men or women. Soon, in the interests of tolerance and equality, the genders will consolidate into one master sex, to be know as fmales, or mimmen.

MIKE LEFCOURT, Woodbine, N. Y.

CYCLOTRONIC CENSURE

GENTLEMEN: It is with regret that I find myself in wholehearted agreement with your Pravda quote in Mr. Weisinger's article on nickel amusement devices (Mister Gimmick, Nov. 1st), calling us barbaric for our infantile enjoyment in operating the Atomic Bomber. Why do our high priests of publicity seem impelled to dub "atomic" anything and everything from cocktails to curvilinear torsos? There is a certain amoral shallowness in a national character susceptible to such blandishments.

Americans, with apparently small capacity for such a position, have had world ideological leadership thrust upon them. We should have reached a point at which "hitting the jack pot" is less important than the possibility of radioactive children.

DAVID B. WILSON, Cambridge, Mass.

HORSE SENSE

DEAR EDITOR: In Poor Man's Race Horse, (Nov. 1st), Vivien B. Keatley says, "With an occasional exception, the thoroughbred is fit for nothing but racing or the stud." Such a statement is ridiculous, also what the writer says about polo ponies. Anyone who has played polo knows that a quarter horse is a pretty good mount on a polo field but not up to sustained speed with a thoroughbred or near thoroughbred. Also all horses, not draft, that are good must and do have thoroughbred blood; even the quarter horse owes his good qualities to the horse "fit for nothing but racing."

CYRUS P. NEWBEGIN, Danvers, Mass.

UNDERESTIMATED ART FORM

GENTLEMEN: Did it ever occur to anyone that jazz is the most widely distorted, misunderstood and underestimated art form in the U.S.A.? Most music stories present musicians as a group of misfits. Either the hero is a zoot-suited, jive-talking maniac never without a gross of reefers and a deck or two of narcotics, or he's a po' ole darky found in an abandoned mine shaft playing his heart out on a fifth-hand cornet and living solely on memories. Rescued by a wealthy lover of music, he flashes to national prominence overnight but—"Man, they'se too commercial nowadays so I'se g'wan back to de ole mine."

William Porter's sad Blow Me Blue (Nov. 1st) was one of the most ludicrous. From it I quote: "He blew the first chorus of Riff's Blues, blew it slow and easy, because his lip was rusty." After a little layoff of twenty years or so any horn man's lip might be a bit rusty. So after all this practice Ed turns his back on the Big Time, shuffles back to the houseboat and "the music he blew was like a razor blade, cutting the world wide open. He took the last chorus, hit a fine A-flat"—and dropped dead? How fantastic can you get?

J. LEE ANDERSON, Ludington, Mich.

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT!

DEAR SIRS: In Jr's Diary by Henry Morgenthau (Oct. 25th) a picture caption of Wallace talking with Morgenthau says, "When Wallace referred to a $300,000,000 loan as just a paper loss, Morgenthau said, 'You don't run your own home that way.'"

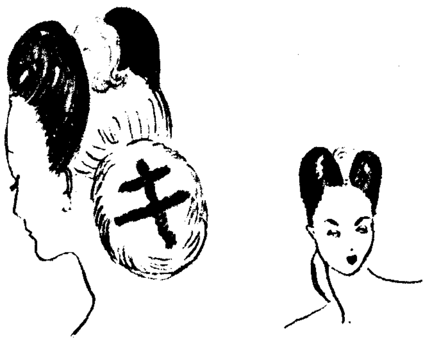
If Mr. Morgenthau disagrees with Mr. Wallace, as he evidently does, why does he allow a cameraman to take his picture with that silly smirk on his face? To show his dimples? This same "smile for the camera, please" idea seems to be in all our pictures of public men these days. The more serious the question under discussion, the deeper our country goes into debt, the closer we get to war, the bigger the smiles on the faces of the men who represent us. It makes us feel that perhaps they are not treating matters seriously enough.

MRS. LEO E. SUTLIFF, Camp Hill, Penn.

They're probably laughing through tears.

RED, WHITE & BLUE HAIR, LONG MAY IT WAVE!

DEAR SIR: Jon Whitcomb's white-streaked hair-do cover (Oct. 11th) is nothing to the French girl. In 1944 a well-known *coiffeur* presented a style where the hair was colored with a dark blue paint and sprayed with silver dust, to be worn with a fancy evening dress. I have seen a girl with her hair up in tresses, one tress was her own red hair and the other dyed black.



A famous songstress named Yolanda had black hair with one side bleached blond. But the best I have seen was at a party to celebrate the first anniversary of the Liberation of Paris. A girl had a hair-do that was swept up in three big curls, one was blue, the middle one white and the other side bright red. In the back on the white chignon were some red curls applied in the form of the *"Croix de Lorraine."* The sketch which I have made explains it.

MME. DANIELLE BRAUER

POTTY OF THE FIRST POT

GENTLEMEN: Let me be the first of the thousands of mothers who undoubtedly will send in critical comments on the story and illustration of Bernie and Me (Oct. 25th). Someone should tell Fuller and Cooper the facts of life. A potty chair such as the one pictured has no hinge in the seat, or even bolts. The seat is made of a piece of solid wood, curved to fit the—er—contours. A folding back—and armrest is *screwed* on, true enough, but not even Herman could get his head under the top railing of either one. Furthermore, a boy's potty chair is equipped with a deflector—if you know what I mean.

MRS. JOHN RANDOLPH,
Redwood City, Cal.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I wonder if many of your readers realize how incredible life is in Europe at this moment. In England we blame our government for everything from the price of food to the weather, but at least Collier's in London costs only 6d; in Paris yesterday I paid 20 francs (10d or 20 cents), whilst today I ventured to the Champs Elysées and to my great delight saw American candy, a 5-cent candy bar (reminiscent of my Wren life!). I pounced and then the blow: 60 francs (60 cents) for this 5-cent bar, simply outrageous.

EILEEN M. CARROLL, Paris, France

... I have just received a copy of the Sept. 20th issue from the Red Cross. It seems that a Mrs. McDonald (The Week's Mail) would like to have more American blood shed on this war-torn earth. I wonder if she knows how it feels to lie in a foxhole and wonder what the next second will bring—"death or life." If she does want a war, please pay her passage to Russia.

THE PATIENTS OF WARD 21D,
49th General Hospital, Tokyo, Japan

PERFECTO
Shirt
SANFORIZED
®
by
Rice-Stix
KERRY KNIGHT PAJAMAS for men
BOY BLUE PAJAMAS for boys
PADDLE & SADDLE SPORT SHIRTS for men
PADDLE & SADDLE SPORT SHIRTS for boys
for men and boys

Symbol of perfection in shirts

For many years, well-dressed men have looked to Perfecto as a symbol of perfection in shirts.

Special attention to the little things means a lot to a man's shirt. Added comfort. Better fit. Good looks. Longer wear.

Right down from the smart shape of their Firmflex collars to their finely fashioned cuffs, Perfecto shirts are truly "right styled by Rice-Stix." And the smooth-fitting "contour shoulder" is an added Perfecto style feature.

You'll find Perfecto shirts available in whites, solid colors, and a wide selection of pleasing patterns. Sanforized*, of course.

Find out how really right a shirt can be. Ask for Perfecto. If you can't find Perfecto shirts in your community, write us for the name of a dealer conveniently located near your home.

Maximum shrinkage less than 1%.

RICE-STIX
Manufacturers • Saint Louis

Other men's and boys' wear manufactured by Rice-Stix

Clicquot
Club
Quart
SPARKLING WATER

give your spirits a lift

All the sparkle your glass can hold—that's what Clicquot Club Sparkling Water gives you!

In "tall ones" this superb mixer keeps its zest for a *solid hour.* In the opened bottle, recapped and refrigerated, it holds its sparkle for *two whole days!*

Give your spirits a lift with Clicquot Club, the "spirit-lifting" Sparkling Water. In quarts, in handy smaller sizes.

Clicquot
Club

Clicquot
(pronounced Kleeko)
Club
SPARKLING WATER

ALL POPULAR FLAVORS, INCLUDING
GINGER ALE AND COLA

BLACK-TIE COWBOY

Continued from page 12

likely that you're going to remember to come on Tuesday?"

"Miss Mary," Harry said, "you got the drop on me. I ain't real good at recollectin'. Howsomever, I'll do my durnedest to—"

"I'll call and remind you Tuesday afternoon," Mary said. "Goodby, Wild Bill."

I HAPPENED to attend that dinner; but with trepidation. Mary's parents were wealthy—her father owned the California-Nevada department store chain—and represented the older society of Los Angeles. To say that Los Angeles has no old society is erroneous; some of the well-established families go back twenty or thirty years. The Morgans were part of this group, which didn't welcome movie people or fly-by-nighters. Their dinners were done in style, and they insisted that their guests have recognizable ancestors and a claim to civilized manners. I suspected Harry would possess neither, and soon make himself unacceptable.

He surprised me, both in his choice of forks and language. As I was now the principal attorney for Mr. Morgan and his interests, I was later solicited for an opinion on Harry by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and found myself incapable—from a standpoint of strict justice—of animadversions upon either his breeding or his conduct.

Of course, he was employed in motion pictures, but he gave the impression that they were only an amusing side line, and required neither his interest nor loyalty. His father had been a senator from Pennsylvania, and died incorruptible, if relatively poor. His mother was a Broderick from Massachusetts. Harry received his education at Harvard, though he avoided the accent by spending every summer on the family ranch in Wyoming. I did not regard the lack of a broad A as a serious disability, and he had traded it for great athletic ability, superb horsemanship and the knack of slipping easily into a dialect suitable for Western dramas.

I understood his entrance into the acting profession stemmed from giving up trying to get into the diplomatic service following graduation, going to the annual Calgary Stampede on a bet, and joining the rodeo competition there, during which he broke his nose and attracted the attention of a director of cowboy pictures.

Obviously I didn't know all that when I first talked with the Morgans in the paneled library of their home; most of the information is the result of an investigation I conducted on my own behalf during the succeeding two months.

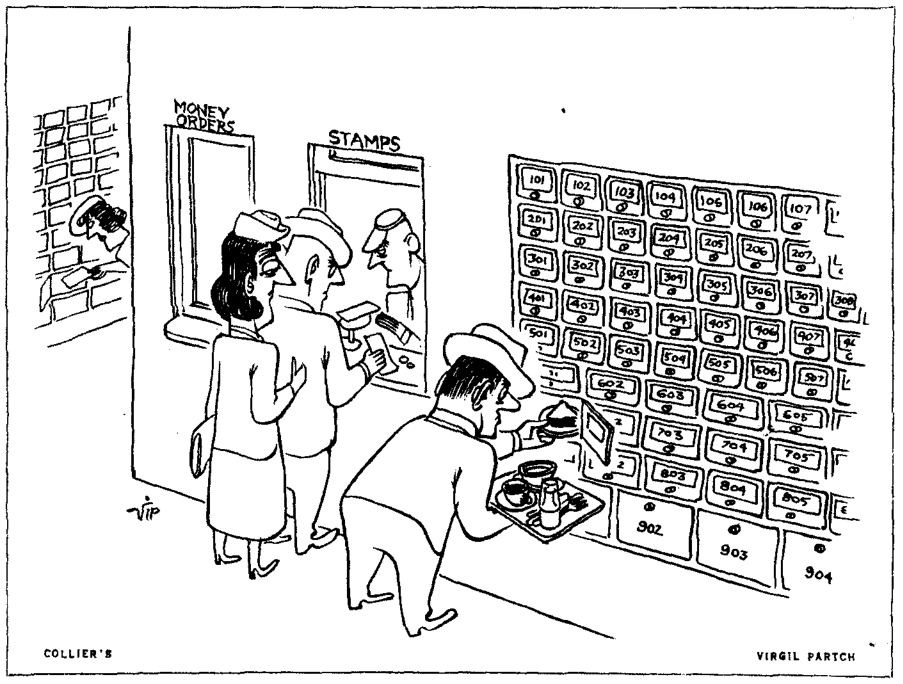
The investigation was performed for the best possible reasons. Mr. Morgan, upon my advice, was already making gifts or establishing trusts for a large part of his holdings in order to escape death taxes when he was deceased, and Mary had become a woman of property. I had been selected as her counsel, and I felt it was incumbent upon me to know all I could of anyone who might capture her affections. That is how I happened to "case"—if you'll pardon the expression—Harry.

Well, as I said, Harry made a good impression during his initial visit. He wasn't a drinker, and his language was well chosen. His dinner jacket was old and of a Bond Street cut. He could talk wines with Mr. Morgan, music with Mrs. Morgan and politics with everyone. Mary was disappointed that he hadn't brought his banjo, but he wouldn't discuss it with her. I found him exceedingly compatible myself, and he requested me to telephone him later in the week regarding some legal work. Expressing himself as satisfied with my services on his behalf shortly after, he engaged me as his lawyer. Old Judge Blake, I remember, was much pleased at the business I was bringing into the firm, though he dropped dead along about that time while having a beer across from the city hall, so he didn't have long to enjoy my success.

MARY must have had a couple of dates with Harry of which I wasn't cognizant. Then one night he phoned me to rush right over to his Sunset Boulevard apartment for a party. It was characteristic of him to apprise his guests at the last minute. They needed gals at the hoedown, he said, and urged me to bring a date.

I hurriedly called Mary, but learned that she had already left for somewhere, and I was forced to go alone. When I got to Harry's apartment, I found her there with him, helping to entertain a mixed lot—cowboys, producers, female movie stars and others. A night club from across the street was supplying food and champagne, brought up on trays by waiters who were forced to duck through traffic to deliver their burdens. The party seemed to go on forever, amid much loud talk and music, and eventually the night club closed and the management, floor show and musicians crossed the perilous boulevard to join our gathering.

I had intended to leave early because I had a morning in court ahead of me, but I had a few too many glasses of cham-



Prize Package
FROM
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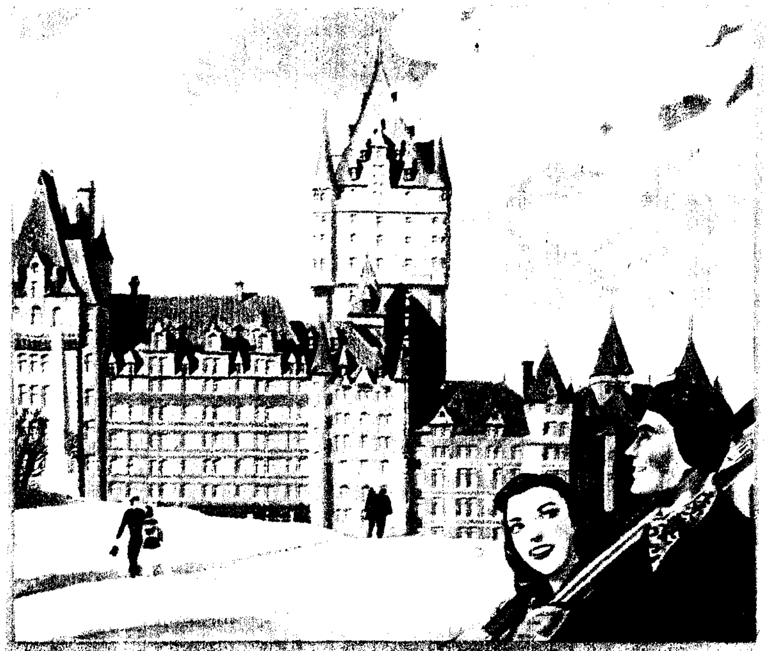

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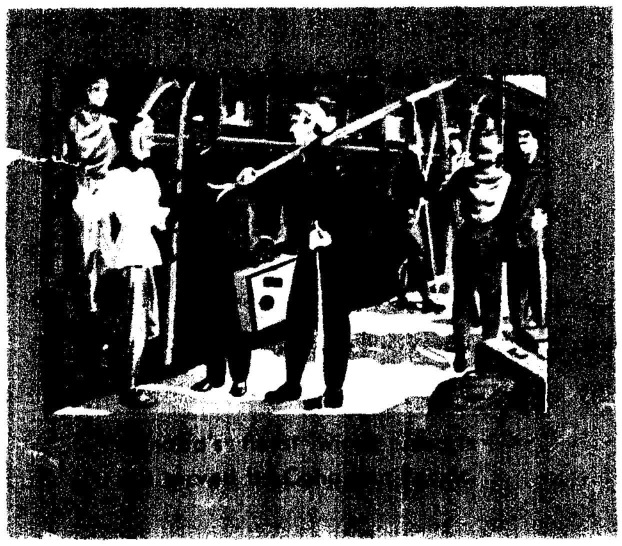

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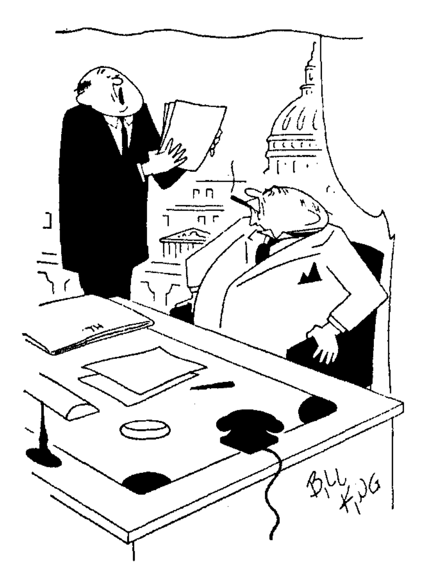
SPANS THE WORLD

pagne and couldn't tear myself away, particularly when the girls from the night club began doing their act. Also, I thought Mary would bear watching. Also, a lady at the party who was terribly gay stepped on the foot of the Dalmatian dog known as Liver Trouble, and the latter bit her in the leg. The lady thereupon bit him back. They were separated with the greatest difficulty and given first aid. Harry being a client of mine, I leaped immediately into action and took every precaution against a damage suit, including affidavits, a signed release from the lady, and the preliminary draft of a letter to Harry's insurance company.

WHEN that was all concluded, I seized the first opportunity to get Mary alone. "My dear," I said, "it is now nearly five in the morning. Though I am far from a Mr. Grundy—"

"You're not too far, Alfred," Mary said. "How's Mrs. Grundy?"

"No jokes, please," I said. "You should have been home long ago. What will your parents think?"



"The results of the poll, Senator, are as follows: Three per cent want you to run for President; and the rest just want you to run"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"I wish they'd come tonight," Mary said. "Boy, oh, boy, did you ever have so much fun? Isn't Harry a character?"

"I never discuss the personalities of my clients," I said.

"And quite right, too," Mary said. "The other day I went to a rodeo with him. He's the only boy friend I ever had who literally threw the bull. Not a bull exactly—it was a steer. But he threw it, pardner. Got right out there in the amphitheater and—"

"You're talking too loud, Mary," I said.

"He makes me so excited," Mary said. "Sometimes I think I'm going completely to pieces. The other night we were dancing in a club and he decided to join the orchestra. They lent him a banjo, and pretty soon the orchestra was playing nothing but square dances and Harry was calling them. It practically wrecked the club."

"Did the manager of the club say anything about taking action against Harry?" I asked.

"No," Mary said. "Should he have?"

"I was simply asking," I said. "Harry strikes me as a man painfully vulnerable to civil suits. I'm worried concerning this affair tonight with the Dalmatian."

"She bit him, didn't she?" Mary said. "She started the fight. I think Liver Trouble showed commendable restraint. If it had been Vertigo, now—"

"Liver Trouble," I said. "Vertigo. Why can't he call his dogs by ordinary names? It's silly."

"It's cute," Mary said. "They have spots on them, don't they? When you have liver trouble or vertigo, you have spots before your eyes. Don't you see the connection? Because they are spotted dogs—"

"I perceive the joke, Mary," I said, "but, as you may recall, jesting is not my long suit. By the way, do your parents know you have been out several times with Harry?"

"Yes," Mary said. "Shouldn't they?"

"Mary," I said, "you are a wealthy young woman. Your youth and beauty, plus even more tangible assets, are apt to cause you to be the target of designing men. As your lawyer, I strongly urge you to watch out for them."

"You mean Harry?" Mary said.

"Yes," I said. "I mean no. I'm Harry's counsel, and I'd do less than my duty to a client if I impugned his motives. No, I have the utmost confidence in Harry."

"Who do you mean then?" Mary said. "Yourself?"

"My dear girl," I said, "I have searched my conscience time and again in connection with our relationship, and I'm prepared to testify under oath—"

At that moment Harry came up. He had glued a crepe mustache to his lip and wore a sheriff's star pinned to the lapel of his dinner jacket.

"We're goin' to have law in Hollywood," he said, "and nothin' but the law. Justice has penetrated west of the Los Angeles River. Speak up, Judge Edmonds."

"Well—" I started to say.

"Sheriff," Mary said, "me and the judge here been talkin' about you. Have you ever considered runnin' in double harness?"

"Why, not rightly hard," Harry replied. "A man's got no call to bring a woman out here on this here lone frontier. I admit I've considered writin' to one of them Eastern matrimonial bureaus and seein' if they had a girl that knew a plow from an ax handle."

"I ain't hitched, Sheriff," Mary said, "but I'm aimin' to find myself a cowboy. I want to get out of this here honky-tonk district."

"Mary!" I said.

"I'm makin' this play, Judge," Mary said. She looked at Harry. "How would I strike you as a woman to curry your hoss and clean your shootin' 'arns?"

"A little dance-hall gal like you, Miss Mary?" Harry said. "You know that wouldn't work out at all. I need something steadier—maybe an Indian squaw. I figger to become a nester in the San Fernando Valley pretty soon."

"You're a plain-talkin' man, Sheriff," Mary said, "and I'm a plain-talkin' gal. One of these days we'll be ridin' your buckboard out to Encino as man and wife or the judge here'll take you into court on a breach-of-promise suit."

"Wait," I said. "This joking has gone far enough. We must have no discussion of suits between clients—"

"Did I propose to you, Miss Mary?" Harry asked.

"You did, pardner," Mary said. "Night before last."

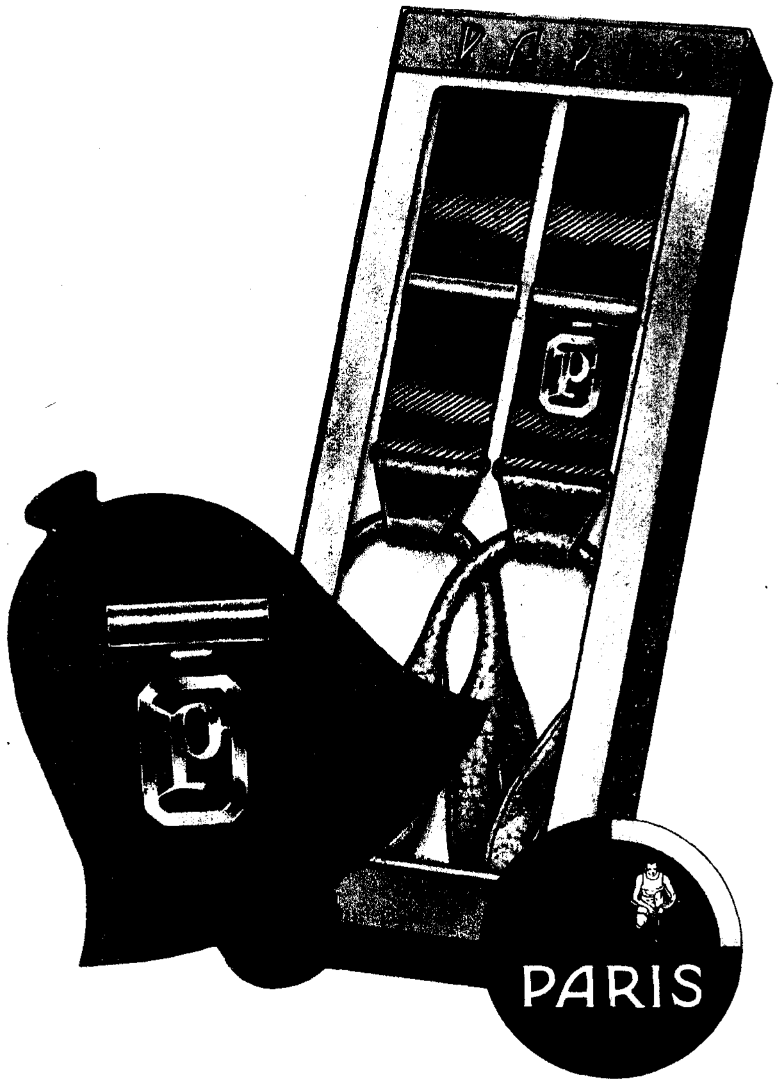
"I'll be durned," Harry said. "Must've slipped my mind."

"I'm going home," I said. "I have a hang-over."

I SHOULD have known then that I was dwelling in a fool's paradise, emotionally and legally. But my sagacity failed me completely; Harry and Mary talked so casually, in such a joking fashion, that I didn't take them seriously. Besides, I was worried concerning Liver Trouble's battle with the lady guest, and the champagne wasn't agreeing with me.

A week passed, and Harry came to my office downtown. He announced that he was takin' on Miss Mary as a lifetime pardner. I must have looked sick.

"What's the matter, Judge?" Harry said. "I mean to make it legal—we're getting married. Isn't that all right?"



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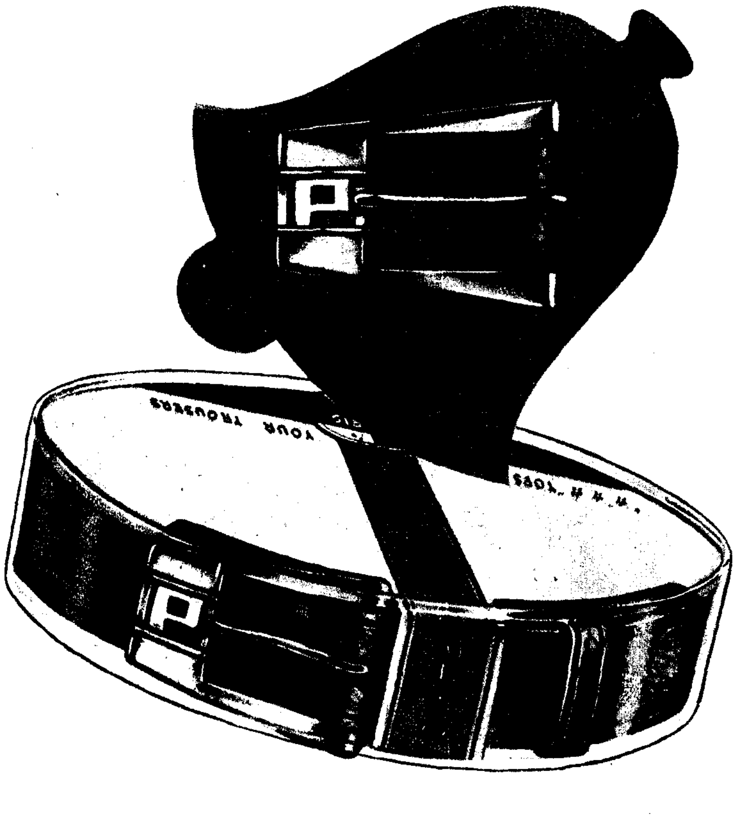

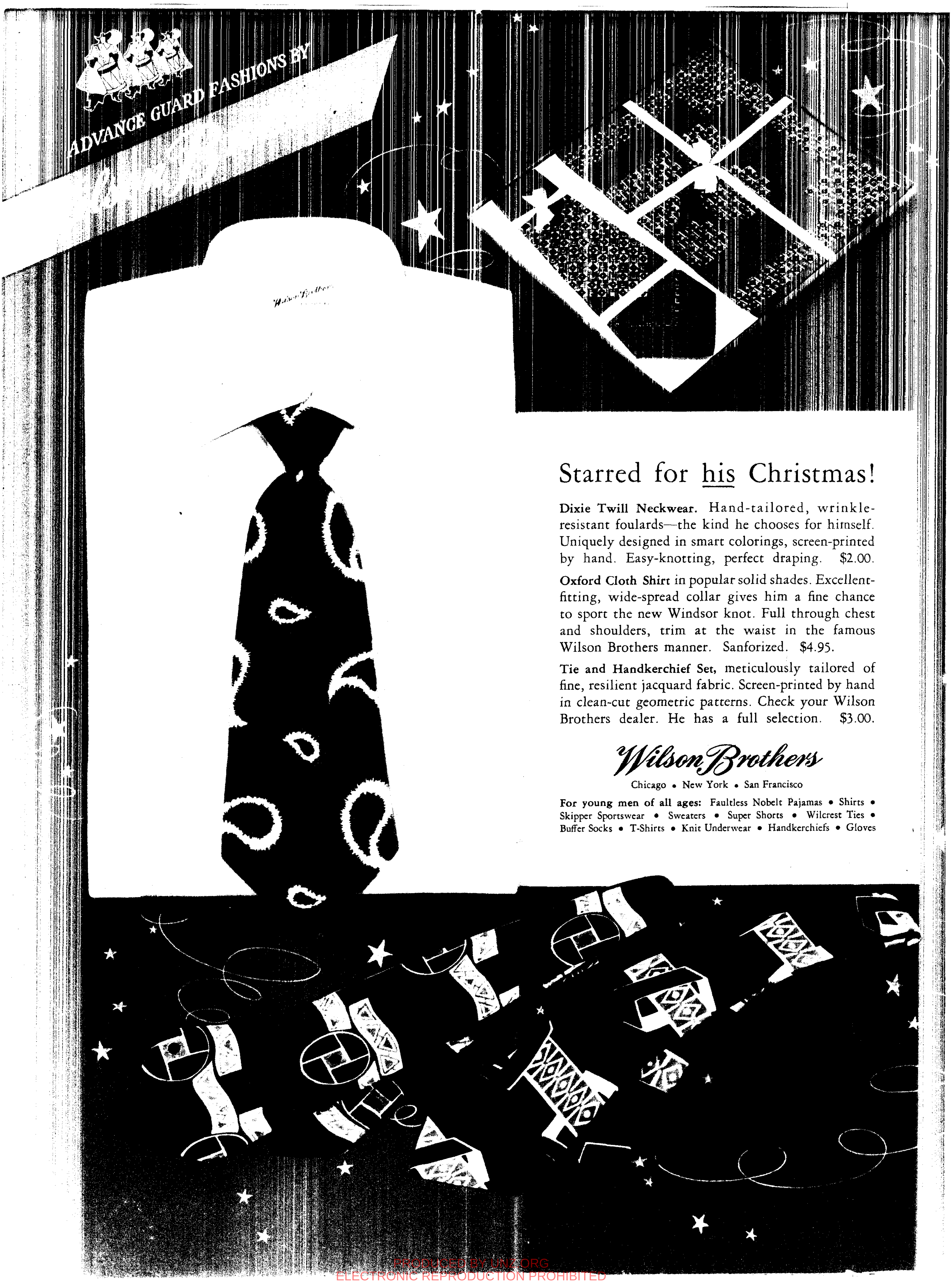

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"Oh, it's fine from a law standpoint," I said. "My difficulty is personal. I meant to marry her myself."

"Gee, I'm sorry," Harry said. "I suppose you told me and I forgot."

"No, no," I said. "I didn't tell you. You're quite within your rights in marrying her."

"That's a relief to know," Harry said, and sighed. "I don't want any difficulties with the law. Alfred, will you draw up the necessary papers or whatever you do to get married?"

I requested an interview with Mary, and hurried out to visit her. Since I represented both people in this union, certain difficulties in my position were immediately apparent to me. Just one, for example, was whether or not I should obtain from Harry a disclaimer of any rights to the dower Mary was bringing into her marriage. Obviously I ought to have protected Mary, yet I owed an obligation to Harry, too. I never did solve that problem, and nothing was finally signed.

Mary told me she was terribly happy. So were her parents, who were perfectly correct and helpful during the whole period. I conferred with them the following day, and they only asked that I make sure that Mary signed nothing except the application for the marriage license.

"However," Mary said, "you seem kind of distrait, Alfred. Is there a smell of illegality in this here transaction?"

"None whatever," I assured her. "I have the highest respect and devotion for both of you, and you may be sure that the lawful aspects of your new life are entirely in order. But, Mary—I've grown fond of you through the years—very fond of you. To put it briefly, I have long hoped to make you Mrs. Edmonds."

"I'll be durned," Mary said. "A little dance-hall gal like me? Alfred, I'm touched and surprised. You should have served me with a document or something."

"I was remiss in my protestations of devotion," I said. "I admit that. But the administration of your affairs came first. And there's no use crying over spilled milk."

"That's a lovely phrase," Mary said, "and sums it up neatly. Alfred, I'll tell you this—if anybody ever beats Harry to the draw and I'm left alone in the world with a few horses and dogs, you'll be the first to know."

"Let us hope," I said, "that your future husband will never have anything more dangerous to fight than a civil action. Goodby and God bless you, my dear. From now on you will mean nothing more to me than a client."

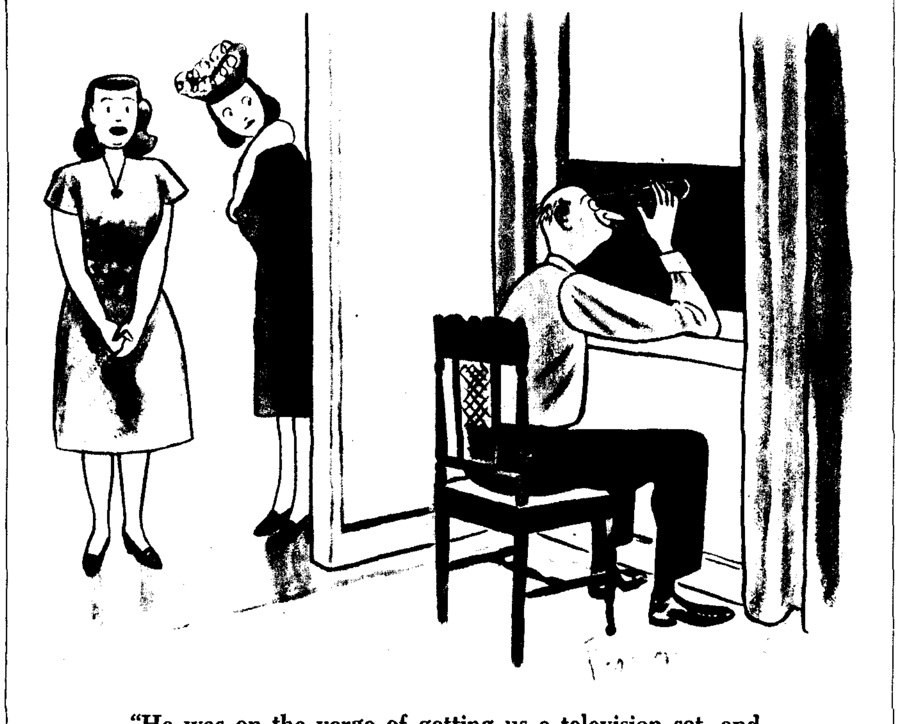
Instead of the large society wedding the Morgans had planned, Harry and Mary fled to Las Vegas and were married. Harry lost four thousand dollars at a crap table, and Mary later stated if you thought skiing and mountain climbing were dangerous and fun, you ought to try holy wedlock. They bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, stocked it with horses and cattle, and devoted themselves to riding, barbecues and informal rodeos.

Liver Trouble was married to another Dalmatian and had several families which grew up in their rambling house. Because I thought my presence might arouse painful memories, both in them and in myself, I saw them rarely in the next three or four years; but mutual acquaintances who attended their parties said they were gruesomely happy, and that the Western existence they lived was hard on wind and limb but far more exhilarating than smoking marijuana or stunt flying. I'm happy to report that Harry refused to use a cent of Mary's money and had no legal difficulties of any kind.

THEN the war came. Harry promptly enlisted and volunteered for the paratroopers. While he was stationed in the country, Mary followed him from camp to camp; when he left for overseas, she returned to Los Angeles and enrolled as a riveter in an aircraft factory. I saw her only once during these hectic years, on business. She had sold the Valley ranch and was living again with her parents, and her hands were calloused and she seemed quiet and sad and concerned for Harry. I had received my commission in the Navy and was on the point of leaving for Washington (where I spent the entire war as a reviewing officer for courts-martial); I had only a few papers for her to sign and the information that my practice was being left in the hands of an old gaffer named Henry T. Calvin, who would give her good service.

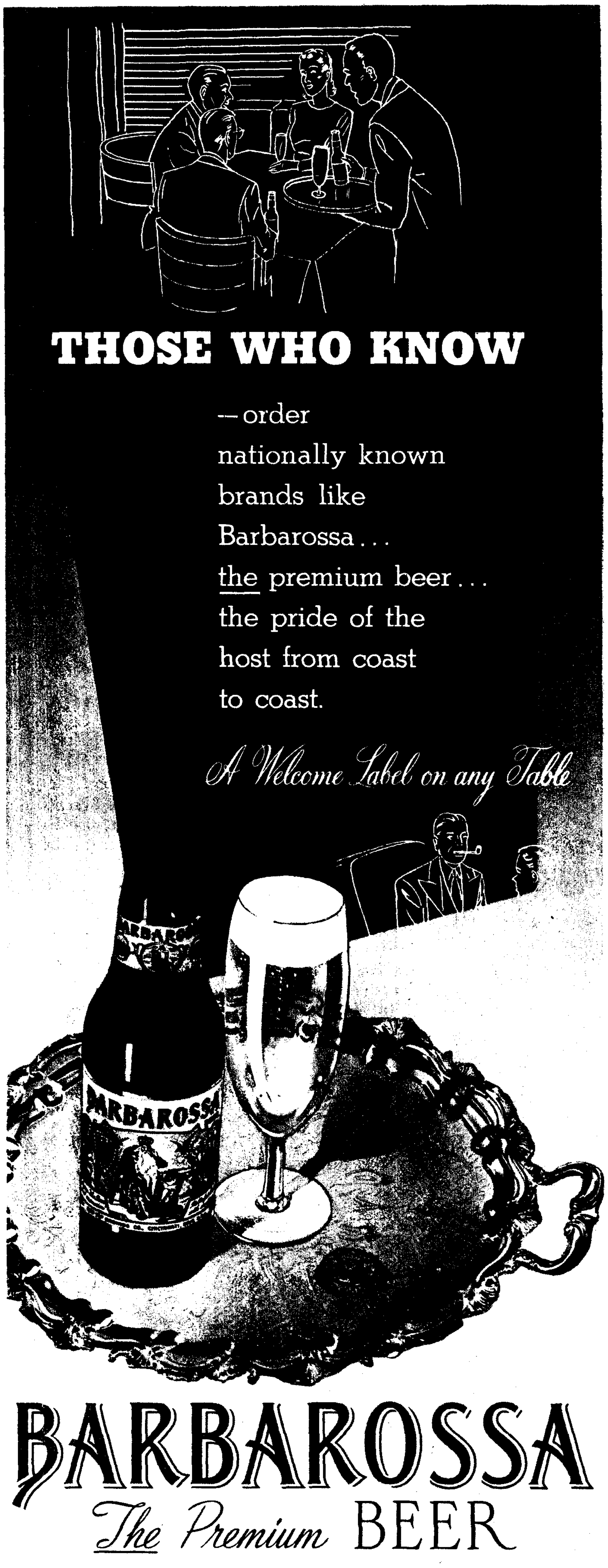
"Alfred," Mary said, "I think we've had our good times, and we might as well make up our minds to it. The world we lived in is gone. It'll never come back. When you're as happy as I was, you're selfish. I wish it had never ended."

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "This is a temporary upheaval, and I have every confidence that justice will triumph. We



"He was on the verge of getting us a television set, and then I foolishly gave him those binoculars for his birthday"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



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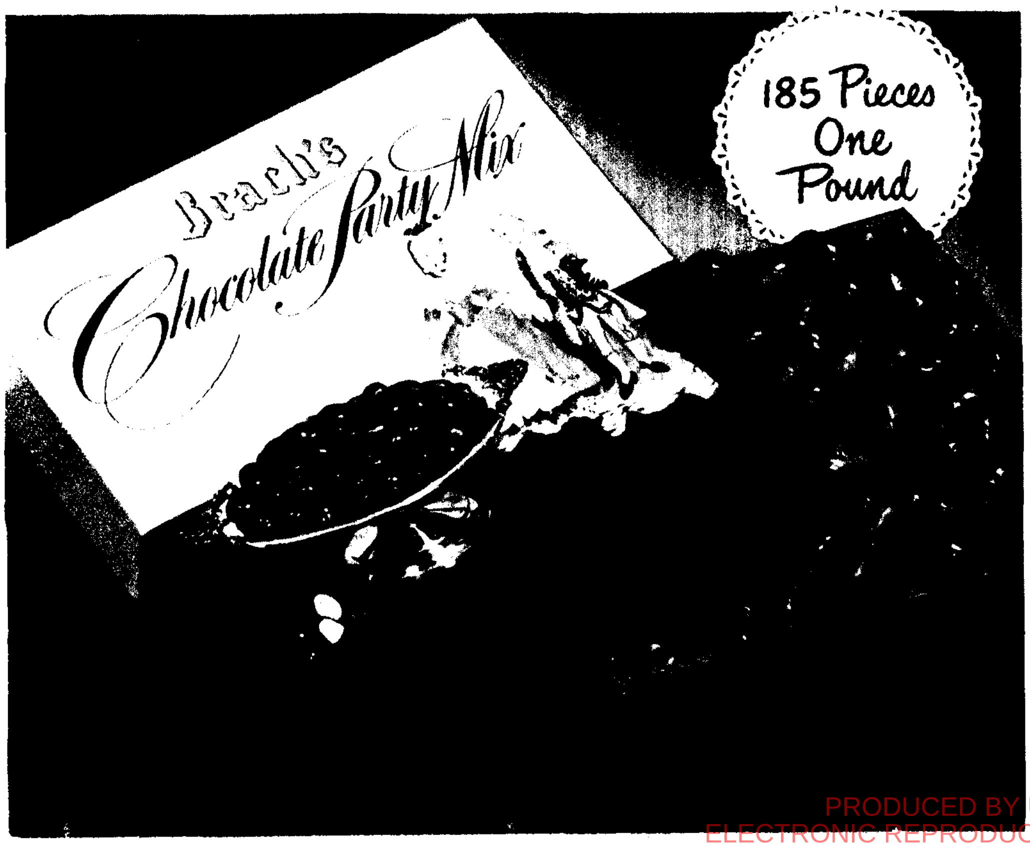

must confront the unknown future with equanimity.”

“I reckon we better,” Mary said, and ushered me rather hastily to the door. “Ain't no worse than them there wars we've been through with the sheepherders, is it?” She drew a long breath. “But somehow I keep thinking of the sheriff out there in those funny boots and tin hat, trying to make a fast draw with his tommy gun while he's swinging in a parachute. He's up against worse than Bert Slade now.” Suddenly she burst into tears and ran back down the hall.

Well, it wasn't as bad as she anticipated. Harry jumped in Sicily and came out all right. He jumped in Normandy and broke his nose. It had been flattened so many times by then that he could no longer qualify for combat duty, and he spent the remainder of his service training air-borne troops in England. I was very impressed by how he refused to trade on the high number of points he had piled up and stayed in Great Britain until he was no longer needed. Finally he came home. By that time I was a civilian once more, and so was nearly everyone else. I had not talked with Mary except on the telephone, but I imagined how happy they both would be.

ONE day Harry dropped by my office with a contract from his movie company, which was taking him on in Westerns again. His salary was one thousand dollars a week, and I considered the agreement extremely equitable. However, Harry looked gloomy and tired, and his nose was slanted more than ever.

“You probably have combat fatigue,” I suggested.

“I have home-front fatigue,” Harry replied. “Wife fatigue. I believe Mary is going to divorce me.”

“What?” I said.

“Remember I'm retaining you,” Harry said, “whatever happens. If Mary retains you, too, okay—but I'll never give you up.”

That night I received an emergency call from Mary. I drove hastily to the apartment in Beverly Hills that she and Harry were currently occupying. She was alone, flushed and highly indignant.

“He's pulled his freight, by cracky,” she announced. “Left ten minutes ago, bag and baggage. I want to kill him, Alfred. Can you get me off if I do?”

“Mary!” I said, “are you mad?”

“I'd gladly kill the bum,” Mary said, “but naturally I don't relish doing time. Suppose I merely disfigured him? Can't you bribe a jury or something?”

“I refuse to continue this discussion,” I said.

“Here's evidence,” Mary said, flourishing a letter in my face. “Exhibit A for the prosecution. A communication from a dame in England, Janice Townsend-Frobisher by name. She was my husband's fiancée while he was stationed there! The minute he left her to come home, she broke off the engagement, and now she wonders whether I could send her a few pounds of sugar and some nylon stockings. When I asked Harry to explain, he said he had no reasonable explanation and that I'd have to be a big enough woman to understand. He was positive I was a big enough woman for a week, but I disabused him of *that* notion tonight.”

I read the letter. There was no question of Harry's guilt, though Janice Townsend-Frobisher's intelligence quotient couldn't have been high. Gazing at Mary helplessly, I said a few obvious things.

“Skip those bromides,” Mary said. “The whole problem boils down to whether I'm a big enough woman to overlook my husband's engagement to some limey whilst on foreign service. Am I a big enough woman? The answer is: I am not. I wish a divorce, and I wish all his money. You're my lawyer. Proceed with the necessary arrangements.”

“I'm also his lawyer,” I said. “As counsel for both of you, I earnestly advise—”

“Shut up,” Mary said.

I conferred with Harry. He seemed a shattered man, and somewhat uncommunicative.

“I always was absent-minded, as you may have noticed,” he said. “I was lonely, and Janice was right pleasant. When I'd done my duty, I came right home to the woman I love. As Rudyard Kipling has remarked, single men in barracks—”

“Yes, yes,” I said. “But Mary is going to divorce you, notwithstanding.”

“So be it,” Harry said. “You're my attorney. Handle the details.”

I conferred with Mary. I conferred with Harry. Pointing out my dubious position to them, I stated that I had to withdraw from the representation of one or the other in order to give the individual case my full loyalty. They both refused to relinquish me. Harry further complicated matters by agreeing to whatever Mary wanted. I almost went crazy struggling with them and with my conscience.

PRESENTLY I arranged a property settlement, on Mary's terms. It was very simple—she got everything, including a trip to Reno. As far as Harry's salary was concerned, after taxes and alimony he received exactly seventy-five dollars a week. I protested this, but Harry said to let it ride.

I went into court to get approval of the settlement, before old Judge Hall. He didn't think much of the arrangements.

“Let me hear from Mr. Prentis' attorney,” he said.

“I'm also Mr. Prentis' counsel, your honor,” I said.

“I scent a rat here, Mr. Edmonds,” Judge Hall said; “and it could be you. I needn't ask you which client you are favoring.”

“Your honor,” I said, “I have acted in this case according to the dictates of honor and the highest traditions of the bar. There are circumstances I cannot explain in open court.”

“All right, Mr. Edmonds,” Judge Hall said. “Since this barefaced persecution meets with the approval of the contestants, I'll admit it. But the court wishes to add that it only hopes it will not have the present counsel soon up before it for malpractice.”

The newspapers printed choice bits of the judge's dialogue, and I had to stay up

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A hilarious two-part story about the shyest young man ever to stumble in love

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

"then I will!" SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN

"Who will plant the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.
"Not I," said the cat, the dog and the pig.
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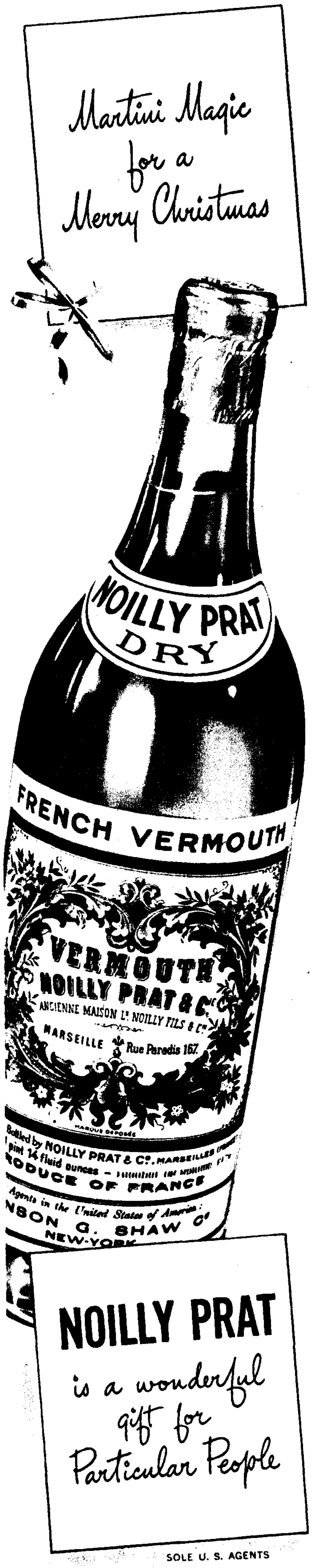

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at Lake Arrowhead for a week until the reporters lost interest in me. Mary went to Nevada and was divorced. When she returned, I visited her to plead for mitigation of Harry's plight. She only smiled mysteriously and reminded me that her marital and emotional status was now changed, and I was being informed first as promised.

"Alfred," she said, "I realize I made a terrible mistake. That cowboy throws a spell around women—including the hyphenated subject of George Rex. Being with him makes you think life can be interesting, beautiful, gay, adventurous and without care. Well, I know better now. If I hadn't been giddy and young, I'd have resigned myself to quiet, dullness and sober virtue. I'd have married you, Alfred, and lived stolidly ever after."

"My dear," I said, "I'm ready if you are."

ALL thoughts of the blindfolded goddess and her scales deserted me, and presently we were dining and dancing, and I was holding her hand—which was no longer calloused—and we were engaged. Henry T. Calvin and other legal associates congratulated me. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were pleased. I bought a lovely diamond ring from a client who had to serve a long sentence.

Then suddenly my reawakened conscience and the highest precepts of English common law smote me. I asked Mary if I was only catching her on the rebound, to the financial detriment of a man I had the honor to represent.

"I won't lie to you, Alfred," she replied gloomily. "I could rebound from here to Kansas City without stopping. But I promise you that from the moment I become your bride I will turn my back on all thought of pleasure."

"That's good enough for me," I said. "But let us cement our union with justice. Let us go into court immediately and restore Harry to a sound basis."

"Let us," Mary said. "I'm too blue at the prospect of my approaching happiness with you to have any more idea of vengeance. That Casanova of the plains can have everything back and interest on his money."

Asking Harry to appear, without disclosing my object, I brought Mary before Judge Hall. Harry came, looking seedy and twisting a ten-gallon hat in his hands; Mary turned pale at the sight of him. I explained to the court that the former Mrs. Prentis wished to return all alimony and property to her ex-husband, plus interest at the prevailing rate.

"What does counsel for Mr. Prentis say to this?" Judge Hall asked.

"Naturally," I said, "we approve."

"Oh," the judge said, "it's *you* again. May I ask what prompts this fine gesture on the former Mrs. Prentis' part?"

"The former Mrs. Prentis, your honor," I said, "is shortly to marry her counsel and no longer requires such financial security."

"I'll be damned!" the judge said. "Strike that from the record, clerk."

"May I say a few words, your honor?" Harry asked.

"Why not?" Judge Hall said. "There's certainly been too much talking by this ambidexterous lawyer."

"Well," Harry said, "I reckon I can put it in a few words. I don't want the money and property back, Judge, despite what my counsel said. And I want to go on payin' little Mary the alimony. She might need it someday, and I never will. My happiness and interest in livin' went away with that gal, and it won't return. I got my one-room shack and vegetable patch, and I'm runnin' a few head of milch cows in the river bottom. Some Rhode Island Reds give me my eggs. That's the most I'll ever want now, till they lay me beneath the lone prairie. You make her keep the money, Judge—it brought me nothin' but grief when I had it. I thank you."

The court was visibly affected by Harry's recital, and so was everybody else. Mary started to cry. I felt perspiration soaking my collar.

"My boy," Judge Hall said, "that is the most moving speech I ever heard in a courtroom. You and your little gal are obviously the victims of a conniving shyster who has sedulously served his own interests and—"

"Just a minute, Judge Hall," I cried. Months of strain caused me to crack. "I will not be publicly castigated by an old windbag who—"

"That's contempt, Mr. Edmonds," the judge said, whamming his gavel on the bench. "Five hundred dollars or five days."

"Five days would not begin to express my contempt," I said.

"I can fix that," Judge Hall said, "and incidentally prevent counsel from further use of an old joke. Ten days in jail. Take him in charge, Bailiff. I want to have a private talk with the cowboy and that little gal in my chambers."

The last I saw of Mary as I was led away, she was accompanying Judge Hall and Harry. Both had their arms around her, and Harry was pressing his bandanna to her nose.

One newspaper headline read: LAWYER JAILED AS OTHER MAN IN COWBOW DIVORCE. Another: WAR HERO'S HOME WRECKED BY LEGAL EAGLE. There were others, of course, and Henry T. Calvin resigned his partnership. The bar association scheduled a date for me to come before them and explain. I was glad I was in jail.

I HAD served only three days when Harry and Mary visited me. Harry was holding my fiancée's hand, and they looked very happy. Mary had baked me a cake.

"Don't tell me," I said disgustedly. "I know—you two are getting married again."

"Ah—the fact is, Alfred," Mary said, "we're already hitched. Pressure of public opinion, Judge Hall and flaming love have driven us together. Can you ever find it in your heart to forgive us?"

"No," I said.

"You're our lawyer," Harry said, "so you ought to be happy to learn that Mary's association with me is legal and everything."

"I'm not your lawyer any more," I said, "and furthermore—".

"Hold on thar, Al," Mary said. "Listen. There's a file in that cake—don't break your teeth on it. We'll have horses saddled and ready. Do you want Harry to bring you a six-gun?"

"Oh, go away," I said.

"We ain't desertin' you, pardner," Harry said. "We'll turn outlaw with you. There ain't no stagecoaches left to rob, but—"

"You're driving me crazy," I said.

"We still got some dust in our pokes," Mary said, growing radiant, "and we figger to buy a place down on the Mexican border and rustle them there longhorns. Bust out o' here, Al, and bring your fryin' pan and a bedroll."

"And a shootin' 'arn," Harry said. "There won't be no law where we're headin'."

"Please leave me in my nice quiet little cell," I said. "I'm happier here. Go steal cattle to your heart's content. I only ask that I be left alone."

"Why," Mary said, "if that's your play, Al, I reckon I ain't got no more to say." She handed me a document bearing the seal of the City and County of Los Angeles. "Here's the order which frees you from the jailhouse. We got down on our knees and begged it from Judge Hall. He made us let him marry us before he'd sign the paper."

"*Adios,*" Harry said.

"*Adios,*" Mary said.

"*Adios,*" I said.

THE END

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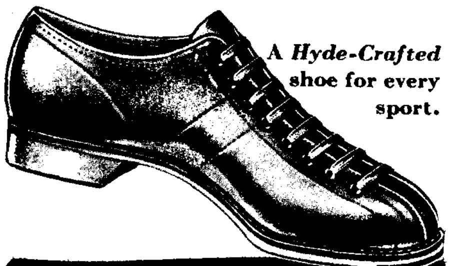
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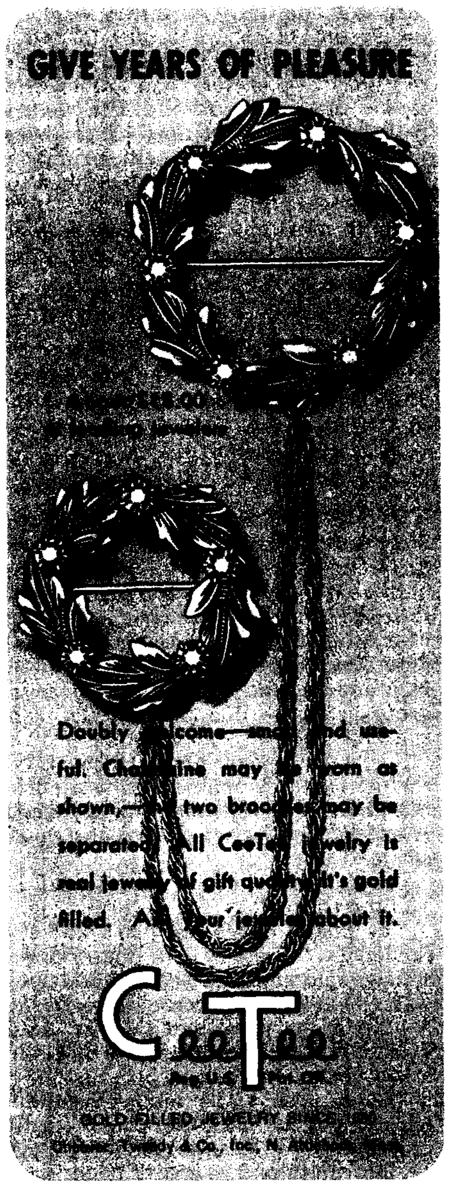
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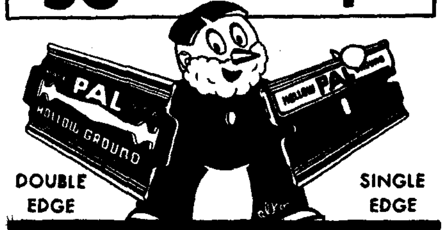

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UNCLE SAM'S GATE CRASHERS

Continued from page 40

awaiting an opportunity to get into the United States. For most of them legal entry is impossible; the quotas under which they might be admitted are filled for years to come. And a large percentage are undesirables who wouldn't be allowed to pass the immigration barriers under any circumstances. Their only hope of entering the promised land is through the underground route, and they are willing to risk their lives and to pay heavily in cash to make the attempt.

In desperation they are hiring fishing boats of neighboring countries to take them within swimming distance of American shores, but most of them take to the water so far from land that they have little chance of survival. They are jumping boats on which they have paid huge sums to be listed as crewmen, stowing away on passenger or freight ships coming to American ports, and entering on visitors' permits with no intention of leaving. Smuggling gangs are setting them ashore on the Florida Keys, and in recent months have begun landing them from airplanes in the Everglades.

Huge Task for a Small Force

By these and other means a sizable trickle of aliens is getting into the country; that the trickle hasn't become a flood is due solely to the Border Patrol, an efficient but undermanned and overworked organization. Chief Inspector Frank Hornyak has but 66 men to patrol the 2,370 miles of coast line from Charleston, South Carolina, around the tip of Florida to Apalachicola Bay. To do it properly would require several times that number and a large fleet of boats.

Many aliens, abandoned on the desolate keys or in the dismal stretches of the Everglades by smugglers who have promised to take them to places of safety, have died of hunger and exposure. Others have been murdered, thrown overboard when patrol boats gave chase; any "conch," as an old-time resident of the keys is called, will tell hair-raising tales of bodies washed ashore, and of boats being set afire, with the aliens penned below, while the smugglers escaped in rowboats.

Only a few months ago a ship passing Key West radioed that two men and a woman were clinging to the charred hulk of a power cruiser just within the three-mile limit. The Border Patrol barely got there in time, for the hulk's gunwales were awash and the cruiser was gradually sinking. Aboard the patrol boat the three said that they, with four other Europeans, had bought the power cruiser and had paid an American, whom they found on the Havana water front, $1,000 to run them across to Key West.

On reaching American waters, they said, they had been sent below, ostensibly so they wouldn't be seen and questioned by port authorities. After snapping a lock on the cabin hatch the smuggler, who had previously loosed gasoline in the bilges, dropped flaming engine rags into the cabin. Then he steered close by a channel marker, set the cruiser's wheel for the open sea, and jumped overboard. The imprisoned aliens had managed to force the lock before they were burned or asphyxiated, but only three could swim well enough to stay afloat until the flames had consumed the cruiser to the water line. The other four had drowned.

On the way back to Key West the rescue vessel spotted a man waving from a channel buoy. The aliens recognized him as the man they had hired in Havana to navigate their boat to Key West. The border patrolman kept them out of sight until the man had been hauled aboard. He told a plausible tale of how his boat had exploded from an unknown cause and how he, as the only person aboard, had abandoned her. Confronted with the aliens, he confessed that he had brought them from Cuba, but maintained that the fire had been accidental. It was impossible to prove otherwise in court, and the smuggler, although actually a murderer, got only five years for smuggling aliens.

Not long after this tragedy a party of 16 aliens—Turks, Russians, Poles, and including three women—left a Cuban port one night aboard a rickety old powerboat manned by smugglers who had promised to land them in Florida and arrange for transportation to Northern cities. Just before reaching the American coast the smugglers collected another $100 from each member of the group, and then put the aliens ashore on Matecumbe Key.

"We'll be back in a few hours," they said, "with food and water. Stay under cover, because the Border Patrol will shoot you on sight."

They put out to sea, and that was the last the aliens ever saw of them. For five days the wretched castaways hid on the key, with no food and very little water, while mosquitoes bit them until their eyes were swollen almost shut and the blazing sun added to their misery.

Finally they decided to give themselves up; they preferred torture at the hands of the Border Patrol, which they were convinced would be their fate, to starving to death or being killed by insects. Five of the party managed to make their way to a house on the key, where they were given food and medicine, and the Border Patrol was notified. One woman was unconscious when found, and several of the others were also in serious condition; every one of the 16 required extensive medical care. From information provided by the aliens, the Border Patrol captured two of the smugglers, who were convicted and given the usual five years in federal prison.

A Seminole Indian hunter named Billy Williams sent word to Chief Inspector Hornyak that he had found white men's tracks deep in the Everglades, where they had never been seen before. Acting on a hunch that aliens had been set down there and were probably lost, Hornyak and Inspector Robert C. Barron set out in a Coast Guard "weasel," an amphibious boat with a caterpillar tread, and penetrated deep into the forbidding region south of the Tamiami Trail.

Three Who Died in the Everglades

On the Shark River they found indications that three persons had been put ashore, either from a boat or a seaplane. The inspectors followed the trail; it was clear that at least as far as shoes were concerned the three were not equipped to wander through the Everglades. Apparently they had no matches and no food; the inspectors found the remains of a white ibis which they had killed and eaten raw. There were innumerable signs that they were getting weaker with every step through the almost impenetrable morass of saw grass, stunted cypress and thick undergrowth.

Using machetes to cut their way through, the inspectors followed the three until their trail vanished into Seven Palm Hammock, a jungle which no white man has ever explored. Hornyak and Barron could go no farther. They circled the hammock but no tracks led out. Hornyak is convinced that the three were aliens who had been murdered by smugglers as surely as if they had been dumped overboard in the middle of the Gulf.

Fishing boats from Cuba and other countries of Latin America, known to the Border Patrol as the "Spanish Fleet," must be constantly watched while they

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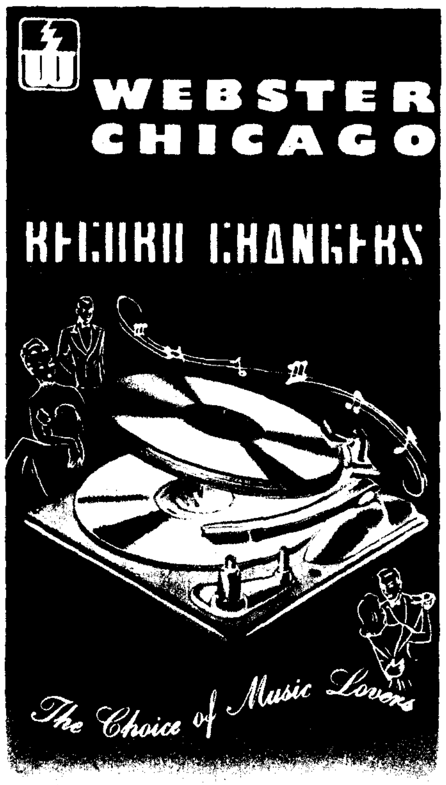

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fish the Gulf Stream or the Caribbean banks, for these craft bring aliens out from Cuba and other places and transfer them to American fishing boats at sea. Patrolmen have posed as fishermen for months at a time, and have broken up many of these operations. Most of the small boats which operate more or less regularly between Florida and Latin America are of foreign registry, for only a few would be certified as seaworthy by American standards. These must be watched closely, also; among their crews are nearly always aliens who jump the ship once they get ashore in the United States.

Because the rewards are so great, the officers and crews of some of the ships on which aliens are smuggled go to a great deal of trouble to conceal their human cargoes from the prying eyes of the Border Patrol. For months the patrol suspected that the steamer Belise, a British freighter, was bringing in aliens on every trip—she was hauling lumber between Jacksonville and European ports. Every time she came into port here she was searched from stem to stern, but the patrolmen found nothing except a few cases of undeclared Irish whisky.

Finally, acting on a straight tip, Inspectors Mike Redmon and W. A. Summerson boarded the Belise at the three-mile limit, determined to "shake" the ship as she had never been shaken before. They crawled through the engine room, opened every crate in the hold, sloshed through the bilges, lined the crew up and questioned each man separately, and even rammed steel rods down into the coal bunkers. But after three hours they had found nothing.

Radio Shack Furnishes a Clue

Then it occurred to Redmon that every time he passed the radio shack near the bridge, officers and crewmen loafing there started an animated conversation with the radio operator. Redmon ordered the radio equipment moved and searched for secret hatches. There were none. By this time immigration and quarantine officers, who are concerned only with passports, manifests and health, had cleared the ship. Still Redmon would not give up.

After another half-hour's fruitless search, when the ship's captain had about reached the exploding point, Redmon suddenly realized that the radio shack looked much larger from the outside than it did from the inside. With outstretched arms he measured the structure's over-all dimensions—seven feet. Inside it was only five and one half feet. Clearly there was a secret compartment, but where was the opening? He searched every inch of the shack and finally, crawling over the roof, he encountered wet paint, and he saw where planks had recently been nailed down and painted over.

When the ship's carpenter reluctantly ripped out the bulkhead, six men, a woman and a seven-year-old boy crawled out. They had been huddled in a space 18 inches wide, seven feet high and nine feet long. The ship was seized and ultimately sold by the United States Customs for $70,000. The captain of the Belise was arrested and tried in federal court, but was acquitted. His lawyers contended, successfully, that although the aliens had paid him $200 each to be delivered in Florida, he could not be held because the immigration authorities took them ashore!

Considering the lack of personnel and equipment, and the extraordinary difficulties they encounter, the border patrolmen have done a remarkable job in controlling the flood of desperate aliens trying to reach the United States by illegal means. But Chief Inspector Hornyak expects real trouble when the smugglers begin using airplanes on a large scale.

"Then," he says, "we'll get the aliens with money. Most of the aliens who are smuggled in now appear to be of the poorer classes; they usually spend everything they own getting here and haven't enough money to hide out until they become familiar with our language and customs. Many are waiters and cooks. Our periodic checks of large hotels in Miami, New York and other cities always uncover large numbers of aliens. In one hotel this past season an inspector found 25 aliens and when he arrested them the hotel had barely enough employees left to keep going.

"But thousands of rich refugees are sitting around in Cuba and other Latin-American countries, waiting more or less patiently for entrance visas to the United States. Their patience is already wearing thin, and pretty soon it'll be gone altogether. Then they'll start tying up with the smugglers, and will pay almost any price to be flown across the Gulf. Once they're here their connections and money will make them hard for us to catch."

The chief inspector believes that gangs of smugglers are already being organized and financed to fly wealthy aliens into the United States. Several months ago Seminole Indians reported to the Border Patrol that low-flying airplanes were being seen with increasing frequency far back in the Everglades, and Hornyak is certain that they were flown by smugglers spotting likely landing places.

During the winter months it is possible for small planes to land on level dry spots in the glades, and the aliens could be taken out of the jungle in "glades buggies"—automobiles on raised chassis with oversized tires. In the rainy seasons light seaplanes can operate almost anywhere in the Florida wilderness. And there are thousands of fields and prairies where landplanes can be set down at any time.

Last year the Border Patrol learned that an airplane would attempt to land aliens on a field back of Fort Lauderdale. Inspectors hid around the field for two days until finally, one night at dusk, a monoplane came in for a landing. Two men got out, and two others were still inside the plane when the inspectors made a dash for the machine. The pilot saw them, however, and gunned his motor for a quick take-off. The two who had already landed jumped for the wings and held on to the struts as the plane took off and, presumably, landed them on some neighboring field.

South of Homestead, the home town of the Revels, patrolmen located a suspected plane on an open field and started toward it. The pilot saw them and tried to take off, and the inspectors drove their car straight into the plane's propeller. That stopped the plane, but not until the propeller had chewed through the car up to the dashboard.

In Ambush at a Landing Pasture

Acting on another tip, Inspector Hornyak and several of his men covered themselves with grass and fought mosquitoes all night to catch a plane which, they had learned, was to land in a pasture near Hollywood, Florida. At dawn an automobile drove onto the field and four men got out and spread a sheet on the ground. A few minutes later the plane came in, and the inspectors nabbed the four men in the car while Hornyak ran for the plane, jumping into the cabin as the pilot raced his motor for a takeoff. Hornyak stuck his gun into the pilot's ribs and said:

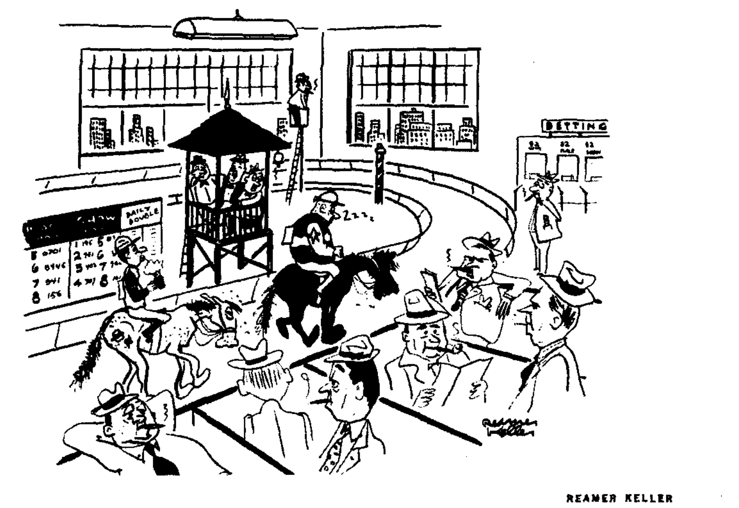
"If this plane leaves the ground I'll pull the trigger."

The pilot stopped the plane and surrendered. It turned out that he was smuggling opium instead of aliens, but it was a good haul nevertheless. During his preliminary examination at headquarters of the Border Patrol the pilot asked Hornyak:

"Would you really have pulled that trigger if I'd taken the plane off the ground?"

"Do you think I'm crazy?" said Hornyak. "I can't drive a plane. You could have flown me to Trinidad and I wouldn't have moved a muscle."

THE END



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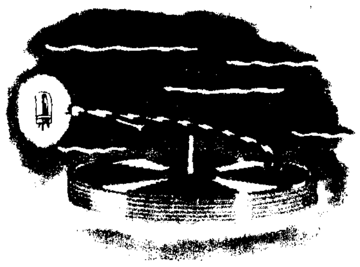

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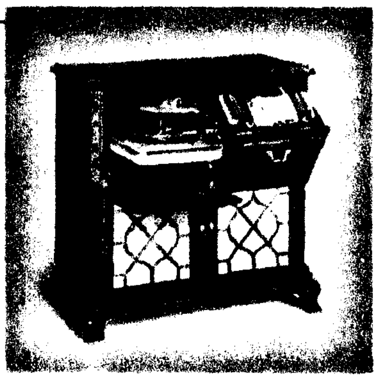

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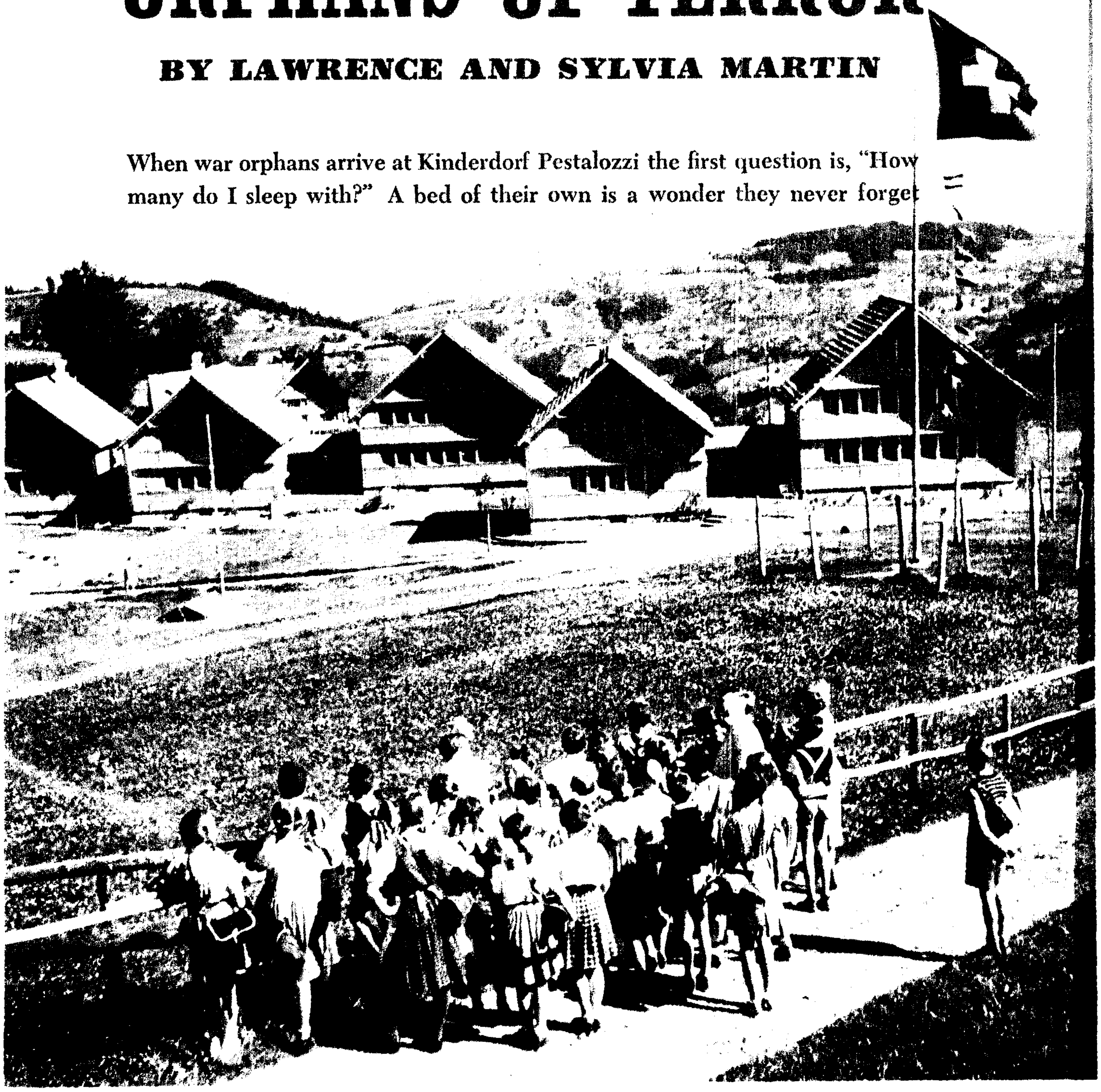
ORPHANS OF TERROR

BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN

When war orphans arrive at Kinderdorf Pestalozzi the first question is, "How many do I sleep with?" A bed of their own is a wonder they never forget



Swiss children, from all parts of the country, come just to look at the children's village above Trogen. All buildings are of pine and done in the local Appenzell style. On them volunteer craftsmen have lavished the most exquisite care

ON a hillside above the little Swiss village of Trogen, living in the houses pictured above, are 112 children. When you see them playing in the houses or fields, studying in the classrooms, working in the gardens or workshops, you think they're just ordinary European kids from France, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Germany. But at night they scream in their sleep.

They're war orphans. Though they range in age from four to fourteen they're just beginning to have a childhood. Take Andrei over there, who's gleefully sliding along the polished living-room floor in his felt slippers. When he was eight he was living with the Partisans, carrying messages through German lines, helping blow up bridges. He used to take things that belonged to his roommates. "It's not stealing," he argued hotly. "Stealing is when the Germans come with guns, shoot and take."

Edward, there, who's kicking the ball around with the Austrian Heinrich, was found wounded and half suffocated in a mass grave of seventy machine-gunned Poles. His mother had saved his life by falling on top of him. When he first met Heinrich he said to his housemother, "He talks German. Don't we have to fight him?"

Every one of the children hugs a doll or a Teddy bear. He never leaves it, in school, at work, in bed. For each child has a history of horror. One was found unconscious under a dead horse. A girl of four was discovered half-starved in the rubble of an abandoned factory. A French boy saw his father shot and decapitated by the Nazis. That's why they scream at night. That's why when they're told to draw a house they usually show it with a bomb hit. To them a tree hides a sniper, a bridge is something to defend or blow up, a sky always has its bombing planes.

These children are the lucky ones among Europe's 20,000,000 war orphans. They will stay in the houses above Trogen until they are young men and women, educated, trained in a craft or profession and healthy in mind and body. They owe their luck to a Swiss youth organization, Pro Juventute, to a crusading Zurich editor, Walter Corti, and to the sturdy good will and practical generosity of the Swiss people.

Pro Juventute's idea was that the Swiss build a village for the orphans which would be a united Europe in miniature, with one chalet, to house 16 children, for each country on the continent. The idea was first adopted by the people of Trogen who, without a dissenting voice, voted to donate ten acres of their common land and the farmhouse upon it. The thrifty farmers further agreed to build a road, install water and drainage systems. It cost them $7,500, a tidy sum for a village of 2,000. They called their village the Kinderdorf Pestalozzi, after Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, the great Swiss educator who lived a century and a half ago.

This international children's village is being internationally built. First from Trogen, then from all Switzerland, finally from all Europe, hundreds of volunteers have come to dig foundations and help.

Palestine sends oranges to the village, Australia honey, Poland twenty tons of coal a year. While Trogen mothers sew and knit for the orphans, their sons and daughters collect seeds. Now the Kinderdorf is beginning to provide its own food from fields farmed by its child citizens. Construction of the houses had hardly started when sixty youngsters from near-by Heiden chopped down a huge tree and hauled it seven miles to the Trogen sawmill to be cut into boards for a chalet. Children in other villages all over Switzerland have followed suit, often replacing the tree with another sapling which they call the "Pestalozzi tree."

When the Kinderdorf is finished it will have 24 chalets housing 384 children. It is a strict rule of the Kinderdorf that the children are not to be made to feel "different." Yet each child knows what has been done for him, and generosity breeds generosity.

Some time ago fire destroyed 300 homes in a town near Trogen. Unprompted, the orphans dug into their lockers and made up an emergency bundle of all the clothes they could spare. Hearing from a volunteer worker that German orphans were without playthings, they took a collection of toys and sent it along. One winter day a twelve-year-old German boy appeared, having walked all the way from Bremen. It was the Polish children, who had suffered most from the Germans, who made him a pair of skis so he could join in their sport.

There is one Polish boy of eleven who is quieter than the rest. He doesn't scream in his sleep; he works out his sickness with colored chalk and drawing paper. When the Kinderdorf scouts came upon him in Warsaw he was drawing pictures in the snow with a stick. When he saw the blackboard in the Polish chalet his face lighted up. "Give me chalk!" he cried, and straightway went to work. Under his quick fingers a city sprang to life—Warsaw, 1944. Bombs explode and houses crash in flames. Women and children shoot at the advancing Nazis over the bodies of husbands and fathers.

The boy is Tadeusz Sas, and art experts who have seen his work say there is nothing to teach him; he's a prodigy. He has planned a nine-panel mural and already executed the first two, which are on exhibition in Switzerland. The first three will show the siege of Warsaw, the second three, the occupation and the final three, the return of peace. The last, already worked out in a rough sketch, shows a farmer at the plow. In the left foreground is his discarded uniform. Under the springing wheat the plow is upturning skulls and bones. When the panels are finished Swiss art critics would like to send them on a world tour.

Thus the Kinderdorf Pestalozzi has already paid out in redeeming one talent that might have been a war casualty. It will probably redeem others. But there is need in Europe and the world for a great many more Pestalozzis. ★★★

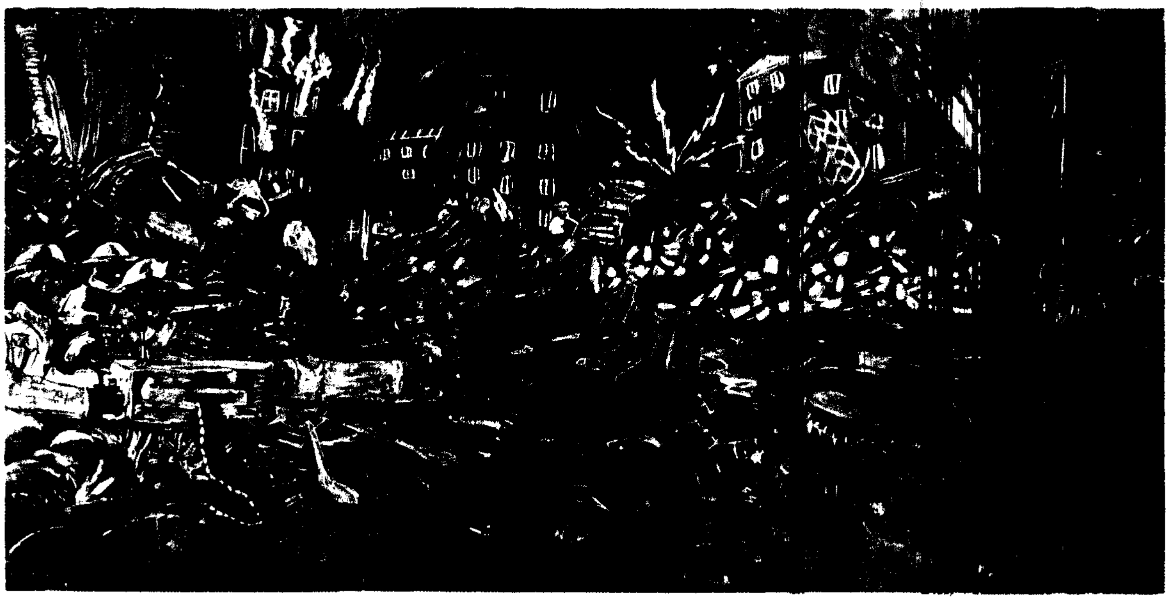
Noelle Bartoli, French, who like the others never had a childhood, loves the kindergarten toys

An Austrian proudly displays her national hairdo. National traits are encouraged at Pestalozzi

Joos Berntrop, a Dutch girl, is one of the many young volunteers who help run Pestalozzi village

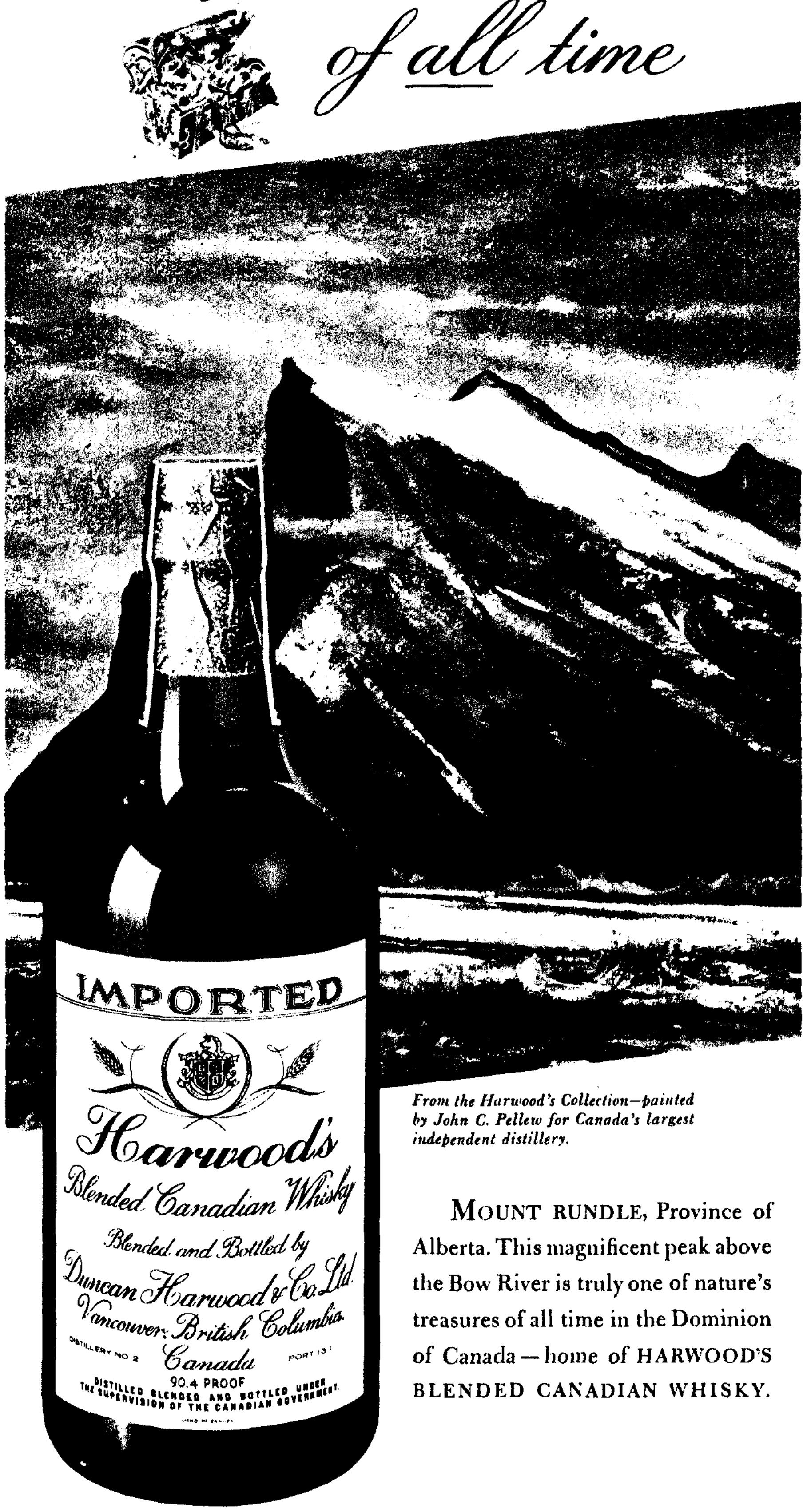
Danielle Landeau, whose father was taken by the Nazis, enjoys bread and jam between kindergarten classes. Her chief delight is eggs on toast in the morning. She gained 10 pounds in three months

This is one of the chalk drawings made by Tadeusz Sas, an eleven-year-old prodigy who lived through the tragedy of Warsaw and lost both parents. Critics, hailing his genius, say there's nothing to teach him



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FENNO JACOBS

One of the Treasures of all time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THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Continued from page 16

has had more experience than Walker and greater versatility than Layne. Very close to the group here mentioned was Conerly of Mississippi.

The selection of the All-America line also presented problems. Notre Dame and Michigan had fine ends in Martin, Hart, Mann and Ford. But Southern California's Cleary (from Santa Ana, Calif.) and Columbia's Swiacki (from Southbridge, Mass.) were the final choices. Swiacki is the finest pass receiver to appear on a football field since Don Hutson, the Alabama and Green Bay Packer immortal. Like Hutson, he makes impossible catches one after another.

Outstanding tackles are always scarce, because there are too many things that can happen to a tackle, and too many things a tackle can do wrong. Fortunately, this year we had Notre Dame's George Connor (from Chicago, Ill.) and Georgia Tech's Bob Davis (from Columbus, Ga.), a pair of 220-pound veterans who seldom make a mistake. Ferraro of Southern California, an active young giant, was close behind them in ability.

Coach's Tribute to Steve Suhey

For guards we chose Army's Joe Steffy (from Chattanooga, Tenn.), another veteran, and Penn State's Steve Suhey (from Cazenovia, N.Y.). Coach Bob Higgins of Penn State says that Suhey is "the best guard I ever coached, and one of the best I ever saw." The outstanding stars at center were Dick Scott of Navy and Bednarik of Pennsylvania, and Scott (from Highland Falls, N.Y.) got the nod. Coach Tom Hamilton of Navy said, "I hate to think what would have happened to us without Scott's great defensive play. There were many games in which he must have made 60 or 70 per cent of the tackles."

Bednarik, a 220-pounder, was injured around midseason, but for all that he was one of the ablest line backers-up I've seen in many a day.

In my opinion this year's team is one of the strongest and best-balanced teams that we have ever chosen. We have a powerful line flanked by two fine ends, strong on defense and adept at catching forward passes. There is great power behind the line, with the rushing of Evans and Minisi, both big, fast men, and the fine passing that both Lujack and Chappuis can add to the attack. And these four backs are as strong defensively as on the offense; in fact they can do everything a back should do, and do it well—they can run, pass, block and tackle. Lujack is the only survivor from last year's All-America, but some of the others named in 1946 barely missed out.

In the old days, when football was more or less confined to a few colleges on the Eastern seaboard, and Walter Camp was selecting Collier's All-America team, it was possible for one man to do the job. When I took over the task in 1925 I continued the one-man method for a few years, but soon found that I couldn't possibly see enough games to make the proper selections. Then Collier's organized an Advisory Board, composed of experienced football writers who have covered the games in their sections for many years.

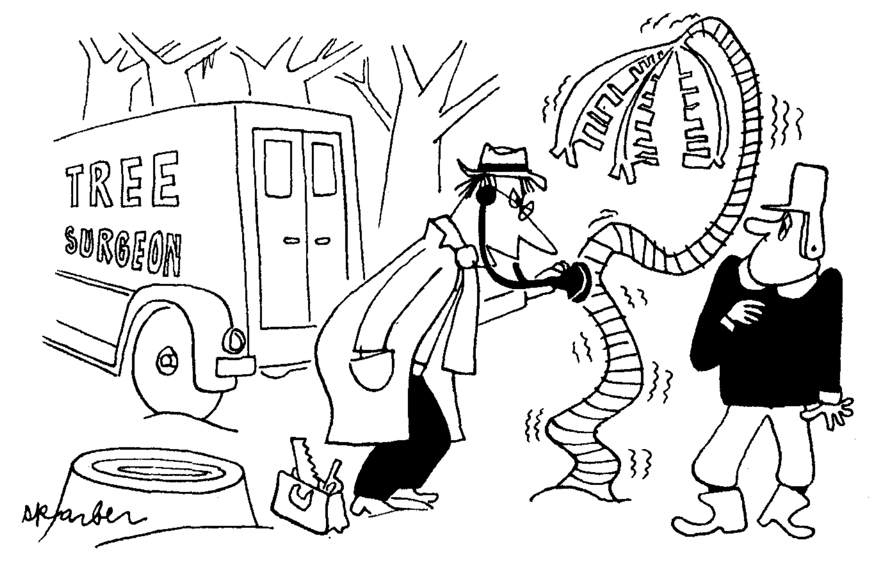
This year the board consisted of H. G. Salsinger, Detroit News; George A. Barton, Minneapolis Tribune; George Varnell, Seattle Times; O. B. Keeler, Atlanta Journal; Lloyd Gregory, Houston Post; Ed Danforth, Atlanta Journal; Zipp Newman, Birmingham News; Braven Dyer, Los Angeles Times; Fred Russell, Nashville Banner; Clyde E. McBride, Kansas City Star; Harry B. Smith, San Francisco Chronicle; George Trevor, New York Sun; Stanley Woodward, New York Herald Tribune.

Each week throughout the season these men reported on the progress of different stars. They watched individual players rather than team play, for it is quite possible that a powerful, winning team may have no outstanding star. This factor is frequently overlooked by those who criticize All-America selections.

In the main we have tried to give a break to the experienced player. That is, a man who has been extremely good for three or four years usually has the call over a first-year man who must prove his worth over a period of time. The quality of competition must also be considered; many a player is a star against a weak team, but falls down against strong opposition.

Our purpose is not so much to pick a team that might be the strongest on the actual playing field, as to select those who have contributed most to the success of their squads. For instance, a back who can run, pass, kick, block and tackle would probably be given consideration over a specialist who can do but one thing well. Unless, of course, the specialist rises to the heights attained by such men as Don Hutson and Sammy Baugh. But in general, we prefer players like Bill Dudley, who can do everything well. We must also consider the influence a man has upon his team, by way of lifting team spirit and providing inspiration for his comrades. In a close contest for a place, this might be decisive.

THE END



COLLIER'S "What it *really* needs is a winter in Florida" HOWARD SPARBER

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"That National Guard sports program is just what you've been looking for to take the place of your old high school teams, too. You'll be 'one of the gang'—with fellows here in town who are really going places.

"You'll like the pay, too. You get paid according to the new, increased Army pay scale for all the time you spend with the *new* National Guard. And that money will come in mighty handy this year.

"We met some of the men of the local Guard unit at the American Legion post today. They told us about the vitally important role the *new* National Guard has in our country's defense plans. And we're going to do our share by helping our town's own unit fill up its ranks.

"You can join, of course, and enjoy all the benefits which every Guardsman gets. Why not drop in at National Guard Headquarters this week? You will? Fine! That makes us partners in the job of keeping America what we want her to be . . . the best country on earth!"

For complete information about the National Guard unit in your community, contact the officers of that unit or write to the Adjutant General of your state.

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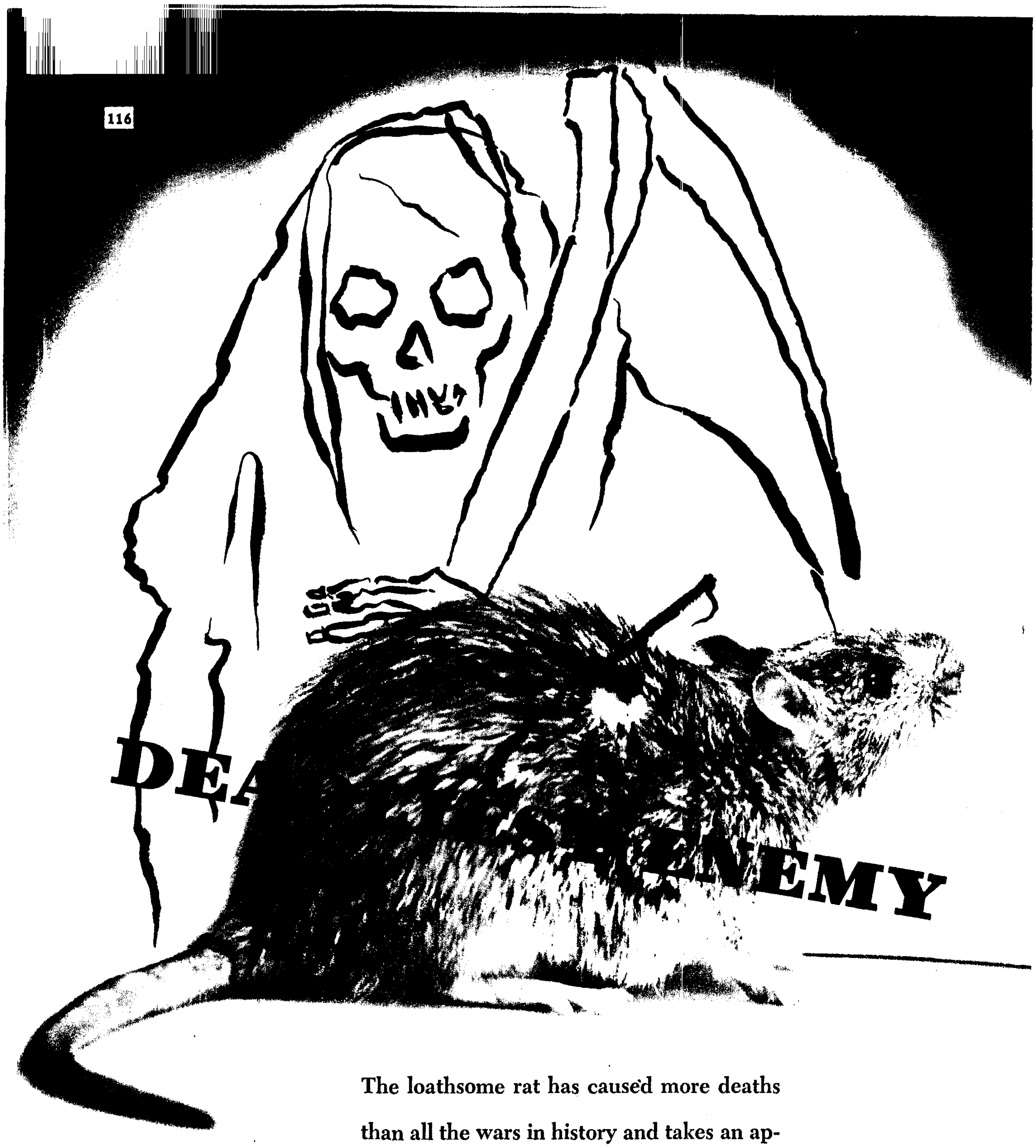


DEA ENEMY

The loathsome rat has caused more deaths than all the wars in history and takes an appalling toll in lives and dollars each year

BY FRANK DUFRESNE

Chief, Division of Information, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Survey

COCKED back in his chair by the door, the warehouse watchman greeted the two inspectors with casual interest. "Rats?" He yawned. "Sure, there's rats here. Always have been, far as I know. Nothing to get excited about." He saw the badges then, let his chair down on its four legs and stood up. "Might as well come in and have a look," he invited. "If you're interested in rats, you won't do better anywhere else."

The State Health Department men were winding up an unpleasant job in a Gulf Coast city. They found this warehouse on the docks no better, no worse than most of the others along the water front. As they moved slowly down the dingy interior, carefully examining long rows of stacked foodstuffs, they saw what seemed to be endless numbers of gunny sacks chewed open and cartons shredded by the teeth of rodents.

They saw repulsive gray and brown forms with naked tails scurrying away in all directions and heard the horrid rustling of many more in the dark corners. It was an old chore to the inspectors and they made a thorough job of it. When they came walking out of the storerooms into the clean air again, their notebooks were filled with carefully gathered figures.

"That's the last one," said the leader. "Now for the bad news. We'll start with sugar." The tip of his pencil moved up and down the columns until it arrived at the staggering total of 4,284,400 pounds. "We'll have to condemn every spoonful of it, too," he added, "because what the rats didn't get away with they fouled so it's unfit for food purposes."

The Health Department inspectors found large quantities of other staple foods spoiled by rats in the same warehouses. The losses included 87,900 pounds of hominy grits, 33,000 pounds of flour, 25,400 pounds of beans, 20,000 pounds of rice and 7,150 pounds of onions. A total of 1,724 bags of coffee and 1,200 bags of salt had been ripped open and the contents scattered and dirtied. Not far away one company had lost two dollars on every ton of stored cattle feed.

In a military warehouse rats had cut through the cords of aviators' parachutes and gnawed the doped fabric and stitching in the wings of trainer planes. Rats developed a taste for matches in a little grocery store on the outskirts of San Angelo, Texas, chewed the heads and set fire to the place. In Yoakum a thousand dollars' worth of mule collars were ruined by their sharp teeth. The editor of a daily newspaper in Brownwood couldn't keep a paste brush on hand more than a day or two before the rats got it.

Far more serious was an outbreak of rat-borne typhus fever spreading through Georgia, Alabama and Texas, reaching such grave proportions that the aroused citizenry joined in a rat-killing campaign. In three months they accounted for 7,500,000 rats.

The fever, which was being spread by fleas carried around by the rats, abated. Even so, the rate of increase among the rodents was so high that authorities figured they would have to do the job all over again in seven months. In the same campaign evidence of other virulent diseases spread by rats was corroborated. Deadly bubonic fever, or plague; Trichinella spiralis, ratbite fever, infectious jaundice, trench fever, and hoof-and-mouth disease were all traced to rats.

Conditions in the northern half of the United States are little, if any, better. Ask Dorr Green, Chief, Predator and Rodent Control Division of the Fish and Wildlife Service. He will tell you about a girl in a Middle Western bakery who didn't like the job her boss gave her. She didn't like to go around every morning refrosting the cakes that had been tracked over or nibbled by rats during the night.

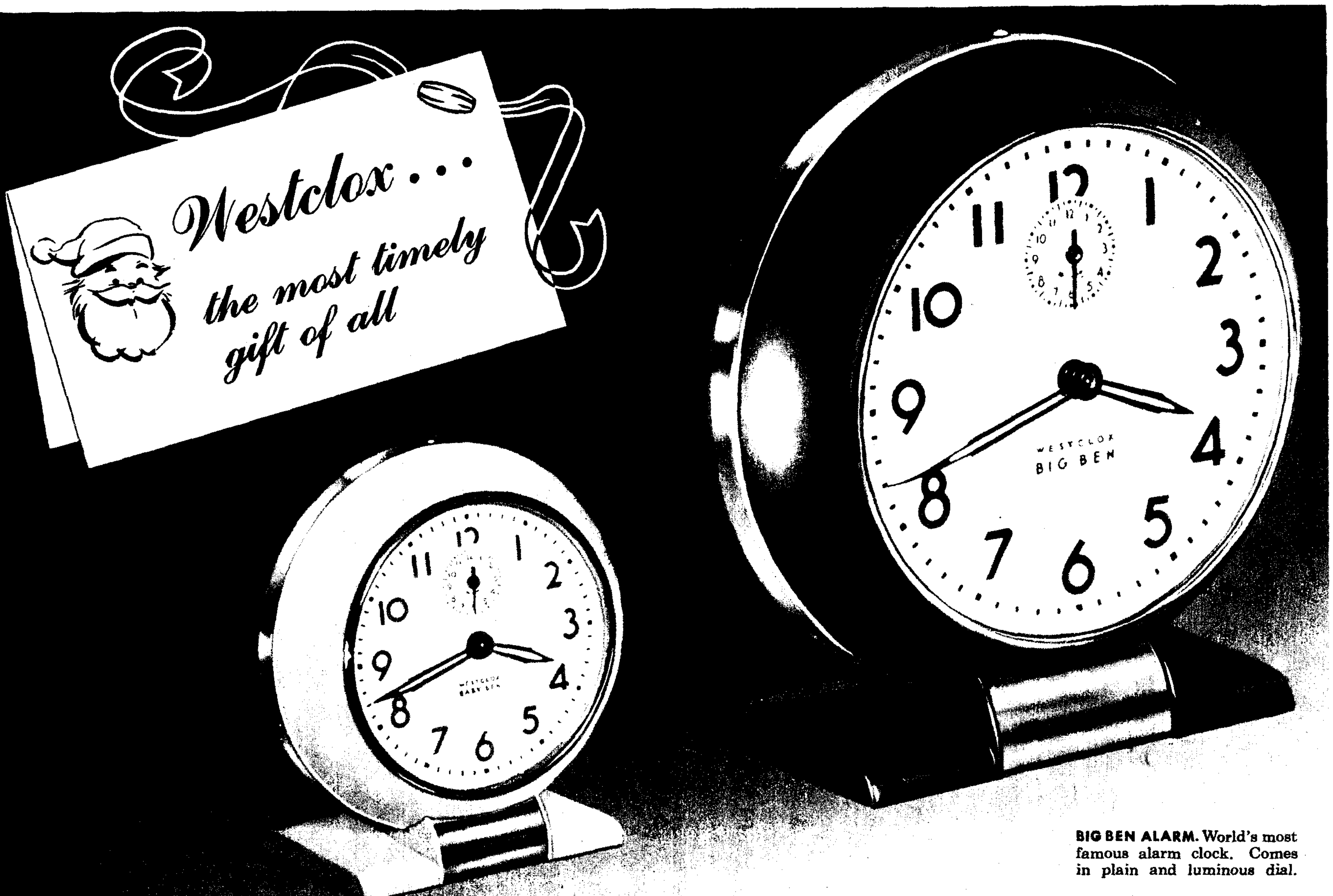
Green will tell you without mincing words that 80 per cent of all food-handling places in this country are infested by rats; that some hotel men calmly charge off five dollars a year for every rat on the premises, that the over-all damage from rats in the United States may reach $300,000,000 a year, and that rats contaminate ten times more food than they eat.

He will demonstrate to you that the daily movements of an individual rat may take it from the sewer to the pantry, and that the vermin crawling on its diseased body today may be biting and infecting some person tomorrow, or that the rat may transmit its own fever by directly biting babies and sleeping children. He will show you data to the effect that rats have been responsible for more deaths than all the wars of history. The Fish and Wildlife Division chief admits that today, in spite of modern raticides, this alien rodent must still be rated as People's Enemy Number One.

In its fight against the rat, the service searched back through its family tree in an effort to pick up a clue that might be helpful. The results were not very encouraging. To begin with, there are two main species of rats to contend with here, not just one. Both have clawed and fought their way from distant parts of the world to reach America. The first to get here was the smaller black rat. Originating in the Arabian Desert, it spread to Europe about 2,000 years ago and was responsible for the most violent plague in history. In the 14th century, principally between the years 1348 and 1382, the Black Death that raged through middle Europe—carried and spread by black rats—wiped out 25,000,000 lives.

Favoring seaports and sailing ships, the black and Alexandrine rats gained beachheads along global coast lines long before the larger, fiercer brown rat began its devastating march from its birthplace in Chinese Mongolia,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA



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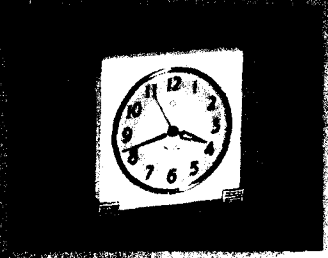
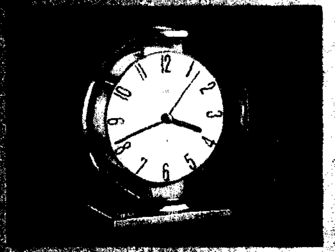


[illegible] self-starting electric [illegible] Comes in lovely ivory [illegible] gold colored trim.



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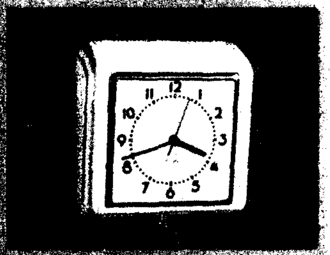

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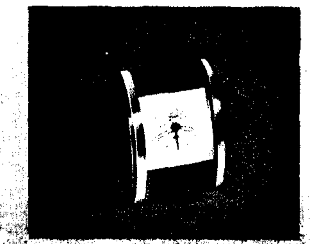
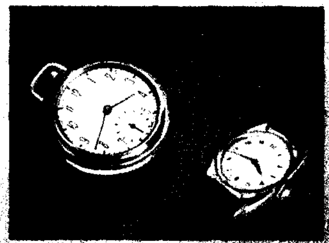


TRAVALARM. Luminous dial. [illegible]



POCKET BEN. The champion of pocket watches. Graceful [illegible] LA SALLE [illegible]

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Hospitality lives in every heart, but Christmas provides a special occasion to express it. When family and friends get together, Christmas is as flavorful as it is gay. The table laden with plump fowl and delicious dressing, cranberry sauce, succulent vegetables, snowflake potatoes with giblet gravy . . . and Budweiser! Golden, bubbling, sparkling, foaming . . . Budweiser! It tells you with every sip why it is something more than beer . . . a tradition in hospitality.

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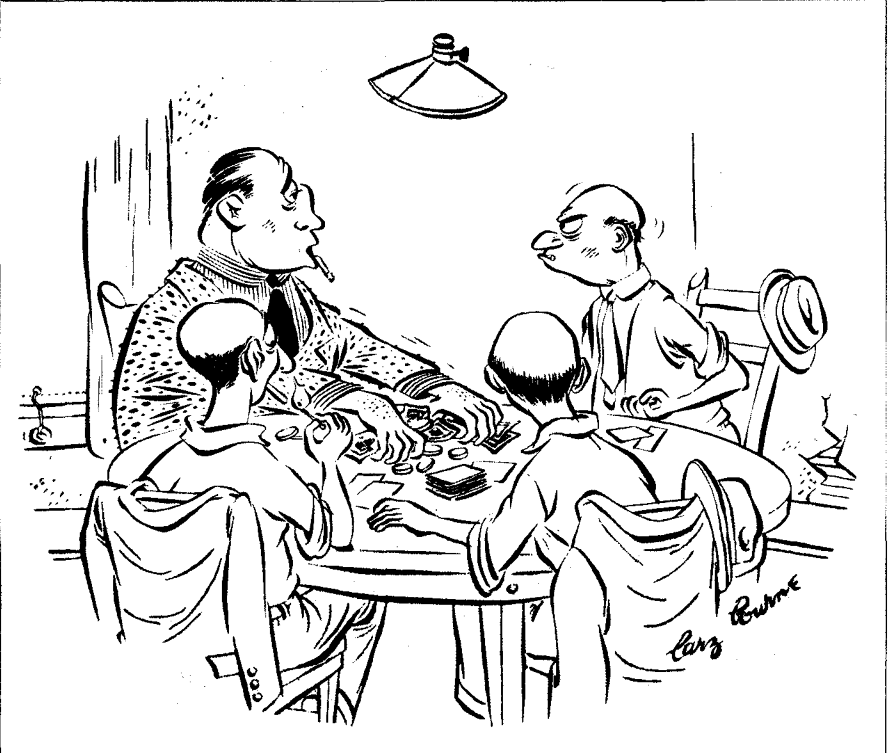
possibly not far from where man himself originated. Savage and bloodthirsty, destined to prey on human life more than any other living creature, the brown rat crossed the Volga River into Europe about 1727, gnawed its way into practically every home, and 50 years later set sail for America.

Somewhere along the route this vicious little beast was given the name "Norway" rat, an insult which the good Norwegian people have every right to resent, because they have probably done a better job of fighting it than most of the Old World countries. Furthermore, the brown rat was thoroughly entrenched in many neighboring countries several years before its squealing vanguards scrambled across the docks of a Norway seaport in 1762. Prussia, for instance, was harboring these pests in 1750. England was infested even earlier, and so was France. France, as a matter of note, holds some kind of a record because of the number of rats killed around a slaughterhouse in a single month. The number was 16,000.

The rat enemy was given aid and comfort in its early journeys across oceans and seas by the sailors' superstition that rats traveled only on a safe ship. If rats deserted a ship, the crew regarded it as an ill omen, perhaps with some justification because rats, living deep in the bottom of a vessel, would be the first to know that it was leaky, and would naturally seek to escape. The rodents received another undeserved "break" in the Chinese Year of the Rat, which occurs every twelve years. It's supposed to be bad "joss" for those with children born during that year to kill a rat.



"What are you sore about? Four aces always beats three aces!"

COLLIER'S LARZ BOURNE

Prefers to Share Humans' Food

Certainly the rat needs no protection at our hands. Of all the persistent foes of man, the rat heads the list. It has clung like a leech to us and followed us wherever we settled. The rat has developed a liking for nearly every kind of food we have learned to harvest, store and eat, and has learned to steal it from us. While it has demonstrated remarkable capabilities for wild existence in such varied places as steaming jungles, blazing-hot sand keys, and the cold, damp Aleutian Islands of Alaska, very clearly the choice of the rat is to gouge its way into human habitations.

Its particular preference is for old and untidy wooden buildings; for dark, unsanitary markets and restaurants; for rubble and filth in back yards, tenements and basements. It does not like cement and tile construction, well-lighted areas, covered garbage cans, incinerators for garbage disposal, or clean surroundings.

Perhaps no class of people is more acutely rat-conscious than the poultry raiser. The brown rats seem to have singled out this class of farmer for special persecution. A rancher in Massachusetts suspected a weasel when he found 70 six-day-old chicks bitten to death one morning. He knew of no other animal of such bloodthirsty habits. Next day there were 75 more. Frenzied search by the farmer revealed no weasel but a single, big brown rat that had taken up living quarters in the partitions. The evidence was clear that this one rat had killed 145 chickens in two nights.

Another farmer lost 600 newly hatched chicks between darkness and daylight. A turkey grower in Maine reckoned that rats were costing him almost a dollar a day in egg thefts and killing of chicks. Mature hens and ducks were destroyed by the fierce little rodents. In the State of New York annual losses from rats among poultrymen aggregated a half million dollars, a good part of it due to diseases. One rancher, inclined to scoff at his neighbors' complaints, changed his mind suddenly one morning when he reached into a nest to gather eggs and received a severe rat bite.

The undesirable traits of rats—experts say they have no good qualities in spite of an unconfirmed report that a rat once attacked and killed a rattlesnake—are aggravated by their amazing fecundity. They far outrace such notoriously rapid multipliers as rabbits and guinea pigs. Biologists have made sober calculations that the progeny from one pair of rats under optimum conditions would in three years number 359,000,000. Give them two more years and the count would climb to the pinnacle of 945 billions!

That is why, points out Dorr Green, the rodent control chief of the federal government, it is necessary to keep fighting against them; that is why he is continually prodding the public to keep cleaning out the rats from its premises and put up guards against fresh invaders. "Because that is what rat control really amounts to," says Mr. Green. "Poison and trap those that have already gained entrance to your property. Then ratproof to keep out somebody else's rats."

Long ago, the Fish and Wildlife Service worked out a safe and efficient formula for making good rats out of bad ones. The active ingredient is powdered red squill obtained from an onionlike plant that grows along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. The powder is a powerful emetic. It is specifically lethal to rats only because of this rodent's inability to throw up food from its stomach. The stuff seems to be quite harmless to humans and cats and dogs, something that cannot be said for thallium, barium, arsenic, phosphorus, strychnine, the dangerously potent new 1080 compound and other poisons sometimes employed by professional rat eradicators.

Try This Diet on Your Own Rats

Mr. Green's agents, whose rat-killing campaigns generally embrace whole cities, counties and states, have concocted the following dosage for a city of a thousand people: 17 pounds of powdered red squill, 90 pounds of ground, lean beef, 43 pounds of rolled oats, and 24 pounds of corn meal, all mixed thoroughly and put out in one day by twelve trained workers.

A Southern city of half a million inhabitants, employing principally the above treatment at a cost of only 3½ cents per capita, succeeded in killing approximately 2,000,000 of its rats. Public pressure gathered quickly behind the cleanup campaign during the war years when inspectors told the people that rats in this one municipality were destroying enough food to feed an army of 11,000 soldiers.

For small properties and private homes, a good tested ratsbane is 1.6 ounces of red squill powder diluted to a thin paste with water, then mixed with either a pound of ground fresh fish, canned fish, hamburger steak or cereal. Another way is to dust the red squill on slices of melon, sweet potatoes or bananas. Baits should be put out in the evening so they will be fresh when the rats start feeding.

In some cases poison may not be necessary. The occasional rodent vandal may be captured with a snap trap or wire cage, or the owner may be lucky enough to have an efficient terrier or cat. The main point is to get the rat before it starts using your home as a fearfully potential nursery.

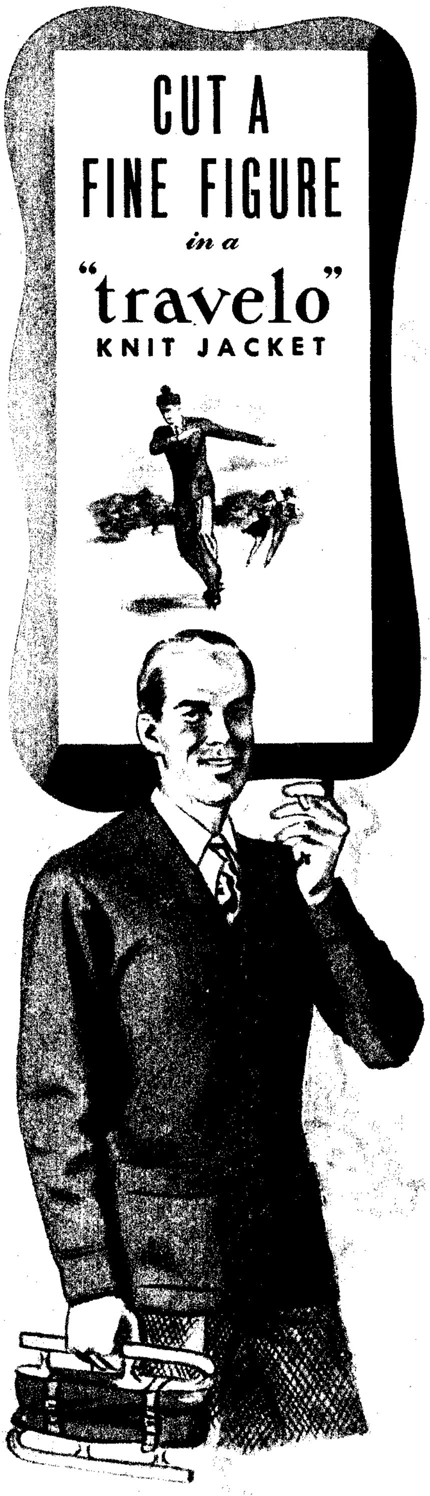
Once having rid the premises of rats—and this goes for everything from one-room cabins to huge warehouses—the next move is to go in for a thorough job of ratproofing. Close all openings through which rats may jimmy their way into the buildings, particularly the basements, by the liberal use of cement, metal strips, wire screening. (Interior Department Conservation Bulletin No. 8, Rat Control, and No. 19, Rat Proofing Buildings and Premises, procurable from the U.S. Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., at 10 cents each, supply complete details for the rat-plagued public.)

"But mostly," says Mr. Green, "it's just a matter of decent housekeeping. Sanitation—good old-fashioned cleanliness—ranks among the most effective methods of holding rats in check."

Nearly every city and town in the United States has its own local agency for combating the rat menace. Their worst handicap is the general public apathy. They will tell you that people loathe rats, yet will endure intolerable infestations that might soon be corrected if demand were made upon the proper authorities.

Rodent Chief Green agrees. "Most people simply will not realize the menace of the common rat. I hear them speak of such fine animals as the tiger, lion and the Kadiak bear as being dangerous," he says, somewhat sadly. "Well, all they have to do is glance down in the alley when a dirty gray and brown little animal with a naked tail comes crawling out of a hole heading for the garbage can and they'll be looking at the deadliest creature on the face of the earth."

THE END



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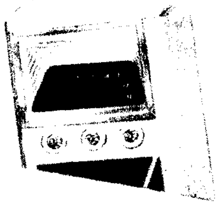

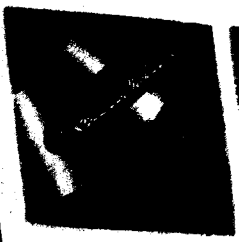

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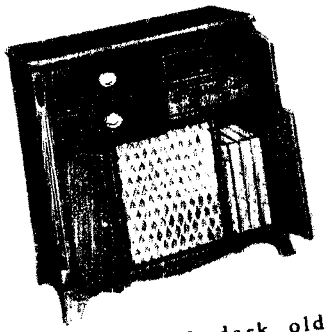
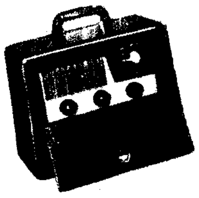
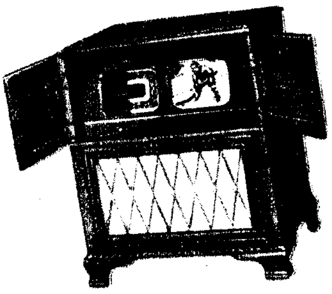


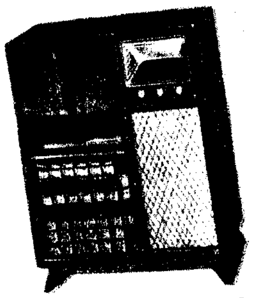
THE MUSIDORA, dark, old-world mahogany crafted in the fine Sheraton manner. Improved FM, plus AM radio and automatic phonograph with intermix record changer; 34" high, 34½" wide, 16½" deep.



NEW 3-WAY PORTABLE, AC, DC, and safe *dry* batteries, recharges on house current. Radair Antenna. Powerful performance!

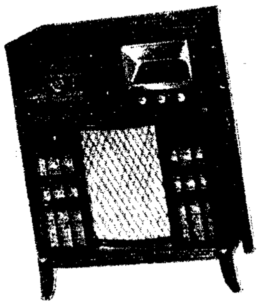


THE VIDEORAMA, direct-view television with FM sound, AM radio and automatic intermix radio-phonograph . . . *a whole theater for your home!* Magnificent Georgian cabinet in dark hand-rubbed mahogany.



THE INTERPRETER smart, modern. AM radio and phonograph with intermix automatic record changer; 34" high, 26½" wide, 15¼" deep.

THE NEW MINSTREL rich walnut in contemporary design. AM radio and phonograph, standard changer; 34" high, 23¾" wide, 16" deep.



THE ALLEGRO, dark, old-world mahogany with dimensional bronze grille. AM radio and phonograph with standard changer, 33¾" high, 26¾" wide, 16" deep.

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CROSS COUNTRY
EXPRESS
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AS FAST AS THE SUN

EVER since Major Marion Carl, that very personable and colorful Marine Corps fighter pilot (18 Japs) flew the Navy's jet-propelled, single-seater, Douglas-built Skystreak to a new world's absolute speed record of 650 miles an hour last August, progressive people have been anxiously anticipating the day when they could travel that swiftly over oceans and continents in jet-, rocket- or atomic energy-powered air liners.

Now, we invite you to join us in eager expectation of the day (now anticipated circa 1957) when 600-mile-an-hour scheduled air-line service here and there about the globe will be as routine as the speeds of 200 to 300 now offered by the major air lines and for the following wonderful reasons:

If you fly all the way from London to New York at 600 mph, you keep up with the sun; i.e., you arrive at the same time as you left. If you go on flying at that rate of speed to San Francisco and even China, you will, if you stick to local time, never go to bed. Or if you leave at night, it will be night all (or nearly all) the way and you would never get up. See?

Or, if it's a short trip you want, you can hop out to San Francisco from New York in about the same time it takes you to get from New York to Washington on the train—four hours or so. You can leave New York at 9 A.M. and arrive at the Golden Gate at 10 A.M., same day, same morning! Returning, you catch the 6 P.M. plane at San Francisco and land at New York at 1 A.M. You've made a round-trip transcontinental flight between 9 A.M. and 1 A.M. and transacted eight hours of business in San Francisco, assuming you started transacting the moment you landed and continued right up to your departure.

All sorts of trips could be worked out to fly with the sun to all parts of the world to the continuous surprise and amazement of your appetite, digestion, sleeping and working habits. It certainly would be a relief from the monotonous life you lead now.

Only one little matter needs adjustment when we put the 600-mph air liners in service and that is so insignificant we hate to mention it, but we want to tell all. That little matter is just—air. It used to be all right away up there at 40,000 feet, calm and smooth, no roughness, no bumps, no turbulence, no clouds. Then some nosy pilots poked into it and came back with garbled stories about the existence of the very things that just could not exist. Of course we didn't believe them.

But then three very tough Marine Corps combat fighter pilots, flying three very tough 400-mile-an-hour Corsair fighter planes, plowed into some clouds at 42,000 feet over Pennsylvania a couple of years ago and they and their planes got the living hell beat out of them by the turbulent air.

Collier's published their story at the time and this exposé (ranking second only to Columbus' proof that the world was round) created a lot of new worry birds in aviation. They keep comparing the reaction of a plane and passengers flying at high speeds through turbulent air to the experience you and the wife and kiddies would have if you drove your new car at 60 miles an hour over back-country corduroy roads.

That's hardly fair though, because right off you know what to do. You throttle back to a few miles an hour and you slowly ride up and down the bumps and ruts and there are no broken springs or axles or skulls to repair at the end of the trip.

But there are reactionary old fools in aviation who think an airplane flying as fast as 10 miles *a minute* should also be able to fly as slowly as 10 miles *an hour* when it runs into turbulent air and ride out the bumpy sky the way you would the bumpy road to avoid beating up both plane and passengers, scaring them snow-white and making them as sick as a ptomaine hamburger.

WHEN they talk that way they seem to forget that *scheduled* 4-hour nonstop transcontinental flights (or 5-hour London-New York flights) mean just that and not 10 or 12 hours wasted in flying as slowly as a rigid airship or a helicopter or detouring all over the heavens in search of smooth air. We plan on having these air liners shooting across oceans and continents at very frequent intervals and so we've got to assign specific tracks in the skies and specific speeds, and those planes have got to adhere to both or they'll foul up the upper air.

And when these aviation reactionaries talk about designing air liners that should fly as slowly as 10 miles an hour and as fast as 600, just to guarantee safe landings anywhere, any time, and even enable them to bump into a fog-shrouded mountain without even barking the passengers' shins, they are holding up progress.

We who are for 600-mile-an-hour air liners swooshing along airways 7 to 10 miles above the earth, and departing and arriving every hour on the hour at all principal world cities, can't embrace such a program and keep to schedule. We're living in a world that's in a hell of a hurry and we're not going to monkey with devices to slow us down when we have two plans to circumvent all the turbulent air that can be stirred up. Right now they look so good we're throwing a party, following the best aviation tradition, to celebrate their success in advance of their installation.

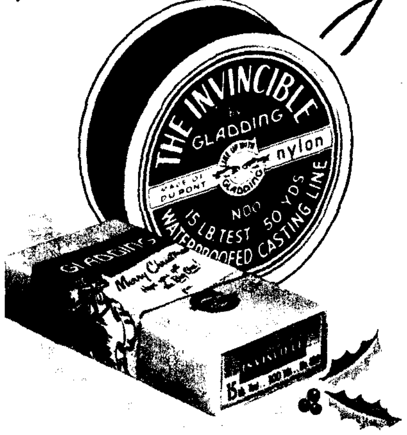
Plan No. 1 is to speed up the work

DOUBT IS OUT

WHEN YOU GIVE

Gladding FISHING LINES

Award of Merit



See his eyes dance! He's excited! Any man thrills to get a Gladding Fishing Line as a gift.

The expert fisherman enjoys Gladding's easy-casting smoothness, its dependable accuracy. The beginner marvels at its rugged toughness, its life-of-the-line waterproofing.

See your dealer today for the Gladding *your* man wants. There's a Gladding line . . . in special Christmas wrap . . . for every fresh and salt water use.

ACTION-TESTED . . . See U. S. Testing Co. Award of Merit in the Gladding box. Yes, doubt is out. Ask your dealer.

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Established 1816
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CASTING LINES: Invincible, Blue Ribbon, Dauntless
FLY LINES: Trans-Lu-Cent, Whip-Slik, Dauntless
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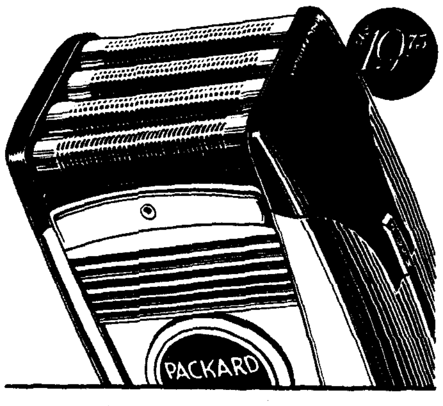
Skin Level Shave

No man should be satisfied with less, if he wants to be well groomed. Why be a slave to out-moded shaving methods? It's easier to get a skin level shave with a

PACKARD
ELECTRIC SHAVER

With a Packard Electric Shaver you are through with the mess, the fuss, the scrape, and after-shave face irritation. Packard solves all of your shaving problems, including neatly trimmed ears, a bothersome problem to every man who likes to look his best. At all better stores.



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of the rain makers and hurricane busters who now sprinkle dry ice from airpianes on the clouds. We've concluded that they can squirt this stuff on turbulent air, too—like pouring oil on the troubled waters—and make it so smooth you can balance a cup of coffee on your knee while whizzing across the sky like a comet, leaving a trail of fire and smoke from the jet tail pipe. Should they not go along with us on that plan, then we'll invoke No. 2, which is a sure-shot; guaranteed to *jet-you* from New York to San Francisco or across the oceans without feeling a bump though the skies be lousy with turbulence at the time:

You have checked in at the airport ticket counter and are now directed to a special room over yonder. As you pass through the door, an automatic hypospray—the painless substitute for the painful hypodermic needle, operated by compressed air and just perfected by the medical people—fires a charge of dope in your arm positively unbeknownst to you. Inside this room you are directed to a decklike chair and presently you are fast asleep.

Attendants quickly collapse the chair into a litter. You are strapped to it tightly and carried, like cargo, into the waiting plane. You are slid into a rack, securely locked and off you go into the high sky and to hell with the bumps.

The unnoticed shot in the arm is good for a little more than a four-hour nap and the next thing you know you are sitting in the same chair, but at the San Francisco airport, and as you come to, it's very likely you will say, rather sheepishly, "I must have dozed off. When do we leave?" FREDERICK R. NEELY

VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Continued from page 25

The reluctant pupil, it is felt, who fails to catch fire from the printed text of, say, Paul Revere's Ride, will warm up to the voice of Fredric March recounting it in the tone of a Bill Stern describing a 50-yard run for a touchdown. The talking textbook need not be limited to poetry or literary prose say Robie D. Marriner, president of American Book Company, and W. W. Livengood, the chief editor. They can teach arithmetic, science and the social studies as well.

"We'll have Bing Crosby reciting Euclid's geometry on records," predicts Kapp.

Meanwhile, Kapp finds other practical uses for the great words. Described by an admiring colleague as a "literary magpie," he crams choice bits into his mind and, lacking time, into his pockets for future commitment to a spongelike memory.

When Kapp belabored his board of directors in 1943 for approval to record the forthcoming Broadway show, Oklahoma!, as "a whole show, with the original cast," Kapp's colleagues demurred. It would require a $20,000 investment, a sizable outlay in the record business. Who wanted to hear unknowns in a nameless cast? Suppose the show was a flop?

"Rodgers and Hammerstein are our Gilbert and Sullivan. They're our Puccini," screamed Kapp.

Champagne Party for Celebrities

Kapp won and the subsequent album of Oklahoma!, exploited under the advertising slogan of "Take a Broadway Show into Your Home," has sold 900,000 sets to date for a retail gross of $4,500,000. When Oklahoma! album sales reached 500,000, Kapp celebrated regally with a party in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza at which Danny Kaye, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Jock Whitney and some 350 other Hollywood, Broadway and society names toasted Rodgers and Hammerstein and Kapp in Kapp's champagne.

Alfred Drake, the singer, has gleaned $63,000 in royalties from the album to date; Rodgers and Hammerstein have realized $172,000; and Decca, $2,700,000 (the price to dealers).

Competitors point out, somewhat sourly, that Kapp grabbed Oklahoma! because they were *hors de combat* at the time, immobilized by a strike of James C. Petrillo's musicians. But Kapp had the Broadway show field largely to himself even after competitors settled with Petrillo, and the Broadway hit, Annie Get Your Gun, made by Decca last year was one of the three best-selling albums of the year. With some shows, Bloomer Girl, Lute Song and others, Kapp fell on his face. But by this year competition to record Broadway shows had grown so keen that Kapp was jostled from the field he had pioneered.

Another profitable Kapp idea was the seemingly simple one of selling popular records, not singly, but in bunches in illustrated albums. It started when Kapp one evening watched college boys and girls disporting themselves happily at the Rainbow Room to the music of Strauss waltzes.

"Naturally, I ask myself," says Kapp, "why Strauss waltzes are so popular on the dance floor but are stinkers in the music shops." Kapp got his answer by playing one of his own recorded Strauss waltzes. The waltzes at the Rainbow Room had been arranged by the band there in three-quarter time for dancing. But the waltzes wafting from Kapp's phonograph were symphonic pieces arranged for concert listening.

Kapp quickly pressed some dance-time Strauss waltzes, packaged them five to an album and illuminated the package with the canary-and-black colors of Austria. As an idea it was good on two counts: It sold waltzes, and it won entree for Kapp's then 35-cent records into shops that had resisted the low price. Macy's frowned on single, 35-cent records because the dealer's margin was lower than competitors' 75-cent records, but welcomed a package retailing at $2.25. Kapp soon followed with albums of "the ten best rumbas," the "ten best sambas"—all in suitable color.

Some of Kapp's happiest sales ideas have come from his unorthodox use of talent. It used to be the practice to sign up artists, ask them what their best pieces were and make records of them. But Kapp lies awake nights, a couple of hours a night, he tells people, in pursuit of new angles for his artists. Thus came the idea of converting Frank Luther, a standard baritone, into a singer of children's songs, thereby making him rich and famous. (Luther's royalties from nursery rhymes, songs of safety and other recordings this year will total $25,000.)

Burl Ives has a relatively select, long-hair audience for his folk songs. Kapp persuaded him to share his Blue Tail Fly on a record with the Andrews Sisters. The larger, younger audience of the Andrews Sisters thus will learn about Burl Ives, Kapp argues. In his jumbling of unrelated artists Kapp treads daringly, coming up recently with a record in which Crosby sings Brahms while Jascha Heifetz fiddles.

Kapp is 46 years old. For the head of a $35,000,000-a-year business, this would seem to be youthful enough. But Kapp is actually the old man of the record business. He has been in it since he was fourteen, which means he has been continuously in records for 32 years.

Hmm.. New Idea
Drive Safe!

Yes, it's *more* than just a new tire chain. The new WEED AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAIN embodies a *new idea in traction.*

WEED V BARS give you these seven advantages:

1 · Two-Way Grip, Right and Left
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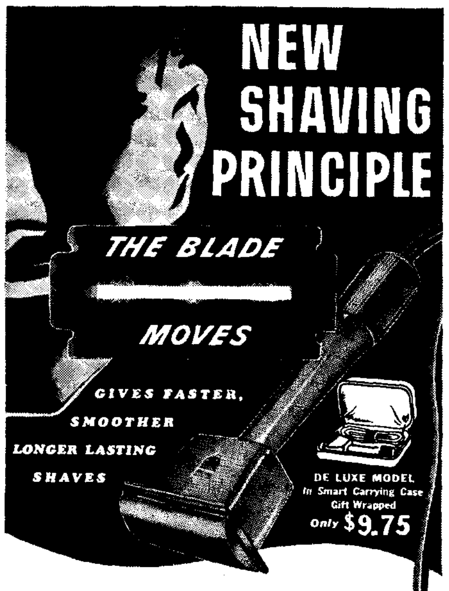
Ask for WEED V BARS by name.

New
WEED V BAR
TIRE CHAINS

ACCO
AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.
In Business for Your Safety



The BLADE MOVES — 7200 firm, gentle shaving strokes per minute, for a shave that's *clean* and *close* and *cool.* Uses your favorite lather or cream, your favorite double edge blade, but shaves as *keen* as a barber's straight edge. That's RHYTHM ACTION — no pull, no scrape, no burn. Just lather up and plug it in. No winding, no springs — hermetically sealed motor. To clean, just rinse under faucet. When away from electricity, use as a regular safety razor! *Underwriter's Approved.* Satisfaction *guaranteed.* Sold in the smartest shops.

ORDER DIRECT if dealer cannot supply you: DeLuxe Model — heavy, ivory-finish plastic handle, matching cord, gleaming nickel plated head, in DeLuxe carrying case, colorfully gift wrapped, $9.75; Master Model, black composition handle, chrome plated head, leatherette case, $7.95. Send check, money order (we pay postage) or C.O.D. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

The old man of the record business is a sprightly figure. When Kapp first came to Broadway in 1931 he wore suède shoes, checked suits under a flapping polo coat and cut an effulgent swath as he half ran, half walked down the Main Stem. Kapp's walking gait still leaves his wife, Frieda, trailing a half block behind him, but he is now of more somber hue in Oxford-gray suits, Homburg hats, and navy-blue ties. Kapp has a thinnish, loving-cup face with thin nose and away-from-the-head ears. Unless he is listening rapturously to the talent, the tunes, the great words he loves, Kapp's face is likely to wear a quizzical expression. It's because he is nearsighted and peers intently at you from behind his glasses.

Infatuated with great words, his own words pour out in torrents. "But we never stop him from talking," a colleague said. "Out of the endless words pops an idea."

To set down the ideas he gets while lying awake nights, Kapp bought a recording device and put it near his bed. When his secretary, Miss Betsy Ross, sought to copy the results, she found the words tumbled over one another so fast that she could extract no coherent thought from it. Kapp sold the machine, which he didn't need anyway, because his memory is as retentive as any recording device could be.

Gifted With a Facile Memory

When Kapp was delivery boy and mailing clerk for the Columbia Phonograph Company he found it was a cinch for him to memorize the catalogue of 3,000 record titles and their corresponding numbers. That done, he embarked upon a more ambitious feat of memory. He memorized the address or telephone number of each of the company's several hundred customers in the Chicago area. He did this by linking street or phone numbers with the numbers and titles of the Columbia catalogue.

The catalogue number of Onward Christian Soldiers, for instance, was 2706. Dealer Bones of 2706 Canal Street was therefore filed away in young Kapp's mind as Canal Onward Christian Soldiers. No. 2937 Archer Avenue was remembered as That Old Irish Mother of Mine Archer Ave. The practical result of all this was that no one in the office had to consult a telephone directory; they simply asked Kapp.

Recently there came across a Decca vice-president's desk the routine time sheets of Charles Laughton's recording of the Bible. On the line reserved for the artist's name, a subordinate had duly written, "Charles Laughton." Concerning the type of recording, he had noted, "Reading." On the line reserved for the title, he wrote, "The Bible." The line reserved for the name of the author of the book bore the notation, "Ask Jack Kapp."

Kapp's problems were such in 1934 when he founded Decca that he had to be a revolutionary from hunger, as Broadway would put it, or perish. For one thing, RCA Victor had built a magnificent catalogue of music classics and thus pre-empted the solid, staple backbone of the record business. Was Kapp to go fight Arturo Toscanini or the Boston Symphony? That left him the popular field. But how to build a business on that when the radio often played a popular tune to extinction before a record man could reach the market with it?

"What's Toscanini got that Bing Crosby hasn't got?" Kapp reasoned.

"Crosby has the soul," Kapp answered himself, "that only Caruso and Al Jolson had before him. Caruso sang in Italian, and the common man all over the world understood him. Well, Bing will do the same in English."

When Kapp set out to urge Crosby to record Silent Night, the New World's

---

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BLACK & WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
BY APPOINTMENT
H.M. THE KING
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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Blackie:

"Christmas is so full of happy friendship and goodwill, Whitey—I wish it came more often."

Whitey:

"So do I, Blackie—I love the spirit of Christmas."

"BLACK & WHITE"

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IN
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Try this tonight for Morning Freshness!

Maybe you won't actually *leap* out of bed! But thousands do report this—they wake up considerably fresher and more vital when they drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night!

For Ovaltine does these things, to bring buoyant morning freshness:

First, taken warm at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it supplies specially processed food elements to rebuild vitality *while you sleep!*

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So—if you haven't been sleeping well and waking up peppy lately, try Ovaltine. You'll be glad you did!

OVALTINE

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New! New! New!
Now! Now! Now!
RADIO STARS FOR XMAS!

The NEWEST—THE BIGGEST—the best Xmas idea of 1947! The greatest names in the world of entertainment...your family's, your friends' very favorite radio stars now for the first time on the most laughable, lovable home recordings ever created! Top-Ten Records! Thousands of laughs!

Anywhere from four to eight complete and separate comedy routines in every album. Your chance to give something completely new, completely different. A gift as great as the gift of laughter!

Every beautifully designed album complete with four double-side, ten-inch records, plus the star's own laugh-life story and special Xmas card gift wrap for your signature.

You'll find this entirely new Christmas gift at your favorite record shop. If not available there, fill out attached coupon. Mail today. Your choice of the mightiest laugh triumphs of these best-known and best-loved of all laugh makers.

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Please send me_______albums of Top-Ten Records at $4.95 each, postage paid. I enclose check or money order (do not mail cash).

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*Including famous "Lord's Prayer" rendition

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Caruso fought for his life as a singer of hep tunes.

"Who do you think I am—Lily the Pons?" he asked.

Crosby's Silent Night sold more than 3,000,000 records and helped make him the world's biggest singer of religious songs.

"Then we put him on a horse and made him the world's biggest singer of cowboy songs," Kapp says. Behind a mint julep, Bing sold more Stephen Foster records than anybody, and from under a *lei* he broke all records for Hawaiian songs. Crosby sells 10 per cent of all Decca's records. His $600,000 royalties this year put his total disk earnings well above the $1,800,000 which Caruso is reported to have amassed in 18 years.

A Threat to Crosby's Prestige

For all that (or perhaps because of it) Kapp's attitude toward Crosby is that of the adoring amateur. When it looked as if Frank Sinatra might take Crosby's place, Kapp visited his $5,000,000 piece of talent at his Holmby Hills home.

As Kapp tells the story: " 'Bing,' I said, 'Bing, there's a question that's being asked me. Is Sinatra going to take your place?'

" 'Could be,' said Bing. 'Yes, it could be.' Then I say, 'If he does take your place, be gracious, you've been going a long time. It's one thing to be singing to adolescents in your twenties. It's another thing to be singing the same ballads when you're forty and the father of four children. We have a contract that runs another three years. Sinatra is on the horizon. With your permission,' I say, 'I'd like to tear up the contract.'

"Then I pause to let that sink in, and I say, 'I'd like to tear it up and give you one for seven years at higher royalties.' Bing brushed away a tear."

"We can't talk about Jack Kapp without getting mushy," says Everett Crosby, Bing's business-manager brother.

Other success-story heroes peddled papers, but Kapp, as a boy, only peddled records. He likes to tell about it in the third person, and with some awe.

"There is the boy of twelve on Chicago's North Side, and there is his father who has a horse and buggy with a box in the back, and sells records on a regular route, like a milkman. One day the father comes to the boy. He's tired. Will I take his route? He puts the boy on the streetcar with bundles of records under his arms. The boy sells 12 records and makes $3.60."

Kapp's father used to bring home the hits of the day, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Everybody's Doin' It Now, Red Wing, and lecture young Jack and younger brother David on public taste. The elder Kapp achieved a local fame for his talent as a hit forecaster, and when the Kapps opened a music shop (with Jack's savings) later, record salesmen would make a beeline for the store to test their wares on the old man.

On graduating from high school (as president of his class) young Kapp naturally went into records, took orders for the Columbia office in Chicago.

An inveterate talent worshiper from the start, young Kapp made it his own, extracurricular duty to call on Columbia artists when they visited Chicago. Armed with gift offerings of their latest records, he would court such heroes as Ted Lewis, Bert Williams and Al Jolson.

Kapp trailed Jolson so arduously that they became fast friends. Kapp's talent worship paid off. Promoted to talent scout for the Brunswick Phonograph Company, Kapp arrived in Hollywood in 1928 to find his friend Jolson making his early talkie, The Singing Fool.

"I've got two songs, and they're smashes," Jolson told Kapp over the telephone. Then, with young Kapp palpitating at the other end of the wire, Jolson gave out with his two new songs, Sonny Boy and Rainbow Round My Shoulder.

Young Kapp wired to New York headquarters for permission to record them, and was rebuffed.

"I then sent them the famous wire," says Kapp, "I'm here, and you're 3,300 miles away. You'd better take my word for it."

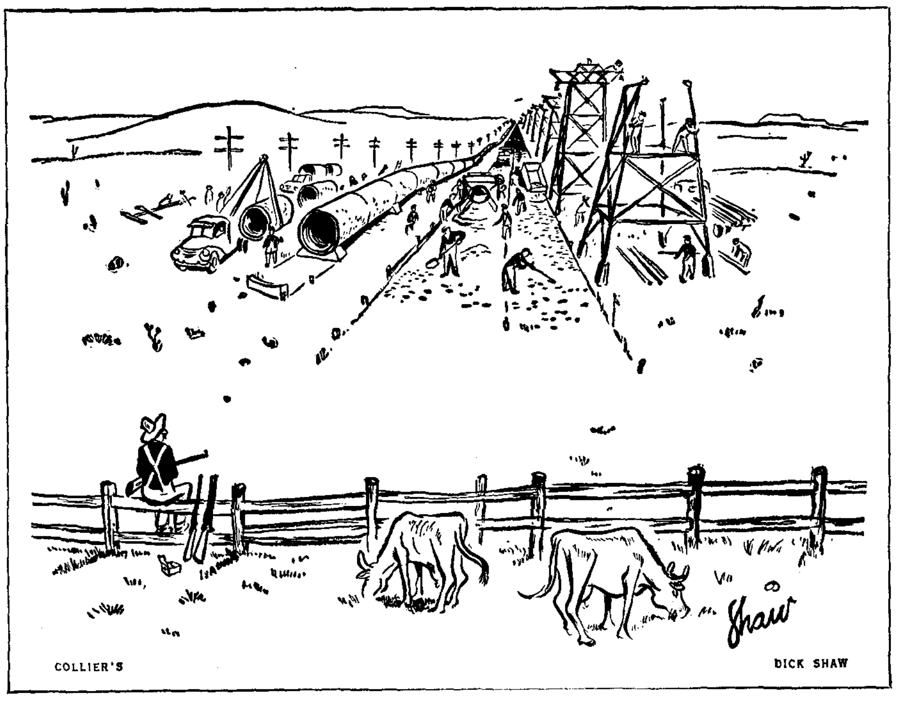
Recorded, Sonny Boy was subsequently heard by millions.

As a talent scout for Brunswick, young Kapp would pack up his recording apparatus and strike out for Memphis, Kansas City, New Orleans or whatever. From the Negro night spots, saloons and even from the streets, Kapp and his younger brother David would round up likely talent, and record as many as 350 sides in 15 days.

Pine Top Smith at the Piano

In a Memphis dive in 1928, Kapp discovered an albino colored man with pink eyebrows and pink eyes, belaboring a piano with a peculiar, repetitive rhythm. Recorded, the music sold 40,000 records in a few months, a hit in those days. The rhythm was boogie-woogie, and the performer was Pine Top Smith, who is regarded by some of the *cognoscenti* in the field as the original exponent of the style. He was killed in a barroom brawl, several months after Kapp recorded him, and his Pine Top Boogie is held to be a valuable collector's item.

When Talent Scout Kapp came upon Guy Lombardo, then recently arrived in Chicago, he laid siege at once to win the band for Brunswick. Since Lombardo



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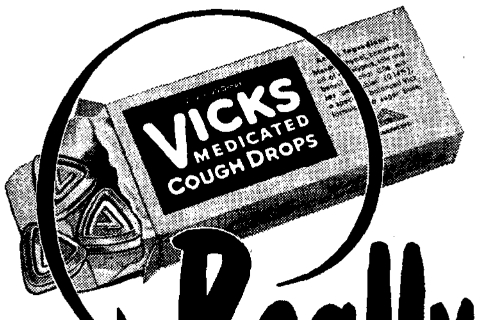

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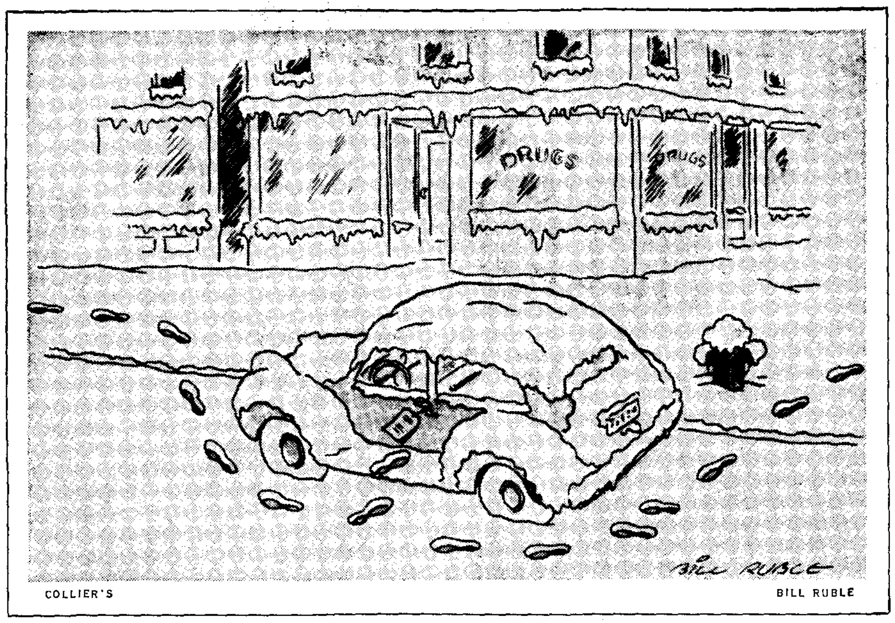


COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

achieved quick fame in Chicago, record men fought to sign him up. Kapp mooned before the band like a lovesick swain and worshipfully followed it from town to town. When Lombardo decided to sign with the strongest company in the field—Victor—Kapp wouldn't give up. "My life depends on it," he told Lombardo. Touched, the band leader took young Kapp to his agent, Jules Stein, president of Music Corporation of America. Stein patted Kapp on the shoulder. "He loves the band so much he should have it," he said.

Brunswick rewarded Kapp by putting him in charge of the recording laboratory in New York, a job corresponding to general manager of the company. At twenty-nine Kapp had achieved his life's dream. But it was now 1931. Radio and the depression were knocking the stuffings out of the record business.

"I reached the pinnacle," said Kapp, "and the bottom fell out. The record business slumped 90 per cent."

Kapp went to England in 1932 to make a deal for the sale of American talent there. He met E. R. Lewis, a young, beetle-browed financial genius who headed British Decca, Limited (no relation to American Decca now), and learned that American talent, on British records, had started a European record boom. When Kapp travels he sees more than scenery. He sees life pass in review before him. En route home on the boat, Kapp decided his company's management was blocking his and the company's progress. In New York he asked the Brunswick management to make him president or accept his resignation. They accepted his resignation.

Presently, with the financial backing of E. R. Lewis of England, Kapp launched Decca records. Kapp's contribution was the talent he had gathered about him in his career as record man.

Artists, Capital and an Idea

The exodus of artists from Brunswick to follow Kapp into his new company was almost Biblical in its dimensions. In the hegira were Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo, Ted Lewis, the Dorsey brothers, Isham Jones, the Casa Loma Orchestra, the Mills Brothers, Frank Luther and lesser luminaries. The contribution of British Decca's E. R. Lewis was $250,000 capital and a brilliant idea —the 35-cent record.

Although all prices had tumbled sharply by 1934, the record companies continued to charge the 75 cents per record received in inflated 1929. Lewis figured that newcomer Decca would fail unless it boosted over-all record volume instead of just sharing the current depressed business. And for this a price slash was vital.

If Decca could sell only $70,000 of records a year and go into production quickly it could go into the black at once, but a series of disasters overtook Kapp. Old pressing equipment purchased from Brunswick either broke down or produced faulty records. It looked for a while as if there'd be another exodus of artists, this time from Decca. But Lewis, the British angel, stoutly dug up another $400,000 capital, and with the new equipment Kapp had the pleasure of producing records that stayed sold.

Kapp had other troubles. A competitor offered Bing Crosby a fat $35,000 to make a dozen records. Although Kapp was then behind in his royalty payments to Bing, the singer spurned the tempter.

"You are only doing this to hurt my friend Jack," he said.

The Tune That Everybody Sang

In 1935 Kapp brought out a record, The Music Goes Round and Round. Purchased for $125, the tune sold 100,000 records, and Decca was out of the woods.

When the juke boxes reached big-industry proportions in the late thirties, some record companies refused to sell records to them on the theory that the jukes would kill sales at the retail record shops. Kapp had no such qualms. He pre-empted the field by default, and for some years sold some 60 per cent of all his records to the jukes.

Kapp lives in a four-story Manhattan town house, furnished tastefully in French and English antiques. There are four phonograph-record combinations but hardly any records. Kapp gives them away enthusiastically to friends.

"I have a world-wide acquaintance," he says. "Last night four people from London. This morning, Paris. Last week three people from Hawaii." A friendly man, Kapp doesn't ask much. "All I ask of people is that they don't try to see how they can throw you a curve."

The Kapps have two children, Jonathan eight, and Myra, sixteen. Characteristically, they have contributed to Kapp's education and to his business. Alarmed at the radio programs Myra was listening to, Kapp sought to tempt her away with children's records. He found the field so barren that he went into it and now sells more children's records than anybody. While it is important that such records please Jonathan and Myra it is more important they please Kapp, his own best barometer.

Once Crosby came in to record a batch of new records. The perennial question, "Is Bing slipping?" was being asked more persistently than ever.

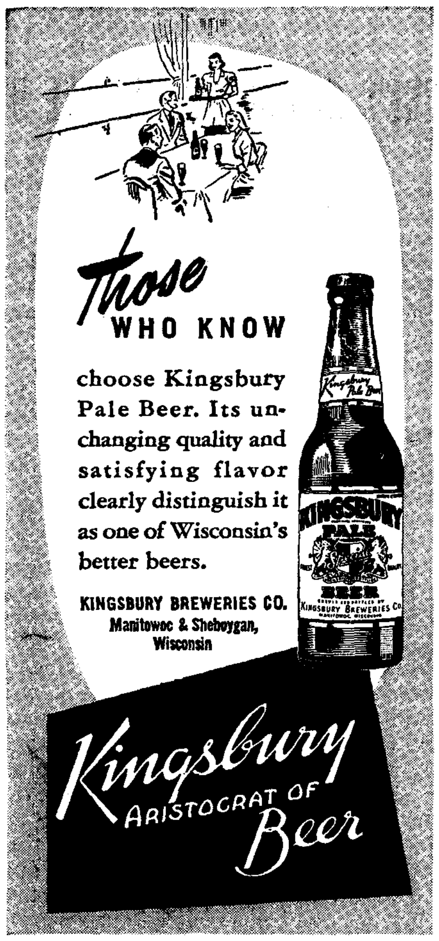
The recording done, Crosby and Kapp walked out of the studio arm in arm.

"You know when you'll really start slipping?" Kapp asked.

"Tell me."

"When you stop thrilling me," said Kapp.

THE END



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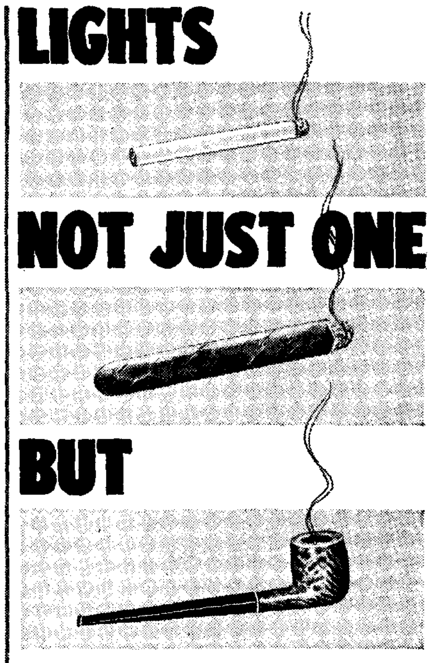
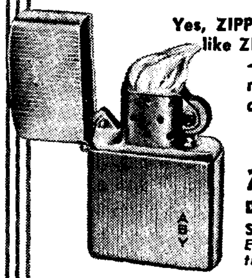


LIGHTS NOT JUST ONE BUT ALL THREE



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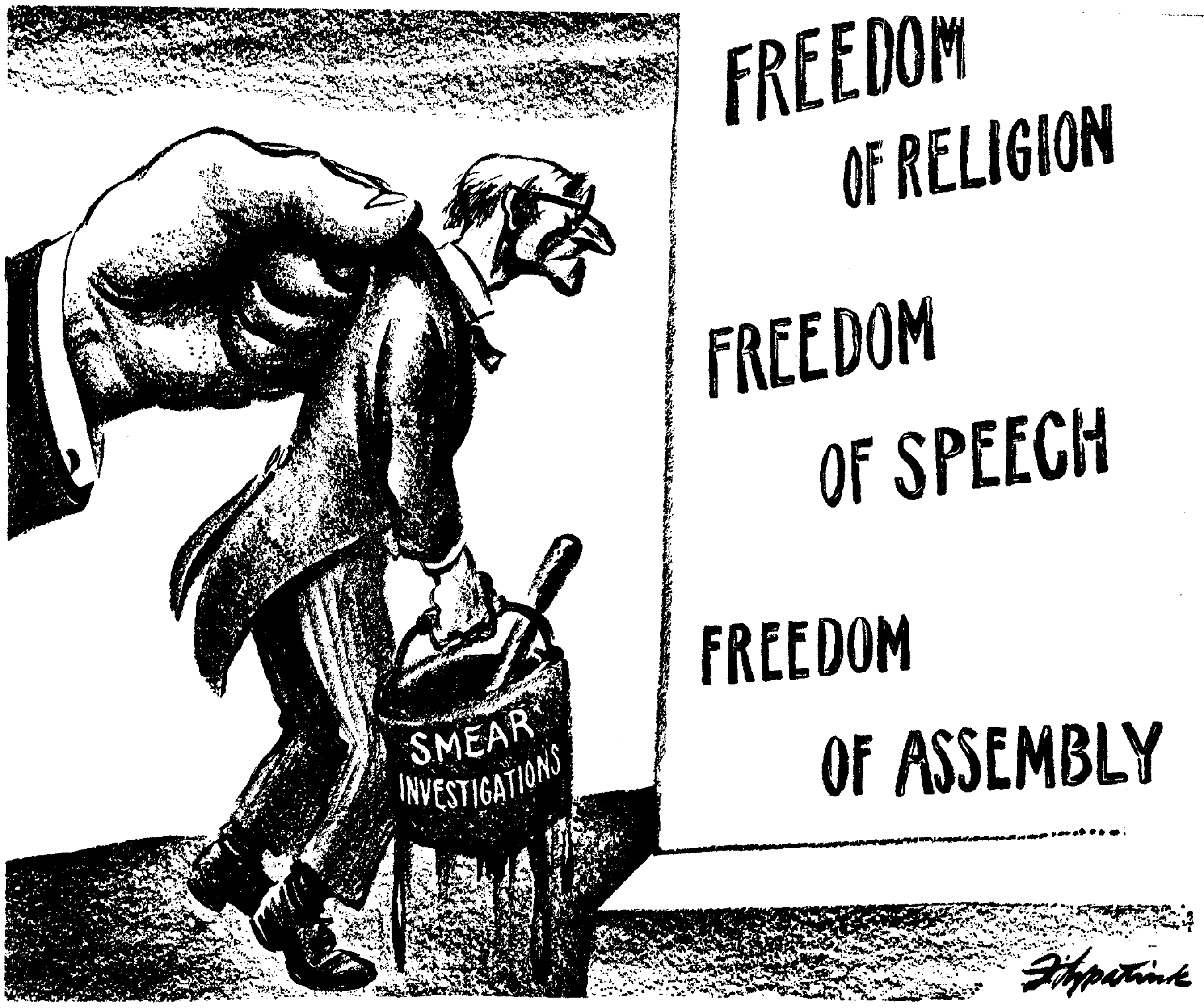

THERE'S NOBODY TO RELIEVE US

THE most important thing yet said about the Marshall Plan for Western European economic revival was uttered, we believe, by General Electric Chairman Philip D. Reed in a speech at the recent National Foreign Trade Convention in St. Louis.

Reed undertook to remind his fellow Americans that whereas Western Europe and much of Asia are falling back on us for help out of postwar famine and chaos, there is no nation for us to fall back on in case we find ourselves in need of help some dark day. Nobody can or will relieve us. In this respect, we are not only at the end of the line; we *are* the end of the line.

Therefore, went on Reed, the first thing for us to consider with reference to any Marshall Plan move is: Will this particular release of food, machinery, tools or what not intensify some U.S. shortage so as to push up prices and thereby touch off demands for higher wages; or will it not? If it will not, go ahead; if it will, don't do it, no matter who complains.

The reason why this should be our prime consideration with reference to everything we do under the Marshall Plan is obvious. The reason is that if we let our present inflation become much more serious we shall ruin ourselves and destroy our ability to help any other nation.

As the old legal maxim has it, a man must be just before he is generous. In this case, justice to ourselves and to our own economy means the difference between being able and being unable to be generous to anybody else. We'll forget that fact at our peril.

THE MOVIES AND THE REDS

WHAT'S the sensible view to take of the House Un-American Activities Committee's Hollywood-Communist investigation which touched off all those fireworks in Washington? It seems to us that the sensible view shapes up about as follows:

Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, was right, we believe, when he insisted that some sort of protection against unjust smears of innocent persons ought to operate in all probes of this kind. Some reputations were undeservedly injured in this probe by conservatives, just as others were injured in the radical air-mail-contract investigation headed by Hugo Black some years ago.

Yet this Congressional look-see into Communist goings on in the movie industry was necessary. The Communists are determined to take over the United States someday, and one of their logical objectives is to get control of the movies as a great vehicle for propaganda. They have not succeeded, as this investigation showed. But if their plottings and connivings were simply ignored by Congress, they might someday succeed.

This small group of fanatics needs continuous watching; and any of its members who can be lawfully convicted of offenses against our laws should be tossed into jail. We should not grow hysterical about the Red conspiracy against the American people. But neither should any of us forget for a moment that it is a conspiracy, and that it is playing for keeps.

It seems to us that we would avoid a good deal of embarrassment and lost motion if we were to entrust this job of ceaseless vigilance against the domestic Reds to some man or men of the high character and steady temperament of, say, Fred Vinson, or Senator Taft, or Governor Dewey, or Senator Byrd.

As for suggestions that the Communist party be outlawed and private employment of Communists forbidden, we think that is absurd. Such a course would merely drive the domestic Reds underground and make it harder to pin anything on any of them.

In the main, let's go on as we've been going for generations, with everybody free to have and express any political views he pleases, but with nobody free to plot to change our form of government otherwise than at the polls in a regular election.

BE CONSISTENT, JIMMY

ORDERING his musicians' union members to stop making recordings after this year, J. Caesar Petrillo says this scientific gadget, the phonograph, is killing off the live musician's means of support. In cruder English, science is a rascal and an enemy of mankind.

We'd suggest that Jimmy be consistent, and carry out this attitude in his private life as an example to us benighted, science-fascinated fellow citizens of his.

For instance, he ought to stop using the elevators to get to his elegant Waldorf-Astoria apartment. On cold days, he should turn off the scientific radiators and brew himself a fire on the floor with flint and wood shavings—and shoo the chemically equipped firemen away from his door if he happens to set the joint ablaze.

If Jimmy catches pneumonia, God forbid, he should just let it kill him, instead of allowing some devilish doctor to shoot him full of penicillin or sulfa. And if all this back-to-nature, down-with-science stuff begins preying on Petrillo's mind and gives him complexes and inhibitions, he ought to call in not a psychiatrist, but a good, reliable witch from the back streets of Harlem or the hex country out of York and Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

We're waiting with no little interest to see J. Caesar get going on an all-out crusade to put science in its basket.

THE DIVORCE SNAFU

SUPREME COURT Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson suggested from the bench recently that the high court just scrap all its previous decisions on divorce and in effect write a uniform divorce law for the whole country—a suggestion as dramatic as it is impractical.

Jackson's proposal did, however, highlight the fact that, because we have 48 different state divorce laws, enormous confusion and hardship afflict large numbers of Americans all the time. Can anything be done about it?

Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.) has come up with a suggestion which at least seems to merit serious consideration.

The McCarran proposal is that Congress pass a law requiring every state to honor a divorce decree granted in any other state, provided the decree is validly and honestly obtained in the issuing state. Phony, collusive, framed-up or otherwise dishonest divorce decrees would be as vulnerable in all the courts as they are now.

According to Senator McCarran, such a law could be written without much difficulty. The situation at which it would be aimed is intolerable now, and is getting worse all the time as U.S. divorce rates increase.

COLLIER'S

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